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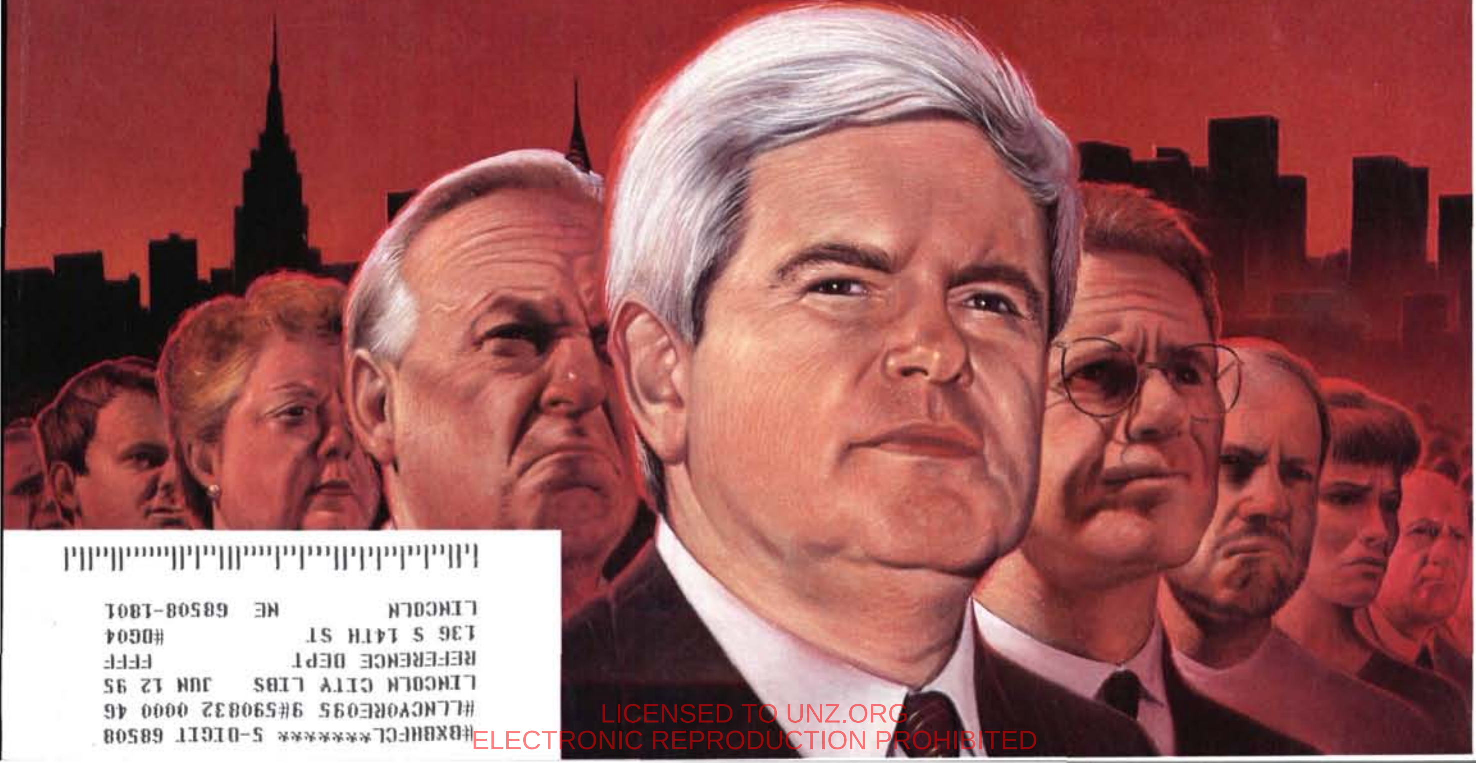

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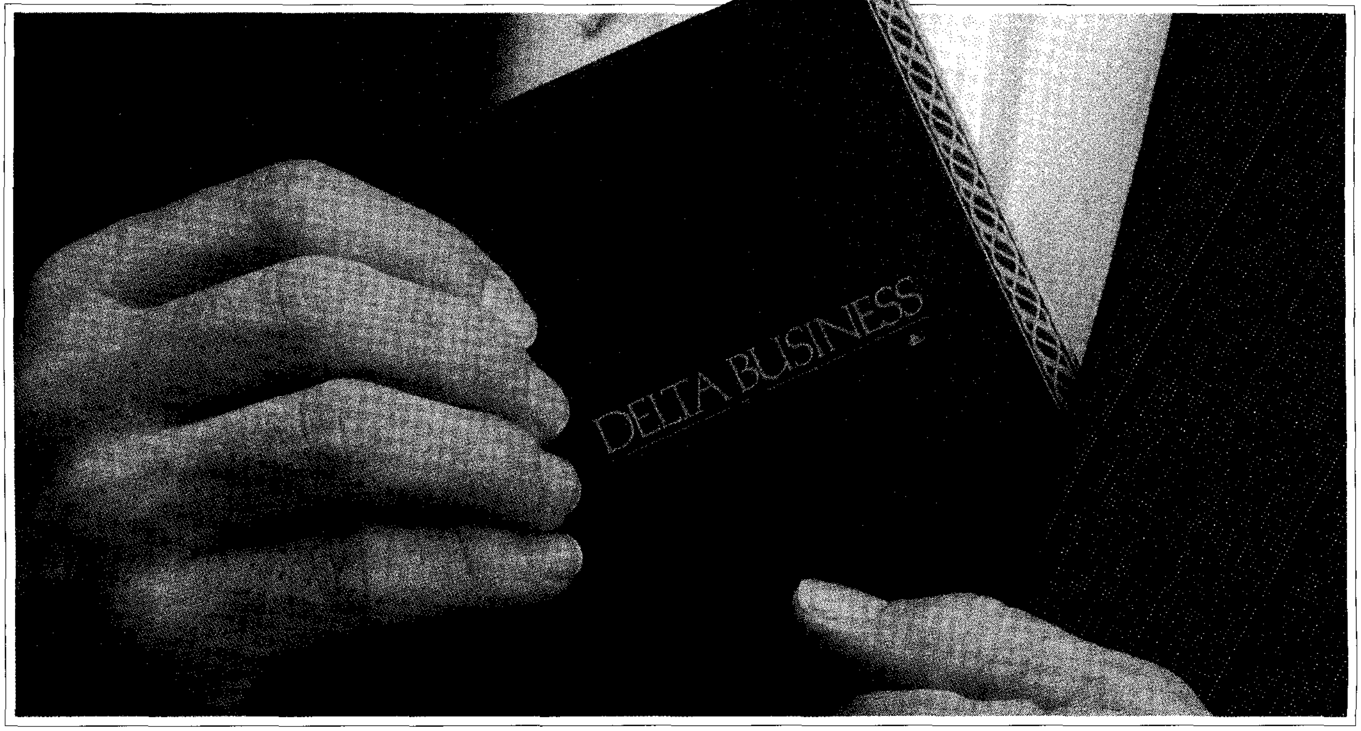

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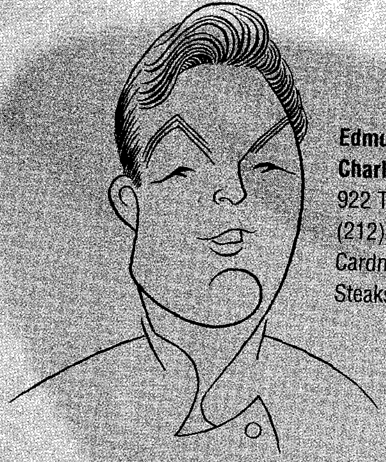

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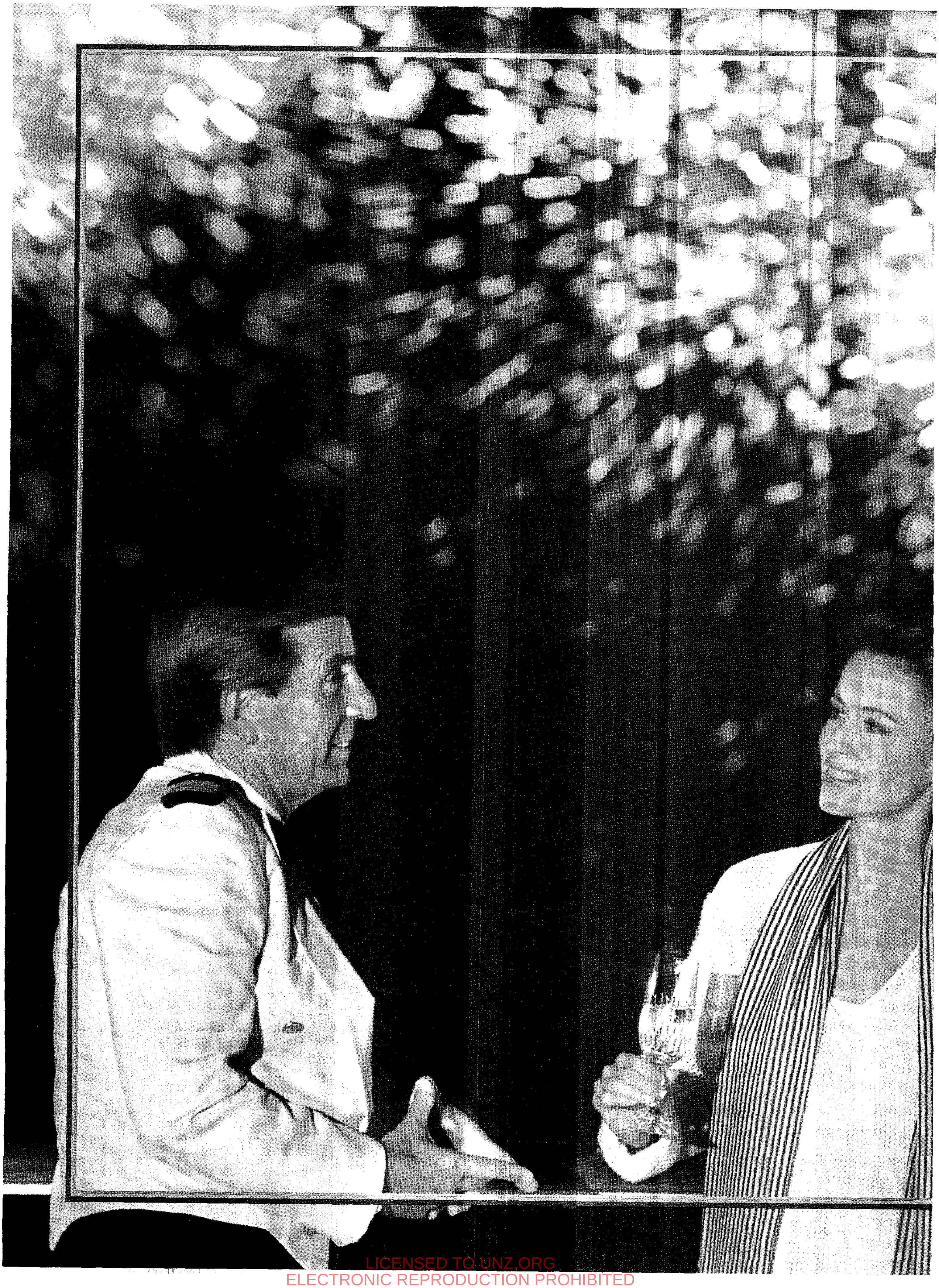

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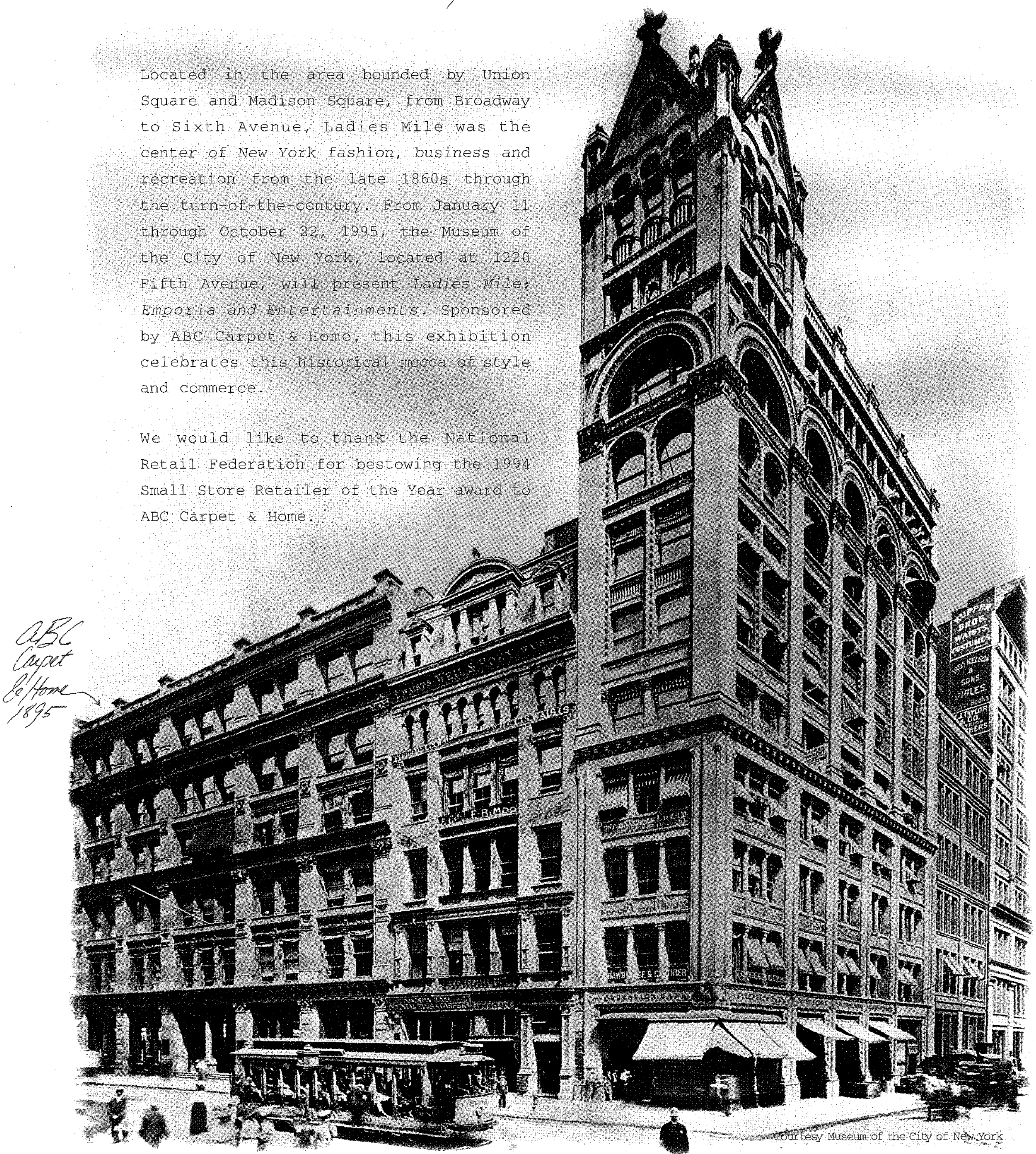

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Contents Jan. 23, 1995

> *"What people here really think is that New York is the bottom of the barrel—Jewish, immigrants, blacks, and all the gays, the center of perversity, a moral free-for-all. It stares them in the face; it irritates them."*
>
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By Tad Friend

Mark Seliger/Outline

An extended visit among the good people of Georgia's Sixth Congressional District, Newt Gingrich's home base, reveals that—surprise!—New York is more than ever considered Sodom on the Hudson. More chillingly, their hatred for us is commingling with the conviction that New York is anachronistic, vestigial, and on its way to being expunged.

36 The Ultimate Mexican Restaurant Guide

By Gael Greene

From upper Broadway to the Lower East Side, 24-hour taco stops, tamale carts in the street, and a slew of fabulous cantinas have gringos in a feeding frenzy. *New York*'s Insatiable Critic sojourns uptown and down, to Brooklyn Heights and Jackson Heights, to get the lowdown on where—and where not—to go in search of *la nueva cocina*. Plus, Liz Logan searches for margarita mastery, and David Edelstein surveys beer from south of the border.

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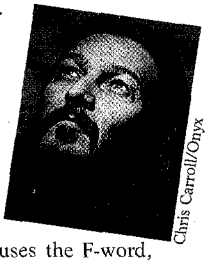
By Marshall Sella



Chris Carroll/Onyx

When the Son of God (in the person of Ted Neeley, who has performed in *Jesus Christ Superstar* for much of the last quarter-century) comes to New York, he stays at the Paramount, uses the F-word, endorses capital punishment, and discusses the "spiritual significance" of the red wine at Orso.

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Jack Gold's leftist political innocence was a sort of bliss. But, in love with the daughter of a powerful politician, he saw the private, secret face of power, and it changed him forever. In this excerpt from the forthcoming novel, the young lawyer confronts the man whose daughter he intends to marry.

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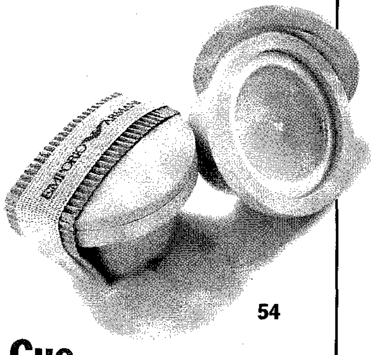

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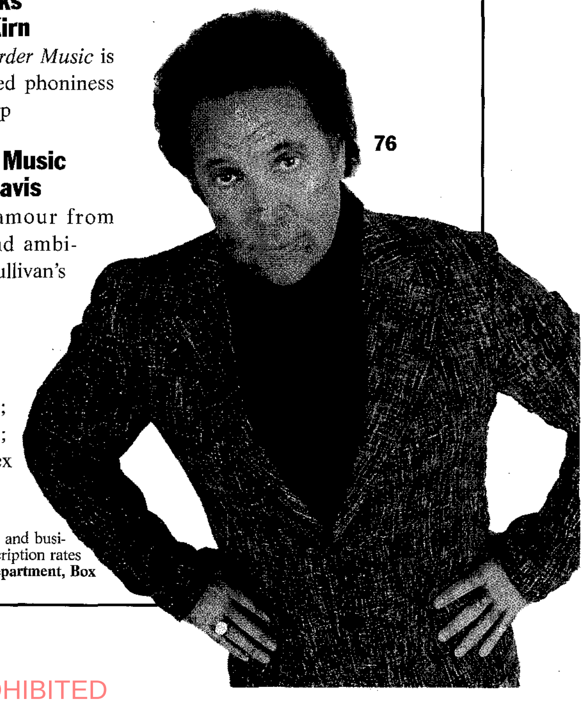

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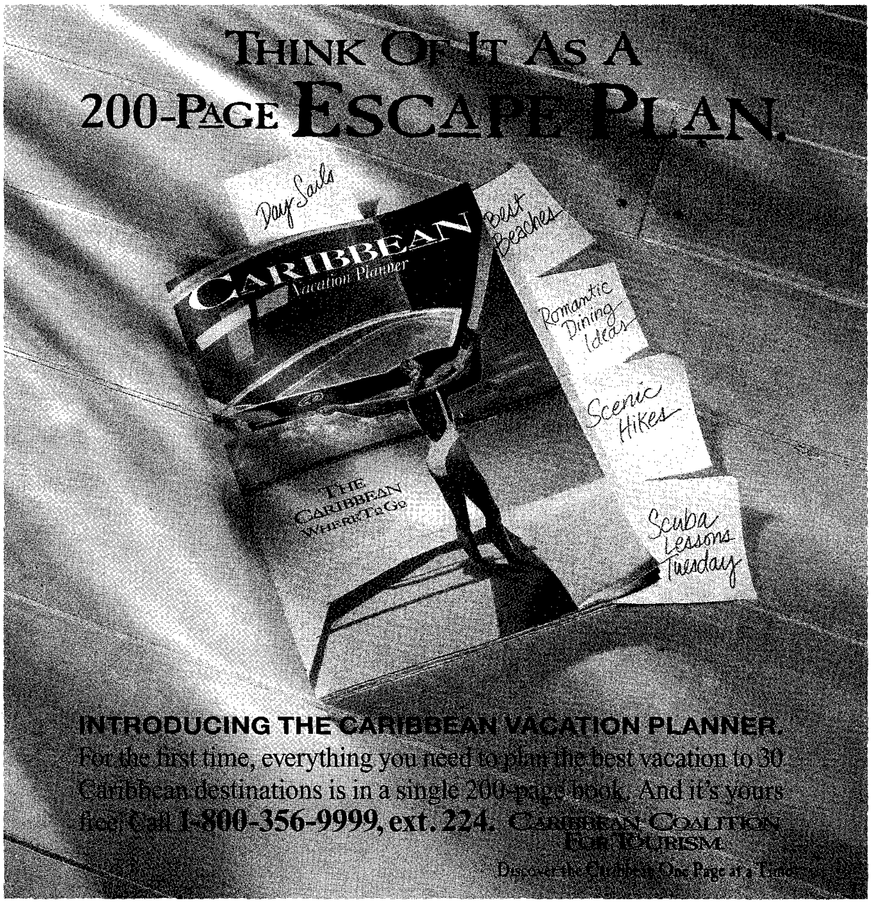

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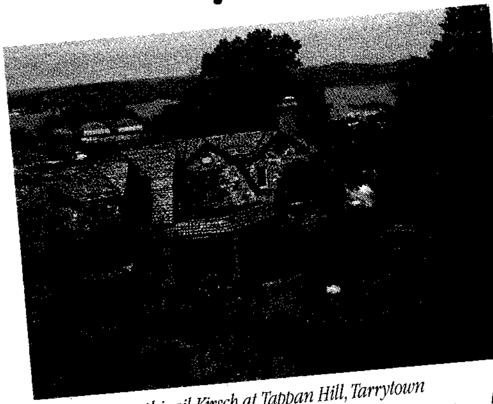
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Our Town

The year-end issue inspires boosterism, and has expats from Connecticut to California yearning for the asphalt jungle.

AS A LONGTIME DEFENDER OF THIS great city, I just wanted to thank you for your insightful year-end issue "New, Improved New York" [by Bob Ickes, December 19–26]. Where else can one find tandoori, teriyaki, tirami su, and turkey, practically all on one block? I love New York.

Vicki Rubin
MANHATTAN

BOB ICKES IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT: New York is improving! Why, just yesterday I was walking past the Adonis Theater on Eighth Avenue, and on the marquee beneath the words ALL MALE CINEMA, it said, NEW PROJECTOR.

John Walters
MANHATTAN

THE COVER OF YOUR YEAR-END DOUBLE ISsue should be plastered on every billboard, bus, and blank wall in New York City. Bravo. Born in 1937, I spent the first 27 years of my life in Manhattan and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, a few blocks from the bridge, and walked into "the city" on a regular basis. Then I moved to Connecticut but commuted into Manhattan on and off for ten years. New York never died for me. Every trip in provided me with a feeling of exhilaration, a feeling of having joined the ranks of the living. Don't know what ever possessed me to leave. Your cover and Bob Ickes's related articles grabbed me unlike any past issue.

Bruce L. Barkan
STAMFORD, CONN.

I THOUGHT IT WAS GREAT THAT YOUR LOVE letter to the city of New York began with recognizing the revitalization of Times Square. A few years ago when on tour in Australia (I'm a musician), I tracked down songwriter Tony Hatch, the author of the song "Downtown," which was such a huge hit for Petula Clark back in the sixties. I've always liked that song and wanted to know what inspired it (songwriters always want to know this kind of thing). After calling every T. Hatch in the Sydney phone book (some 4 million people live in that city!), and then every A. Hatch, I found him. He was very sweet on the phone and answered all my questions, including "What inspired the song 'Downtown'?" He told me that he wrote it about the Times Square area of New York City during his first visit to America in the early sixties (he was born in England). He thought Times Square was the most beautiful, vibrant setting he had ever seen in his life. He said it was one of those songs that just tumbled out and wrote itself, because his first impression of Times Square was so vivid. It's wonderful to see that the work of the Times Square Business Improvement District is restoring the area to its former song-inspiring splendor.

Christine Lavin
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

YOUR ARTICLES ON THE NEW AND IMproved New York have intensified my feelings of loneliness; after five and a half years of self-imposed banishment, I want to go home.

Stephen Edelstein
LA JOLLA, CALIF.

WHAT A DELIGHT TO BEHOLD YOUR EVOCAtive and authoritative paean to New York! Having played no small part in the renaissance of Union Square and the Upper West Side, the Zeckendorf family shares your enthusiasm for our new and improved city. Yet, as your year-end issue will almost certainly end up in every other publication's research file for future reference, a small factual correction is in order. The section on Cineplex Odeon at Worldwide Plaza ("The Revival Revival") implies that the office tower at 1 Worldwide Plaza is only 80 percent occupied, when in fact it is fully leased by such major tenants as Cravath, Swaine & Moore, Ogilvy & Mather, Microsoft Corporation, and Lifetime Television. It is the *two-level retail-store area* beneath the tower that stands partially vacant.

Arthur W. Zeckendorf
Zeckendorf Realty
MANHATTAN

IN "NEW YORK IS BACK," DID YOU INTEND to confine your article to Manhattan? Coney Island is certainly not "back." The roads in Queens are worse than ever. Brooklyn has more ethnic uprisings every few months than ever before. Except for an isolated area, the Bronx has not gotten better. Read the *Post* or the *News;* every day their pages are filled with shootings, church/temple thefts, and sex crimes. Cutbacks are a way of life now in the political arena, and you're discussing better restaurants and Pat Riley?

Stephen D. Hans
MANHATTAN

IS BOB ICKES DEMENTED? HOW LONG HAS he been in New York?

José Anselmi
MANHATTAN

AS A RESIDENT AND AN ADVOCATE OF Hell's Kitchen living, I was irritated to see my neighborhood yet again denigrated by the press. While Bob Ickes praised the presence of cheap flicks on 50th Street, the rest of Hell's Kitchen proper got the short, sharp shock: "Still grumpy, still sallow . . . sharing a drink we call loneliness." Grumpy? The Ninth Avenue International Food Festival is the street party to end all street parties! Sallow? Our population is one of the best examples of the kind of racial and ethnic diversity upon which New York City prides itself. This is one of the few true *neighborhoods* left in Manhattan. Drinking alone? Not likely. Our bars and restaurants have that great local feel, where the bartender knows how to make a cocktail (I'm talking old-fashioneds here, not Absolut and soda). If your magazine has the insight to see the *better* New York struggling to emerge from below the surface, why put down its most doggedly determined neighborhood?

Melissa Bogursky
MANHATTAN

YOUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 19–26 ON THE new and improved New York City consistently failed to credit the architects responsible for the projects and designs that you so rightly celebrate. For the record, please acknowledge the contributions of the following professionals: Beyer Blinder Belle, Grand Central Terminal; Butler Rogers Baskett, Chelsea Piers; Buttrick White & Burtis, Charles A. Dana Discovery Center; Goldstone & Hinz, Prospect Park Zoo.

Carol Clark
American Institute of Architects
MANHATTAN

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

UNION-BUSTING AT *THE VILLAGE VOICE*?

Conservatives may ridicule *The Village Voice* as a left-leaning, feminist-loving, homosexual-promoting newspaper, but the union that represents its editorial staff could tell them it's no friend to labor these days. United Auto Workers Local 2110 has filed an unfair-labor-practice complaint with the National Labor Relations Board, charging that *Voice* publisher **David Schneiderman** threatened to fire staff writer **Robert I. Friedman** (who contributes to *New York*) for filing a union grievance. (Federal law prohibits stifling union activity with threats of retaliation.) Friedman's initial grievance claimed Schneiderman had attempted to lower his compensation before the end of his contract. The NLRB investigator has been taking statements for several months, and a decision is anticipated sometime soon. Schneiderman declined comment but, say *Voice* insiders, seems determined to fight. Recently, he dragged the union into court to ask for a restraining order preventing Friedman's original grievance from going to arbitration.

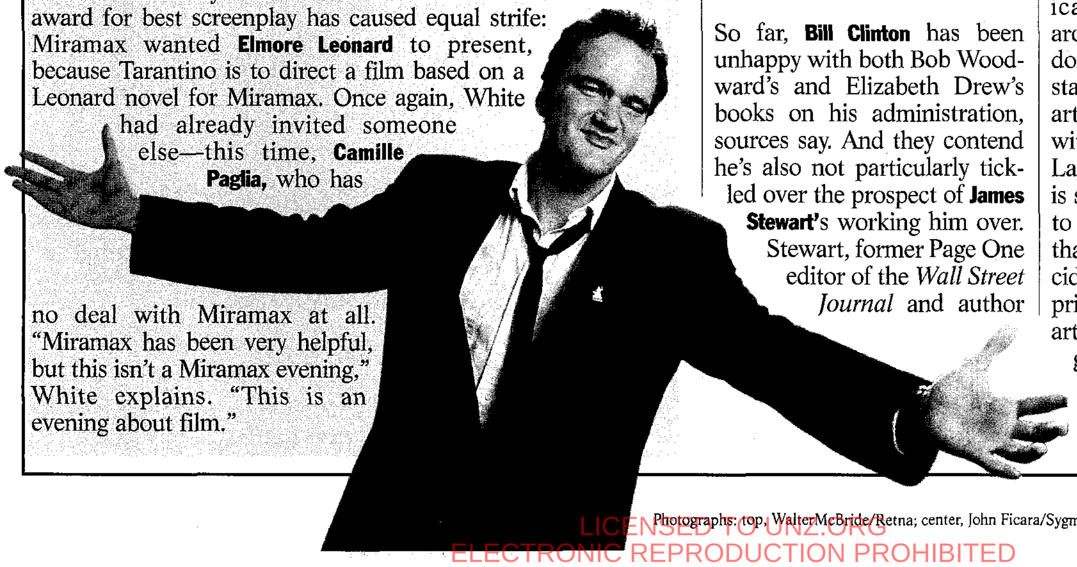
NIGHTMARE SHE-BOSSES, TODAY ON *OPRAH*

First she fired her longtime executive producer and friend. Then her publicist quit and sued her. Now comes word from the once-idyllic Harpo Productions that during the fall, **Oprah Winfrey** fired three producers—**Heidi Dahmen, Peter Clem,** and **Steven Goldstein**—before they could even complete their three-month probation. Dahmen left after three *days.* Who's to blame? Insiders say Oprah. "There is no person so completely different from her public persona," says a Harpo employee. "She doesn't care about the guests. She often says, 'I'm tired of this shit.' " Oprah's firing of her executive producer was supposed to signal a change in the way the company was run. But, says a source, "that's a complete myth. People are still going into the bathroom and crying." One former producer recalls the staff's being marched into the studio and forced to make proclamations of thankfulness to their leader. "Everyone cried and said how much they loved her. The newer producers thought it was crazy." Peter Clem, who produced six episodes (including one show on suicide, which still hasn't aired), says, "I find it unique that none of us has been replaced. I don't think they'll ever hire from outside again."

Oprah Winfrey, scary

AND THE AWARD GOES FROM . . .

When **Quentin Tarantino** was chosen by the New York Film Critics Circle as the year's best director for his film *Pulp Fiction,* he wanted **Bruce Willis** to present his award. *Pulp* producer Miramax asked Willis, who immediately accepted. Unfortunately, no one checked with **Armond White,** chairman of the Critics Circle and critic for the black weekly *The City Sun.* White told Miramax that **Uma Thurman** had already been asked to be the presenter and that Willis would be acceptable only over White's dead body, or words to that effect. Despite the insistence of Miramax—which is seeking to promote its actors likely to receive Oscar nominations—sources say White was unmovable. Tarantino's second award for best screenplay has caused equal strife: Miramax wanted **Elmore Leonard** to present, because Tarantino is to direct a film based on a Leonard novel for Miramax. Once again, White had already invited someone else—this time, **Camille Paglia,** who has no deal with Miramax at all. "Miramax has been very helpful, but this isn't a Miramax evening," White explains. "This is an evening about film."



Bill Clinton, scared

OH, WHITEWATER, KEEP ON CHURNING

So far, **Bill Clinton** has been unhappy with both Bob Woodward's and Elizabeth Drew's books on his administration, sources say. And they contend he's also not particularly tickled over the prospect of **James Stewart's** working him over. Stewart, former Page One editor of the *Wall Street Journal* and author of *Den of Thieves,* has just embarked on a full-scale analysis of the Whitewater saga, pork bellies and all. "I think this is one of the greatest political and business stories around," Stewart says. "And I don't think most people understand it yet." Sources say Stewart has requested interviews with both Clinton and the First Lady, but that the White House is still trying to decide whether to cooperate, especially given that the publishing date coincides with the New Hampshire primary in 1996. "With Stewart's extensive business background," one Washington source predicts, "the administration won't be able to write the whole thing off so

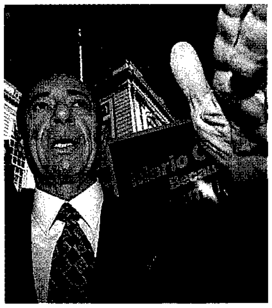
Photographs: top, WalterMcBride/Retna; center, John Ficara/Sygma; bottom, Victor/Stills/Retna.

Cybill Shepherd,
former model

easily." The White House declined to comment.

CYBILL'S LAST PICTURE SHOW

Even live-to-tape is too live for **Cybill Shepherd.** Her new CBS sitcom, *Cybill,* will no longer be shot before a real audience of human beings. "Cybill's not entirely comfortable performing on-stage," according to one insider. Says executive producer **Chuck Lorre,** "We're taking out the bleachers and using the space for sets. It's an experiment." Lorre says Carsey-Werner Productions is "terrified" of the change but is willing to go along with it. "We're taking a chance," he explains. "On [*Roseanne* and *Grace Under Fire,* other Carsey-Werner shows] the stars come from a stand-up-comedy background. They're used to being in front of audiences." So is Lorre's ensemble cast of Broadway veterans **Christine Baranski, Alan Rosenberg,** and **Tom Wopat.** But Shepherd, says Lorre, "is a skilled film actress. If she can give us something great on the fourth take, why not take advantage of it?" Lorre says that despite the changes, Shepherd has been pretty easy to work with—and he should know. He spent two seasons with Roseanne. "I actually kept a diary while I was there. But if I published it, I'd have to leave town."

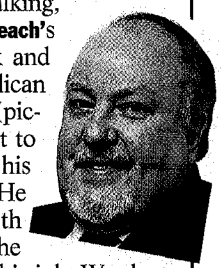


Mario Cuomo,
former governor

O. J. SIMPSON'S NEWEST SLEAZY FRIEND

Even though the New York *Times* has called **Lawrence Schiller**—who's made his career on books about Marilyn Monroe, Lee Harvey Oswald, and Lenny Bruce—a "hearse chaser," that shouldn't disqualify him from collaborating with **O. J. Simpson** on his upcoming book-length alibi. But the families of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman might be interested to know Schiller's previous experience with victims' rights has not exactly been exemplary. In 1976, Schiller bought the rights to killer **Gary Gilmore's** life story for $52,000 and got Norman Mailer to write *The Executioner's Song* based on his extensive interviews. Schiller paid the widows of Gilmore's victims $20,000 apiece to secure their rights. But when the widows won wrongful-death suits against Gilmore's estate, they found Gilmore had directed Schiller to divert his money to his uncle and girlfriend so no claims could be made against the estate. So they sued Schiller and the Gilmore estate. In 1983, they accepted a settlement, which, according to sources knowledgeable about the case, came only after a tape was played in court of Schiller admitting that he had known Gilmore intended to empty his estate and that he had willingly helped him. On the tape, which was played in court, Schiller is also heard advising Provo, Utah, lawyers about "creative accounting in Hollywood," how there is no such thing as a profit, and how to avoid taxes. Gilmore's attorney, Bob Moody, remembers the case differently: "Schiller did a bang-up job. No one else could have done what he did."

BATTLES IN THE OUTER CABLEVERSE



It was curiously incestuous from the get-go: **Roger Rose,** of the newish cable network America's Talking, was appearing last week as a guest on **Robin Leach's** show on the newish cable-TV Food Network and answering a question about his boss, Republican politico turned cable-TV executive **Roger Ailes** (pictured). "He's one of those guys you don't want to mess around with," said Rose. "[Ailes] wears his little presidential tie pin and you get scared. He actually said to me, 'I've stood toe-to-toe with presidents, kid, so watch out.' " The day after he made the comments, Rose, coincidentally, left his job. Was he too hip for America's Talking? "An option came up," his former producer Merrill Mazuer says. "And Roger wanted to go back to his family in California." (America's Talking, a sister channel to CNBC, emanates from Fort Lee, N.J.) Hours before the taping, America's Talking had booked Leach onto Rose's show as a reciprocal gesture of goodwill. It backed out after Rose left.

MARIO CUOMO STILL HAS FRIENDS, INC.

Mario Cuomo doesn't have a new job yet, but he does have an office. Most days, Cuomo comes in to a small suite of offices at 845 Third Avenue, where he takes phone calls, makes appointments, looks busy. Sources say that the ex-governor is considering turning his fund-raising operation, Friends of Mario M. Cuomo Committee Inc., into a foundation that can serve as his umbrella organization. As for the exact mission of the foundation—the death penalty? The baseball strike?—Cuomo, characteristically, has not decided. Friends of Cuomo ended the gubernatorial campaign $400,000 in the black. A report will be filed with the elections office this week about the group's current post-campaign spending.

TINA AND TONY'S GOSSIP ITEMS

OH, GOD, YES, *THE NEW YORKER:* How did **Tina Brown** lure *Granta* editor **Bill Buford** across the Atlantic to edit fiction for *The New Yorker*? The Condé Nast way. *Publishing* sources claim Buford's compensation package includes an annual salary of more than $250,000, two monthly trips to London via the Concorde, and a rent-free apartment in the West Village. "Every one of these details is wrong," Brown responded, laughing. "Bill Buford had a wish list, but even he didn't ask for this."

OH, NO, NOT THE TONY: Off Broadway producers are not as eager to participate in the Tony awards as the New York *Times* would like them to be. The Off Broadway League recently told the Tony committee *not* to concoct a method of including Off Broadway productions this year. "They didn't want token consideration," says producer **Stewart Lane,** "and they didn't expect to get anything more." "Let's face it," says an Off Broadway manager, "the only person who thought it was a great idea was Frank Rich."

Photographs: top left, Catherine McGann/Outline; top right, James Keyser/Sygma; center left, Najlah Feanny/Saba.

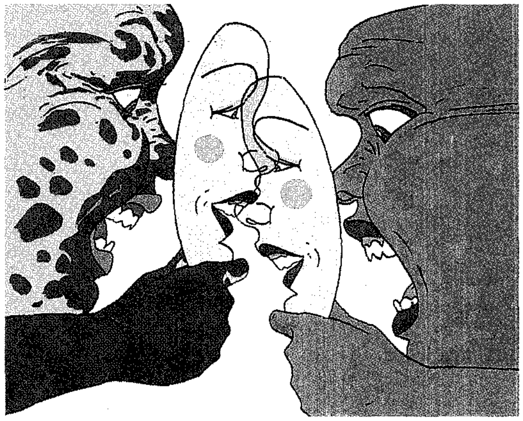
GOTHAM

A [illegible]ce whe[illegible]ou're [illegible]t lik[illegible]o be [illegible] by a [illegible]at— [illegible]dan Behan

THE FRONT PAGE

Friends Like These

Alfonse D'Amato, Mayor Giuliani said last week, "is a very effective senator, very often, for the city and for the state." Down in Washington, Newt Gingrich exulted over the First Lady—"She wrote me a handwritten, wonderful note"—after Hillary Rodham Clinton invited his mother for a tour of the White House. For people who hoped the Republican ascendancy would turn political discourse into a rough simulacrum of *The Richard Bey Show,* recent developments had to be disappointing. For all the revolutionary bugle calls, it was clear that among credentialed members of the political power elite, everybody still wants to be everybody's friend.

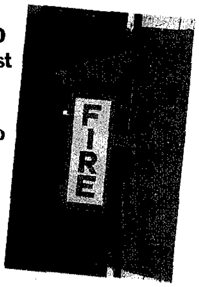


Governor Pataki invited the opposition leader, Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver, over for dinner, and, Silver's press secretary reported, "Pataki and his wife were very gracious. Shelly likes George Pataki." Less convincingly, Gingrich and his Senate counterpart, Bob Dole, exchanged messages of *amour* across the Rotunda. "Bob has a very direct, acerbic kind of wit," Gingrich said appraisingly, while Newt's press secretary, Tony Blankley, reported that "Newt was touched" by Dole's presence at the Speaker's swearing-in.

Only the willfully naïve, of course, could take this as anything more than a kind of grossly stylized political Kabuki. "Friendship" in politics is often shorthand for little more than a mutuality of interest, to be discarded as soon as agendas diverge. Take Al D'Amato, whose voluminous correspondence with President Reagan during the eighties was unearthed by New York *Newsday.* "Sometimes friends really need help," D'Amato wrote Reagan beseechingly on behalf of a potential patronage appointee. "This is one time that I'm asking my friend, my great and beloved President, to help." Or take Rupert Murdoch, who, the *Daily News* revealed, met privately with Gingrich last year while Newt and Murdoch's book-publishing company, HarperCollins, were discussing that multi-million-dollar deal. Just a "courtesy call," Blankley said.

Weirdest of all were the new friends who gathered last week to hear Gingrich deliver a talk called "From Virtuality to Reality." ("Virtuality at the mental level," the Speaker said thoughtfully, "is something I think you'd find in most leadership over historical periods.") Among those whose agendas have dovetailed at least for the moment are Alvin and Heidi Toffler, the futurists, and Arianna Huffington, friend of odd religious figure John-Roger. (Where was Faith Popcorn?) The Tofflers, the New York *Times* reported, are uncomfortable with Gingrich's views on abortion and school prayer, and even more nervous about associating with Huffington, but nonetheless "hail their friend [Gingrich] as 'a third-wave leader.' "

By week's end, it was clear that the national entente cordiale was already wearing a bit thin. Libby Pataki accused Hillary Clinton of "playing on our sympathy" when the First Lady pleaded "naïve and dumb." And Gingrich and the personal hagiographer he had fired, Christina Jeffrey, were squabbling over whether the Speaker knew about Jeffrey's *extremely* politically incorrect views before he hired her. True to the new form, however, Gingrich's letter to Jeffrey announcing her instant downsizing was signed, "Your friend, Newt."



THE BOY WHO CRIED FALSE ALARM "Last year, firefighters made 259,000 runs in response to false alarms," Giuliani proclaimed at his State of the City address last week to bolster arguments for eliminating his most recent pet peeve—fire call boxes. But according to the Fire Department, there were, in fact, a total of 143,136 false-alarm responses in 1993, only 95,683 of them involving call boxes. "We took 95,000 and multiplied it by 2.5, because sometimes they send out two vehicles, sometimes three," said a spokesperson from the mayor's office. However, 95,683 multiplied by 2.5 happens to be 239,208.

REBURB A recent survey of twelve Manhattan private schools indicates more families are returning to the city after having left it. Nine out of ten school administrators surveyed said they had students whose parents had moved out to the suburbs only to return a year or two later. Four out of five said that they've seen an increase in the number of returning suburbanites since 1992.

THIRD OPINION "She might try to be a little softer. You should say something like you mean it, not just talking more aggressively. . . . If you want something, ask for it, but start and end it with a nice statement."—Advice to Hillary Clinton from Daylle Schwartz, Learning Annex instructor of "Nice Girls on Top," previously named "How to Be a Better Bitch"

Photographs: top, Frank P. Rossotto/Stock Market; bottom, John Ficara/Sygma; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

The basement of the World Trade Center, February 1993.

State

THE PORK AUTHORITY

LAST WEEK, GEORGE PATAKI CHOSE George Marlin, the Conservative Party's 1993 candidate for mayor, to run the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, prompting one former PA official to fret that Marlin would use the agency's $2.6 billion budget as a giant pork barrel, leaving the Authority "sprinkled with political appointments." He needn't have worried. It already is.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in what has happened at the World Trade Center since the 1993 terrorist bombing that killed six people. As any sensible person might expect, WTC executives dramatically beefed up security following the attack, increasing their spending from $5 million to more than $16 million a year. But as any sensible person familiar with the workings of big city government might suspect, the World Trade Center is by no means $11 million more secure.

Rather, *New York* has learned, much of the money has gone into the coffers of one politically connected union, a union so powerful, one former PA official says, they could "shut down the World Trade Center if they wanted to."

Last spring, the WTC put up for competitive bid a two-year contract to supply security, sending a 75-page letter to prospective bidders that provided numbing detail on requirements for staffing, hours, and even uniforms. Most notable was the requirement that a successful bidder would agree to pay all unarmed guards "at least the wages and supplemental benefits" currently guaranteed to members of Local 32B-32J, Service Employees International Union—the equivalent of about $18 an hour. What the letter does not state explicitly, but what at least one bidder found out the hard way, was that (a) this did not mean you could hire people who were not in the union as long as you paid them union wages, and (b) it's not a good idea to ask any questions.

Last summer, Beau Dietl & Associates of New York was told it was the lowest bidder, but then Dietl, a celebrated former New York City police detective, made the mistake of writing a letter asking for clarification of some of the issues concerning benefits to be paid to Local 32B-32J. The wording, Dietl wrote, seemed to suggest that only the local's members could be hired, since it would be impossible to match all of their benefits exactly otherwise. On August 2, WTC official Conrad W. Forys sent a letter to Dietl's attorney advising him that the inquiry made Dietl's offer a "conditioned bid" and consequently rendered him "ineligible for further consideration." The contract was promptly awarded to another bidder.

It's understandable why the WTC would want to keep questions to a minimum. The amount being paid to the obligatory union guards is $10 an hour more than the prevailing rate authorized by the city's own comptroller's office for similar unarmed security guards employed by city agencies; and not only is the security costing several million more than it should, but "by dictating who is to be hired and how much they are to be paid, the World Trade Center is taking away the integrity of the security company," an executive from one New York security firm says. He adds, bluntly, "If you're not upgrading the quality of the guards, you're not upgrading anything."

For the record, the WTC flatly denies that it is a closed shop. "But," deputy director Cherrie Nanninga adds somewhat disingenuously, "we do encourage our contractors to maintain labor harmony." Burns, the contractor who eventually won the security contract, certainly has; all its guards are proud members of Local 32B-32J.

JOHN CONNOLLY

City

HALT, OFF-DUTY POLICE!

WHEN OFF-DUTY TRANSIT POLICE officer Kim Jackson pulled her 9-mm. Glock and fired seven shots, hitting three thugs and a bystander, in a Dunkin' Donuts in Forest Hills early on the morning of January 8, she was following a tradition among transit cops: shooting people on their own time.

So far this year, transit cops have shot four people while off duty, zero people while on duty. Last year, the department's 4,400 officers shot seventeen people on duty, fifteen people off duty. In 1993, there were seven on-duty shootings, but eighteen leisure-time shootings, prompting cries from most corners to recall the transit officers' recently acquired 9-mm.'s.

There's a perfectly good explanation, says spokesman Lieutenant Robert Valentino. "You're off duty twice as much as you're on," he says. "A tour is only eight hours. That leaves sixteen hours off duty, and officers are expected to uphold the law *all* the time." Even, apparently, when they're asleep.

The Dunkin' Donuts shooting has been deemed justified by most law enforcement. ("It was a good shooting, one where the officer shot who she had to shoot," says one police source.) Nevertheless, the fact that the transit police's first gunplay of the New Year occurred off duty has only reinforced the way transit police are viewed by many New Yorkers—as fidgety Barney Fife cop wannabes. But at least one high-ranking member of the NYPD—the *real* police—scoffed at that comparison. "Barney Fife?" he said. "Barney Fife only had one bullet. When was the last time a transit cop only shot one bullet?"

MANNY HOWARD

Photographs: top, John M. Mantel/Sipa; bottom, Kobal Collection.

City

NYPD ZOO

"NO COMMENT," SAID POLICE Captain Joanne Jaffe, of the 1st Precinct. "No press, no photographers."

"This is an active investigation," said Officer Scott Bloch, speaking for John Miller, NYPD Deputy Commissioner of Public Information. "The official statement is, no comment. There is a total ban on the press. The ban will not be lifted until around February."

A wall of silence has been erected around the 1st Precinct building in TriBeCa; the police have closed ranks as they investigate the death of one of their own, allegedly at the hands of one of their own. The tragedy has taken an emotional toll. "We spent a lot of our own time and money on that dog," one officer there said, on condition of anonymity. "All of us share the loss."

Sometime in early December, Fred, a big-eyed, floppy-eared beagle that had been adopted by the precinct the summer before, was allegedly savagely beaten in the precinct house for defecating on the floor. He was then driven to the ASPCA, where he was put to sleep three days later.

Police Commissioner William Bratton ordered the department's Internal Affairs Bureau to investigate, and beagle hairs were reportedly found in the squad car driven by Sergeant Hector Collazo that night. Collazo, 36, has been stripped of his gun and shield and placed on modified assignment pending completion of the investigation.

The officers of the 1st, in the meantime, must console themselves with a seemingly dwindling menagerie. Monte the cat recently died of cancer. Aldo the German shepherd now lives on a farm in upstate New York. Says one officer, sadly, "We only have Max the snake and the fish now."

Max is an eight-and-a-half-foot, 45-pound boa constrictor who usually sits curled up in a box in the corner. (Three years ago, one prisoner appealed his conviction, unsuccessfully, arguing that Max had intimidated him into making a confession.) The fish are your basic tropical variety. But in the precinct's pet history, there has been at least one other kitten, and it probably won't be long before Fred is replaced.

"When we pick up a stray, we care for it," one of the officers said. "The officers here are all animal-loving." Most of them. PEARL DUNCAN

SCENE

The Kitt Klub

There are rumors of John-John. Spotted in the foyer, *wearing a gray wool knit hat*—and yet, of course, looking *not dopey*—the lone surviving cute Kennedy is not in the house. Perhaps because Ashley Richardson, the supermodel he isn't being seen with anymore, is. Or perhaps because if the Cafe Carlyle became any more fabulous tonight, it would be just too, too fabulous. "Nita, I saw you on T-*Vee*," someone squeals when Anita Sarko, downtown fixture, arrives in metallic lime-green dress and blood-orange curls on the arm of Michael Musto. Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson sit with assorted supermodels. Downtown Julie Brown arrives in pink satin and cashmere and big, big go-go hair. There's Roshumba, the supermodel. Carmen, the supermodel of a certain age. Idalis, the MTV V.J. Kelly Klein. A woman wearing black sausage casing. "Hi, Pinky," someone yells to someone apparently named Pinky. And finally, what brought them here: Miss Eartha Kitt, growling her showbiz way through a set of tunes—"I'm Still Here," "I Will Survive"—*designed to argue* that whatever she once had, she still does. Woody Harrelson taps his Nikes. LARRY DOYLE

Crime

HOW PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

SITTING IN A COFFEE SHOP ACROSS FROM his Newport Beach, California, home, Dr. Daniel Martell was picking at a fat-free blueberry muffin when he opened the New York *Times* and saw, just below the fold, PUSHED TO THE TRACKS, WOMAN IS KILLED BY F TRAIN.

"Oh," he thought. "Here's another one."

Martell read on. Reuben Harris, 42, had allegedly pushed a 63-year-old grandmother, a total stranger, into an oncoming train, then walked away, laughing and babbling gibberish.

"Basically, I could have written the profile," Martell says. "He was classic."

It was strange that in the resulting media rush, no one called Martell. A forensic psychologist, he's become the nation's leading expert on the peculiarly specific subject of people who push strangers onto the subway tracks; he's also the co-author of the only piece of academic literature on the subject, "Mentally Disordered Offenders Who Push or Attempt to Push Victims Onto Subway Tracks in New York City," published in the venerable *Archives of General Psychiatry* in 1992.

Martell and the more celebrated Dr. Park Dietz studied 49 pushing incidents that occurred in the city's subway system between 1975 and 1991. Most of the perpetrators—36 of them—were deranged and homeless and had lengthy criminal and psychiatric histories. Five incidents were group muggings or gang attacks; in three of these five, the perpetrators chose homeless people as their victims. In every case, the victim was a stranger.

Although it's a rare offense, Martell and Dietz found that the rate of subway pushing increased substantially in the late eighties. Seventy-five percent of the pushers were men; 95 percent had histories of psychiatric hospitalization; 65 percent had violent-crime records. Women were slightly more likely to be the victims of subway pushings.

Eloise Ellis, who pushed people in front of trains at two different uptown stations one afternoon in July 1993, added something new to the genre. "She was the queen of subway pushers," said Martell at the time. "She was the first serial and mass subway pusher."

In the shoving two weeks ago, Harris differed from the norm only in that he was a recently escaped mental

Photograph by Albert Ferreira/DMI.

patient rather than a permanent underground denizen. “I expect that he was paranoid and had some delusions about the woman he pushed,” says Martell, who was reminded of another case. “One guy thought an Asian woman on the platform was his doctor, who he said was torturing him by keeping him in the hospital.” One or two pushers imagined they were somehow saving their victims by shoving them onto the tracks. (Harris told police he shoved the woman because “she was in my way.”)

Harris was not unusual in that after allegedly shoving the woman, he simply walked away, apparently oblivious. One shover strolled out of the subway for a cup of coffee. Another rummaged through his victim's duffel bag and tried on the Kentucky Fried Chicken uniform he found inside.

Martell prefers the pace of subway-free Southern California, where he moved just six months ago. “New York,” he says, “is a little too crazy for me.”

JANET WICKENHAVER

TRANSPORTATION

The Hack Master

“The meter only accepts American Express cards,” Ralph Napoleoni apologizes, adjusting the sleek bucket seats for his passenger's comfort. But the cellular phone, he says, takes all calling cards.

Is the heat on too low? He'll turn it up.

Is the jazz too loud? He'll turn it down.

Prefer a different CD? He's got several boxfuls in the trunk. “I listen to Zep,” Napoleoni says, “or Mozart, the Twentieth Piano Concerto, the Clarinet Quintet . . . Brahms, Ella Fitzgerald. Or I'll throw in some Sting. . . .”

This is New York City's greatest cab, and Napoleoni, once he gets a few more miles on him, seems destined to become the city's greatest cabdriver. He's only 29 and already a ten-year veteran of The Seat. “I started driving,” he recites, “on October 13, 1985.” Driving legally, that is. As the son of a cabbie, he has always wanted—needed—to drive. “When I was 15 or 16,” he says of his (where else?) Brooklyn adolescence, “I would sneak down the balcony late at night and push the cab out of the driveway and just drive all night. . . . I used to average $110, $120.”

Last spring, some HBO executives climbed into Napoleoni's cab, and by the time they climbed out he'd been asked to audition for *Taxicab Confessions,* a documentary by video-vérité producers Joe and Harry (*Couples Arguing*) Gantz in which typically twisted New Yorkers bare their unwitting souls to Napoleoni and seven other cabbies via hidden cameras and mikes. It airs this month on HBO. “At first, it was kind of exciting,” Napoleoni allows with a natural's aplomb, “but after a while, you try to forget the cameras and just be yourself.”

Like any master, Napoleoni bemoans the diminished state of his art. He is as appalled as his passengers are—*more*—at what passes for cabbie standards these days. He blames the Taxi and Limousine Commission, which is, he says, very lax at certifying drivers. Part of the taxi-school test, for instance, which verifies that new cabbies know the city, is—get this—open book. “You just open up a map,” he says, disgusted. “A fifth-grader could pass that.”

Napoleoni is getting worked up. “I've had drivers come up to me at the airport and say, ‘How do I get back to Manhattan?’ ” he says, nimbly beating some jerk from Jersey through an intersection. “That's pretty sick.”

Tut-tutting at a cab tearing down Broadway without headlights, he sighs. “Drivers are exploited. The industry floods the market. Somebody can just go to driving school and get a permit in three months. So you get a lot of amateurish drivers.”

Unchallenged by the competition, Napoleoni must vigilantly push himself to achieve a state of perfect hackdom. “Soon,” he muses, “they'll make computers cheap enough so you could scan and fax” from the backseat. “The Taxi and Limousine Commission is very strict about what you can and cannot add to a vehicle,” he says grumpily. “As far as I'm concerned, I'd have a wet bar in the back.”

MICHAEL KRANTZ

Art

AMONG THE ARTLAWS

HE PULLS HIS BEAT-UP BLACK PONTIAC into an open parking space on Prince Street just before 11 A.M. He gets out and begins unhooking the bungee cords holding a wooden-dowel cage to the roof of his car. Robert Lederman places the two-by-four-by-seven-foot cage, painted metallic gray, on the sidewalk, and climbs inside.

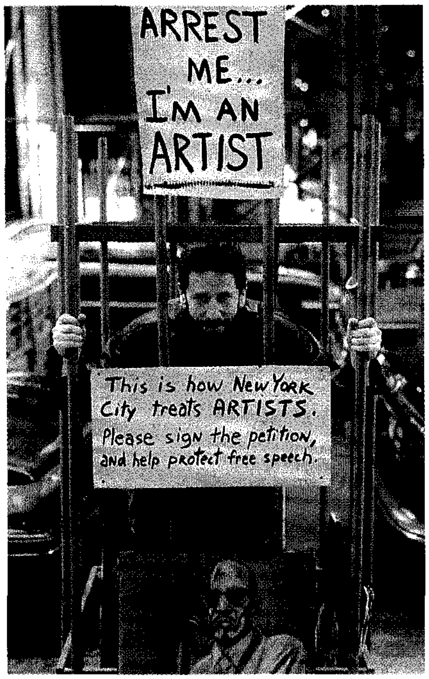
ARREST ME . . .
I'M AN ARTIST

says a sign posted on the makeshift jail, surrounded by blowups of newspaper articles and photographs chronicling the nine times this artist has been arrested for selling his work on the street. Next to the cell is a folding screen bearing brightly colored jazz prints and black-and-white street scenes.

“On Saturday, they usually come between noon and two o'clock,” says Lederman, a painter, musician, and, of late, street performer. “They drive by once or twice in unmarked vans or taxicabs and look over the street. Then they drive back around and make the arrests.”

Lederman, 44, greets several other members of Artists' Response to Illegal State Tactics (ARTIST) as they arrive for yet another protest. On this morning, they are carrying placards (one reads HITLER, STALIN, MUSSOLINI, AND GIULIANI—THEY ALL ARRESTED ARTISTS) and parading through SoHo's streets rattling coin-filled coffee cans, ratcheting up the volume under the

Photograph by Steven Freeman.


ARREST ME... I'M AN ARTIST
This is how New York City treats ARTISTS. Please sign the petition, and help protect free speech.

windows of residents suspected of demanding the police sweeps.

"Stop using Police Department resources to harass us!" Lederman screams at one loft building as passersby grin and gawk.

"It's the SoHo Alliance which forces the police to make the arrests," he tells a group of passing tourists. "They're landlords and loft owners, many of whom are themselves artists, and they don't want artists or anyone else using what they see as *their* sidewalks."

Lederman helped form ARTIST in October 1993 after police began cracking down on illegal street vendors, including artists, who were clogging the sidewalks of SoHo. Lederman says that there have been more than 100 arrests (the city claims it's more like 50) in the past year, but that none of the artists, even the ones who wanted to, have gone to trial. "The city spends a few million dollars arresting artists," he says, "confiscating their work, forcing them through a lengthy court process."

Knut Masco, one of SoHo's street artists, recently received a call from "Carlos," who said he'd just bought a large assortment of confiscated art at a city auction for $50, including five large window paintings of Masco's. "He offered to sell them back to me," said Masco. "He said the auctioneer told the crowd at the auction that if nobody bought the lot, it would all be destroyed. I told him to hang them in his apartment."

Masco is one of the plaintiffs in a federal suit filed by five members of ARTIST, the Volunteer Lawyers for the Arts, and Dewey Ballantine against the city, charging it with violating the artists' First Amendment rights. They want the city's vending ordinance changed to permit artists to sell their work, just as it is now legal to sell books, newspapers, and religious articles without a license.

"Under current law, you don't need a license to sell a book of Monet prints on the streets," says Lederman, "but you do need one to sell a Monet original."

The city, of course, disagrees. "Selling art on the streets is a business, so it should be regulated," says Assistant District Attorney Daniel Connolly. "It's a commercial activity, and that's the linchpin of this entire issue."

Meanwhile, there are signs that the residents of SoHo don't like being compared to Hitler, and are fed up with Lederman in particular. "He calls us fascists and elitists for wanting our doorways clear," complains SoHo Alliance member Sean Sweeney, speaking from his apartment in SoHo. "He's a jerk, a loony, and a wacko, and he has a persecution complex."

Ann Sandhorst
and Greg Sargent

Culture

GIULIANI, SMOKE THIS

ON APRIL 10, THE DAY NEW YORK CITY'S allegedly draconian new Smoke-Free Air Act takes effect, there will still be places to smoke. There will, in fact, be places that *welcome* smoking.

RJR NABISCO, 1301 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS: "We are in full compliance of all appropriate regulations," says spokeswoman Carol Makovich. "But we feel we have a great spirit of accommodation here in our office."

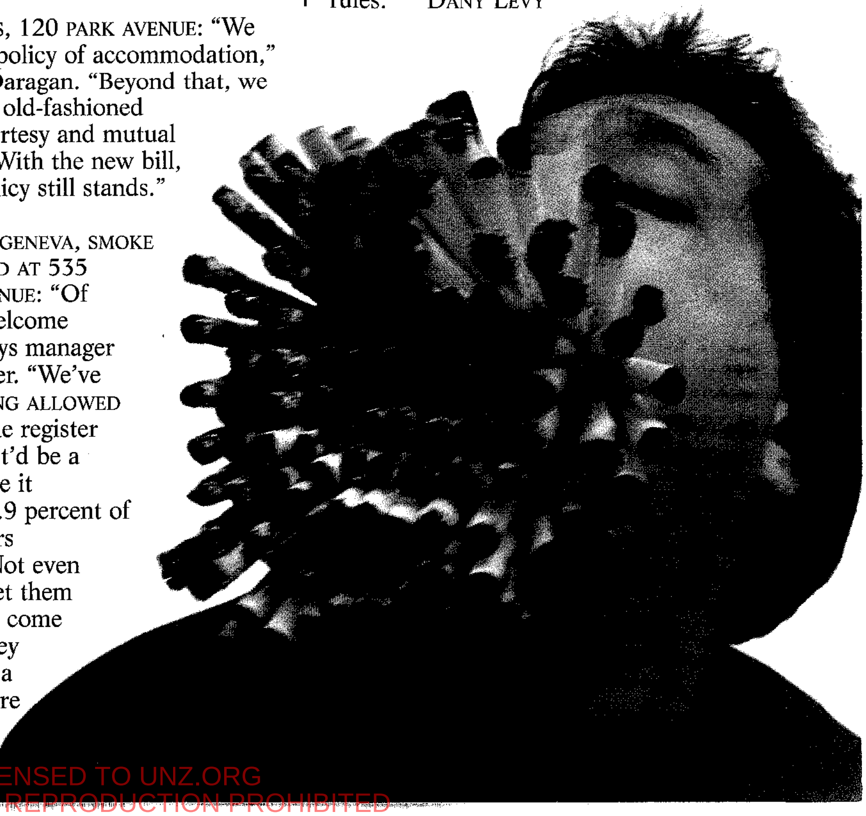
PHILIP MORRIS, 120 PARK AVENUE: "We truly have a policy of accommodation," says Karen Daragan. "Beyond that, we rely on good old-fashioned common courtesy and mutual respect. . . . With the new bill, our same policy still stands."

DAVIDOFF OF GENEVA, SMOKE SHOP LOCATED AT 535 MADISON AVENUE: "Of course we welcome smokers," says manager Diana Wagner. "We've had a SMOKING ALLOWED sign up by the register since 1987. It'd be a shame to take it down . . . 98.9 percent of our customers smoke. . . . Not even their wives let them smoke! They come in here so they can. I mean, a lot of them are men whose wives are out shopping; they come in to smoke . . . I bring 'em a cup of coffee. Not let them? I can't do that!"

BEEKMAN BAR AND BOOKS, COCKTAIL LOUNGE AT 989 FIRST AVENUE: "You wouldn't know by our place that anyone in this city has a problem with smoking," says owner Mark Grossich. "People know that we encourage —or, rather, are friendly to— smokers. . . . I've been getting calls from the media all day; I guess we've become the poster boy for the smoking population."

FRENCH ROAST, RESTAURANT AND COFFEE BAR AT 456 SIXTH AVENUE: "People like to come here and pretend they're in Paris, you know?" says manager Josh Trachtman. "A lot of our staff smoke, so I think that makes the smokers feel very welcome. . . . But the law's the law. . . . We are blessed with a back room that can seat ten to twelve; maybe we'll make that a smoking place—I mean, if we can. . . . I'm looking around the place now and it's a cloud of smoke in here. Yeah, it's gonna suck—pardon my language."

MATADOR RECORDS, ALTERNATIVE-ROCK LABEL AT 676 BROADWAY: "Not only do we allow it; we encourage it!" says co-president Gerard Cosloy. "We have a cart that goes around in the morning delivering cigarettes. We're not so concerned about employee health—we get a better turnover that way. . . . The policy's unconstitutional. I've got something for Giuliani to smoke right here. I voted for Dinkins. I don't have to follow Giuliani's rules."   Dany Levy



Photographs: top, Ann Sandhorst; bottom, Kip Rano/Camera Press/Globe Photos.

BIG IDEAS LIESL SCHILLINGER

The Drug Peacenik

Funded by billionaire philanthropist George Soros,
Ethan Nadelmann is conducting his own war against the drug war.

On a cool afternoon recently, Ethan Nadelmann sat at a Princeton Club luncheon waiting for the salmon to be taken away. He was about to take on the conservative NYU medical researcher Dr. Gabriel Nahas in a debate on an unlikely question, announced in the Princeton Club newsletter alongside an item about an upcoming Lobster Night: "Should marijuana be available over the counter, like aspirin?"

Nahas, a scowling, owlish man with a bow tie and a Transylvanian-sounding accent, spoke first. He flipped transparencies of the human brain upside down and backward on a projector. He talked of rats, the hippocampus, of profound biochemical changes, brain metabolism, neurotransmitters, and impairment of mental activity. And he raged against the corrosive effects of drugs—all drugs, that is, except alcohol and tobacco. "Everything I say is scientifically documented," he said fiercely, then added, "I drank a little alcohol before lunch because I needed it. I would challenge Dr. Nadelmann to have smoked a joint before he spoke."

"It's clearly the case that drugs do affect the brain," Nadelmann said when his turn came. "But I also assume that drugs are here to stay. The question is not whether drugs are bad or not, but what we can do to make them cause the least possible harm to the people who use them." As Nadelmann explained the alternatives to the drug war, the crowd—some 25 aging Princetonians and assorted hangers-on—warmed to him. Finally, an elderly woman, elegant and blue-eyed, whispered, "I am 80 and I am a grandmother, and in my opinion, there wouldn't have been an Al Capone without Prohibition. When you try to legislate human behavior, you're out of luck." When a show of hands was called for, Nadelmann's argument for legalization and decriminalization emerged the clear victor. And if he can win at the Princeton Club, can Congress be far behind?

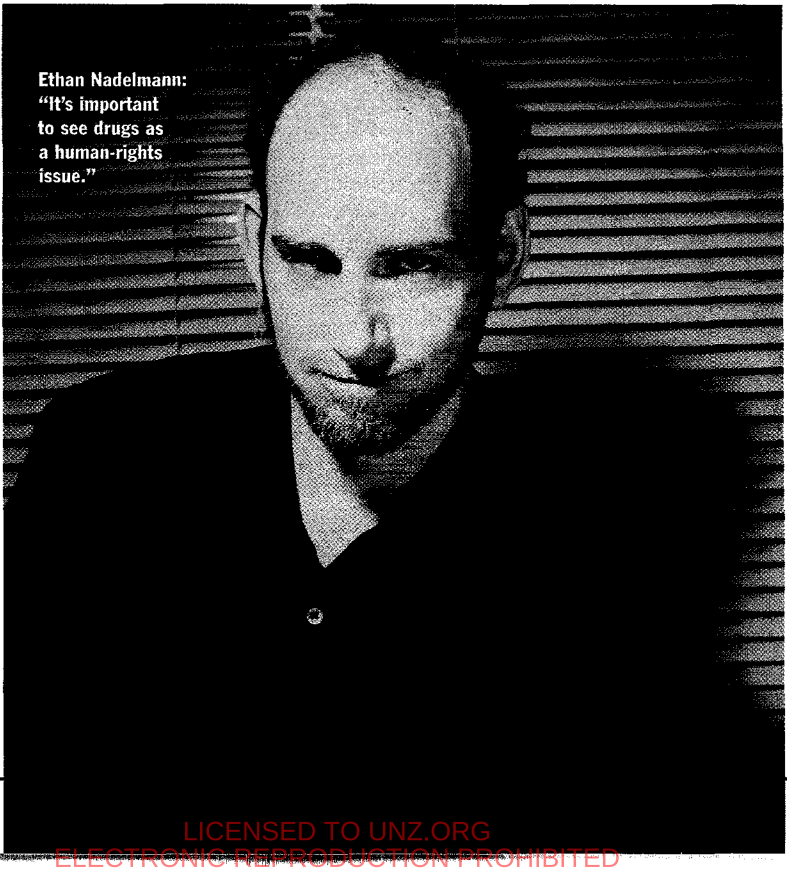
Thirty-seven years old, with red hair, a beard, and a freckled face, the oldest child of a Westchester rabbi, Ethan Nadelmann is a leading general in the war against the drug war. He relentlessly pursues proofs of the ineffectiveness of drug prohibition and hunts for information about successful drug solutions in other countries with an eye to ferreting out hypocrisies. "A third of a million people are behind bars in this country today for engaging in activities that our grandparents could have done entirely legally," Nadelmann says. "I know of no other area of human activity where there is so great a divergence of laws."

Nadelmann's is a strange profession, mixing proselytizing zeal with academic expertise (Nadelmann has a B.A., a political-science Ph.D., and a law degree from Harvard, and spent seven years as an assistant professor at Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School) and war-correspondent thrills. In graduate school in the early eighties, he toyed with the idea of making the Middle East his specialty, but learning Arabic was too high a hurdle. "I'd always been intrigued by crime and drugs, and I decided that I should go into it because it would be exciting and give me the opportunity to travel," he says.

In the past ten years, in the course of researching *Cops Across Borders*, his book on the expansion of U.S. law enforcement abroad during the drug war, Nadelmann has been to 30 states and thirteen countries in South America, Central America, Europe, and Australia, talking to judges, addicts, dealers, and FBI agents, running with the narcs, viewing the U.S.'s war on drugs from the front lines. Along the way, he began to notice how much drug policies vary from country to country.

The differences are stunning. In Colombia, possession of a personal dose of any drug is legal; in Malaysia, anyone who is discovered with seven ounces of marijuana is subject to execution by hanging. In Holland, marijuana and hashish are sold openly in cafés, but in Turkey, a foreigner caught with it can be jailed or deported. In Switzerland, clean needles are made available to junkies in public parks, and in England, addicts can have their daily doses of heroin prescribed by their doctors; but in America, the government refuses to fund needle-exchange programs, even though virtually every responsible needle-exchange study has shown that the programs reduce the spread of AIDS and do not attract new users.

Nadelmann aims to


Ethan Nadelmann: "It's important to see drugs as a human-rights issue."

Photograph by Georg Grieshaber.

bring science and order to these welters of illogic. In his world, drug addicts would be treated as sick people, not as criminals, and the drugs they used would be quality-controlled, taxed, and regulated. Marijuana, for instance, might be sold to non-minors at liquor stores; harder drugs might be available through prescriptions; confirmed addicts would receive clean needles, counseling, and access to safe supplies of the drugs they crave. "When we talk about legalization, we don't mean selling crack in candy stores," Nadelmann says. He speaks like a speed debater, numbering his points and filling the air with an oral chalkboard of arguments, all delivered with last-breath urgency. "What we're talking about is treating drug addiction as a health problem, like depression or alcoholism, and not as a law-enforcement problem.

"It's time to change the tenor of the debate from 'How do we fight a drug war?' to 'How do we wage a drug peace?' The most positive thing that could happen is for us to adopt some of the policies that some European countries use already," he says.

> *"Drugs have become a surrogate for all other problems. They're an enormously convenient and powerful scapegoat, a code word for attacking groups of people, whether they be hippies, blacks, or Hispanics."*

If Nadelmann's is something of a voice in the wilderness on the issue (his most visible ally in the administration, Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, was forced out about a month ago over another hot-button issue), it's at least amplified by major funding—provided by financier and utopian philanthropist George Soros. At 888 Seventh Avenue, the headquarters of the Soros Foundations, Nadelmann shares the nineteenth floor with "death, Burma, and refugees," as he likes to joke, referring to Soros projects on death in America, political repression in Myanmar (formerly Burma), and injustices against refugees worldwide.

In 1993, Soros created the Open Society Institute to officially represent his projects at home and abroad. He hired veteran left-wing watchdog Aryeh Neier of Human Rights Watch to preside over his kingdom, and the two soon began looking for ways to expand their work in the United States. The U.S. drug crisis caught his eye. "George Soros felt that the current war on drugs was not working, and that it was doing more harm than good," says Neier, whose office is on the thirty-first floor of Soros's building. "An awful lot of people feel the effort to deal with the drug problem has gone terribly wrong, but very few people are willing to speak out because of the political risk. Our feeling is that there could be a rapid change in thinking about the drug problem. Soros mainly wants to support more debate on this."

Nadelmann's first association with Soros was entirely coincidental. Back in 1988, the two men published articles side by side in the spring issue of *Foreign Policy*. Soros wrote about the disastrous Black Monday stock-market crash; Nadelmann wrote a piece called "U.S. Drug Policy: A Bad Export."

Nadelmann's article appeared at a time when national figures were beginning to question the value of the Reagan- and Bush-led law-enforcement crusade against drugs, and Nadelmann found himself nudged out of his Princeton retreat and onto the media stage. He joined forces with outspoken Baltimore mayor Kurt Schmoke, who had recently made a public announcement supporting legalization, and spoke on *Nightline, Donahue,* and *Larry King Live.*

Soros's interest in the subject led to a series of lunches. "He had an assistant find out who you would talk to to find out about U.S. drug policy, and essentially I would be one of the first people you'd send somebody to," Nadelmann says. Finally, Soros and Neier agreed to fund a range of drug-policy activities. These included a new research institute on drug policy called the Lindesmith Center, headed by Nadelmann, and a grants program for "harm reduction" efforts—such as needle exchanges—and other projects administered by Nadelmann and Judge Robert Sweet, another advocate of legalization. Hedging his bets, Soros also funds less controversial programs, such as, lately, Mathea Falco's Drug Strategies.

Their patron's fervor on the issue, however, is hard to gauge. "George Soros right now does not agree with me on drug policy from A to Z," Nadelmann says. "He's open to the language of decriminalization." In the opinion of a colleague, "he feels comfortable with Ethan, but he doesn't feel comfortable saying 'I agree.' "

Still, Soros is paying for the party. At seminars at Lindesmith, television journalists, lawyers, and top academics sit among drug users, drug addicts, and people who run methadone programs, munching on cookies and listening to visitors testify about the success of harm-reduction initiatives in their countries. "Instead of dry, numbing studies on brain slides and angry jeremiads on the evils of drugs, we have incredibly dynamic people," says Nadelmann, adding, "I can say—totally objectively—that this is the highest-caliber, most stimulating seminar on drug issues anywhere in the world right now."

Legalization and harm reduction are emotional issues; actually, Nadelmann compares the drug issue to the most emotional issue of all—abortion. Indeed, the drug issue has its own lunatic fringes—on both sides. Some conspiracy theorists have advanced the notion that Lindesmith is a front for the National Organization for Marijuana Legalization, which champions the cause largely from the point of view of smokers. A few even say that Soros himself wants to see drugs legalized only so that he can sell them and add to his riches.

Nadelmann, however, tends to have a calming effect. "When people see Ethan and see that he's an academic, they realize that it is not only potheads who support decriminalization," says Denise Paone, a senior research associate at the Beth Israel Medical Center.

Nadelmann does admit to certain youthful experiments: "I, like Bill Clinton, Al Gore, Clarence Thomas, Newt Gingrich, and 60 million to 70 million other Americans, have smoked pot. I did inhale." But he's careful to squelch any notion that he is waging his campaign for personal reasons. "I definitely have *not* been high recently," he says.

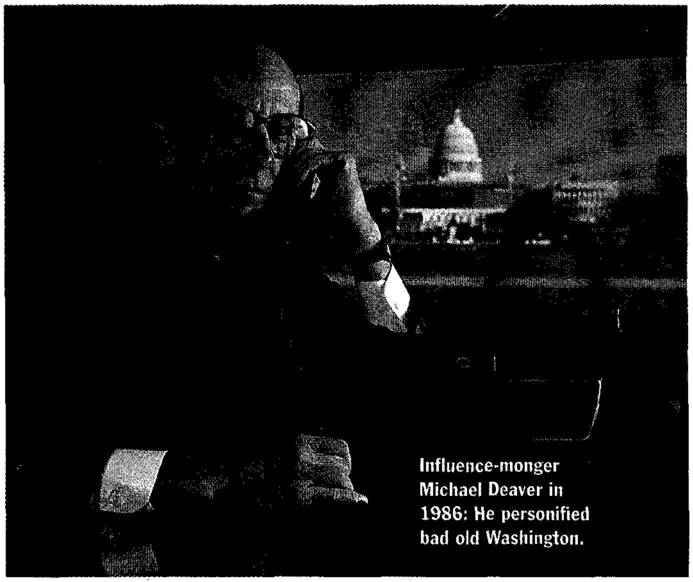
"The fear is that legalization will lead to substantial increases in drug use," says Nadelmann, "and that is to my mind the most legitimate reason against it as well. But drugs have become a surrogate for all other problems. They're an enormously convenient and powerful scapegoat, a code word for attacking groups of people, whether they be hippies, blacks, or Hispanics.

"When you grow up with the kind of Jewish identity I had, with a father who's a rabbi, you notice that whenever Jews lived in a place where the majority said, 'You live your way; we'll live ours,' the Jews were fine. Whenever Jews lived where the majority said, 'You have to live by our code because we know what's good for you,' the Jews were fucked." He looks up pointedly. "And that's why I get worried when a society turns a group of people into bogeymen." He pauses. "The thing you learn from this is the basic need for tolerance of dissident or deviant groups. It's important to see drugs as a human-rights issue." ■

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

He's *Back!*

Who's Michael Deaver calling now? Newt Gingrich, it seems. For all the talk of reforming Congress, the influence-peddling industry is healthier than ever.



Influence-monger Michael Deaver in 1986: He personified bad old Washington.

Photograph by Michael Evans/Sygma.

BILL CLINTON CAME to town two years ago promising to "change the way business is done in Washington." In characteristic fashion, he has gotten less credit for this project than he deserves—but also deserves less credit than he wants. Clinton *has* made it harder for his appointees to cash in on their connections once they leave office. He also made strong statements in favor of campaign-finance and lobbying reform. But he undermined his ethical stance from the outset by appointing lobbyists like Ron Brown to his Cabinet, and by taking Tom Foley's advice that he not put new campaign-finance-reform legislation high on his agenda. Now that Foley is gone and Clinton has suddenly started pushing the issue again, many have—no surprise—called his sincerity into question.

Newt, on the other hand, is no hypocrite. Though disgust with the ways of Washington is the lighter fluid at his barbecue, the Speaker of the House has shown little interest in unmaking the access industry, in which former officials earn huge sums hawking their inside relationships to corporations, trade associations, and foreign countries. At the end of the last session of Congress, Gingrich nixed a bill that would have banned lobbyist gifts to legislators and their staffs, along with another that would have tightened the notoriously lax disclosure requirements (lobbyists who happen to be lawyers, for example, are exempt). Campaign-finance reform, which could fundamentally transform the lobbying culture, plays no part in the Contract With America. And at a personal level, Newt refuses, even under pressure of a lawsuit brought by the Federal Election Commission, to disclose the names of past donors to GOPAC, the most important of his front groups.

At the symbolic level, Newt's behavior is even more blithe. He has turned a blind eye to the many Republicans trying to profit by their connections to him. And he has thrown a lifeline to the Ghost of Republican Sleaze Past, *Über*-lobbyist Michael Deaver. In a famous signpost of the Reagan era, *Time* in 1986 featured the president's former image-meister on its cover. He was shown talking on a phone from the backseat of his limousine under the headline WHO'S THIS MAN CALLING? Deaver's influence-peddling business boomed, but soon afterward, he was indicted for perjury, convicted, and sentenced. After performing community service and paying a $100,000 fine, he quietly returned to the lobbying business, joining Edelman Public Relations, a firm whose political profile is mostly Democratic. And now, thanks to the Speaker, Deaver's persona is *non grata* no more. In recent weeks, Deaver says, he has "met with various people around Newt on a number of occasions," as he put it, "to strategize." He refused to elaborate.

Gingrich's soigné spokesman Tony Blankley confirms that he has invited Deaver, a friend from the Reagan years, to advise the Speaker's staff on communications. This should raise an eyebrow, at the very least. Deaver has recently represented British Airways, the American Automobile Manufacturers Association, Prudential, and the governments of India and Portugal, among others. Will he now try to exploit the connection on behalf of his clients? Gingrich himself once raised a fuss about James Carville and other Clinton advisers' having the run of the White House—Newt complained that they weren't bound by all the limitations and regulations that go with an actual government job. But Carville and the others aren't lobbyists. More important, they're not *felons*. Yet Blankley professes surprise at the suggestion that there's a problem. "Mike Deaver is a fine man who understands the way the media works in Washington," he says. Has Deaver been rehabilitated? "He didn't need rehabilitating."

Given that attitude, it's little wonder that the Republican side of "the influence community," as it has been called, is flourishing as seldom before. When Clinton was first elected president, there was talk of a bidding war for Democratic hustlers like former Arkansas representative Beryl Anthony Jr. and former Ways and Means Committee member Dennis Eckart of Ohio (who retired from Congress, he said, out of disgust with "the system" and then became the most brazen of access salesmen). But with the Republican ascendancy on the Hill, Democratic lobbyists are suddenly obsolete.

Best positioned now are those with personal ties to the leadership, like the Senate majority leader's daughter, Robin Dole. You can't hire her for a one-off job—she lobbies exclusively on behalf of Century 21 real estate. But you can retain Tony Roda, who was a legislative strategist for Gingrich until 1992 and now represents Texaco and Cigna, among others. (Roda says his business is booming.) Steve Stockmeyer, who describes himself as an "informal" Gingrich adviser of twenty years' standing, is thriving as well. He says he has resisted offers from lobbying "firms that would like to showcase me," preferring to remain in solo practice. Stockmeyer says with self-mocking facetiousness that he will work "for anybody who walks through the door who has a problem I don't gag on." But the biggest kahuna of all is former congressman Vin Weber, a close friend, disciple,

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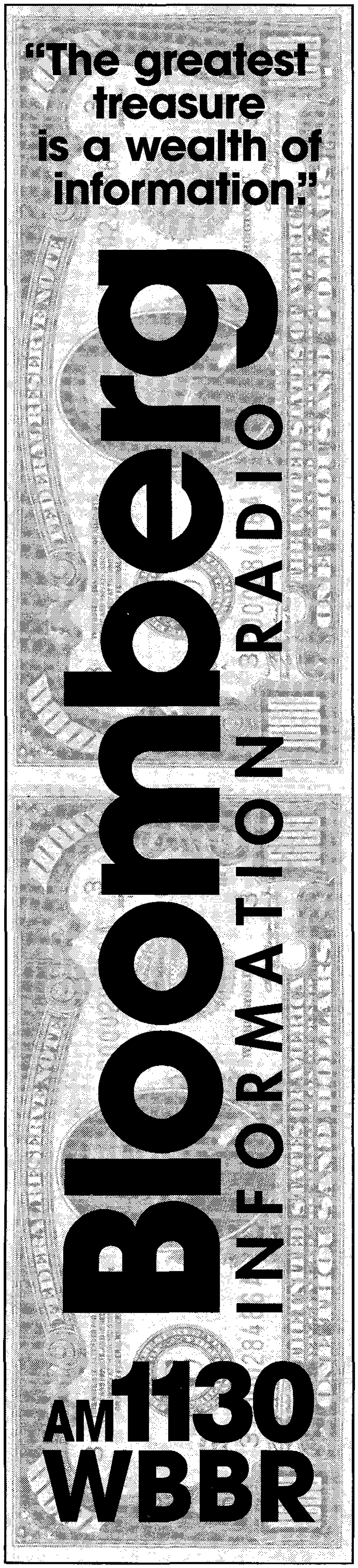

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and adviser of Gingrich's. Weber, who represents major health-care interests and is close to several potential presidential candidates, has opted to expand his own small firm rather than join a larger one, disappointing his many suitors.

Partnerships closely identified with the Democrats are particularly desperate to cover their right flanks. The liberal APCO Associates has, for instance, just signed Dave Durenberger, the ethically challenged former senator from Minnesota. Tom Downey, a former New York congressman who made his name as a young reformer and served on Ways and Means, has hooked up with Rod Chandler, a Republican alumnus of the committee. Larger Democratic concerns, like Patton Boggs & Blow, Ron Brown's old outfit, and Cassidy & Associates, are contemplating mergers with Republican firms. As for Democrats entering the market, they're out of luck. Akin, Gump, the law firm of old-time fixer Bob Strauss, has been talking to Tom Foley but is reportedly concerned that Foley might be a liability rather than an asset in the present climate. Meanwhile, it has hired Frank Donatelli, former political director of the Reagan White House.

Bidding by lobbying firms reportedly became frenzied when William Pitts, the top aide to former House minority leader Bob Michel, came on the market. Serious interest began at around $500,000 a year, according to one lobbyist. This lobbyist says he gave up trying to get his firm to compete because Pitts "had so many offers I didn't think it was worth it." In the end, Pitts opted to become head of the Washington office of Capital Cities/ABC. Another industry source who asks to remain nameless calls this a classy thing to do, since Pitts is selling his status to a single company rather than sleeping around.

In the White House, such a free-for-all is no longer possible. Upon taking office, Clinton instituted a lifetime ban on former officials' lobbying the executive branch on behalf of foreign governments, and a five-year ban on lobbying the office of the president on behalf of anyone. Remarkably, these rules have been largely successful, preventing folks like Howard Paster, Clinton's former congressional liaison, from lobbying ex-colleagues. Congressmen and their aides, however, face only a one-year cooling-off period before they can work their old committees or offices. And even then, there is nothing to stop someone like Durenberger from using his knowledge of the Senate to direct lobbying by others at his new firm.

Nothing really changes. Until a few months ago, lobbyists flourished on the basis of their proximity to the Democratic barons on Capitol Hill. There existed what was known as "the Rostenkowski bar," which focused on adjustments to tax legislation, and "the Dingell bar," which revolved around energy and telecommunications. Emerging now are a Bill Archer bar, tied to the new chairman of Ways and Means, and a Thomas Bliley bar, plugged into the new chairman of the Commerce Committee. Numerous sub-specialties are emerging as well. Lobbyist Jay Stone has been dining out on his relationship to Bob Livingston, the Louisiana congressman who now chairs the Appropriations Committee. Stone brags that he and Livingston were classmates at Tulane. Only after being pressed does he admit they didn't actually *know* each other there. Nonetheless, he calls himself a "close friend" of Livingston's, having worked on the congressman's staff and dealt with him when Stone was an official in the Reagan Energy Department.

Businesses like to hire lobbyists who have worked in government because they know the revolving door keeps revolving, and their hires may someday return to power. Charles "Chip" Kahn III, who until recently was a lobbyist for the Health Insurance Association of America (sponsor of the Harry-and-Louise ads), has been appointed staff director of the House Ways and Means health subcommittee. The insurance industry's money has been well spent: The man it was paying until a few weeks ago—and is likely to pay again when he leaves government—is now the chief congressional staff member regulating that industry. The ethical problem here is so familiar as to be almost tedious. In a democracy, access to government shouldn't depend on campaign cash, free trips, or favors. Nor should it hinge on expensively purchased personal connections. Influence peddling—the trade in inside relationships—is a big reason why legislators have such a hard time cutting the deficit. The whole spectacle of selling résumés on the open market tends to reduce the respect level of public servants as a class to that of, say, telemarketers.

Perhaps it isn't surprising that Gingrich hasn't challenged this culture, since Republicans are historically its greatest beneficiaries; in the last election cycle, they received four times more soft-money contributions than did the Democrats. But it is amazing that Gingrich fails to understand the populist appeal of draining the moral swamp of Washington. Outrage at the revolving door was one reason Ross Perot was so popular in 1992—remember those cracks about lobbyists in alligator shoes and $1,000 suits? As a presidential prospect, Perot has looked feeble for a while now. But by resurrecting Michael Deaver and smiling on the rest of the muck, Newt may be handing him a sword.

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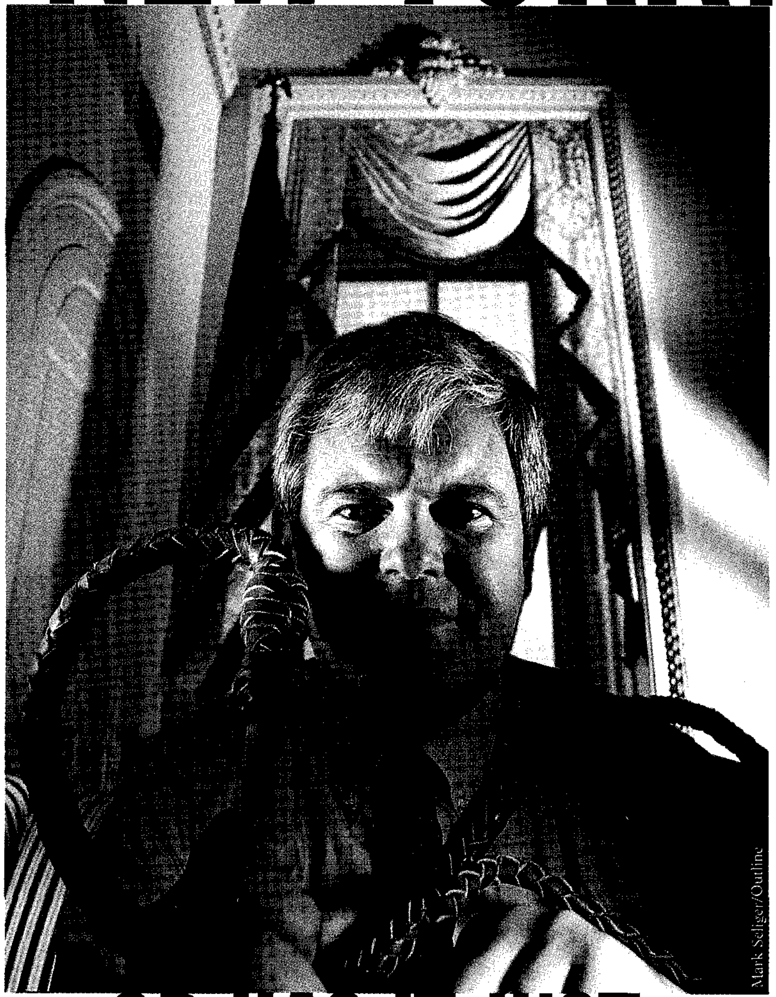
DOES AMERICA HATE NEW YORK...


Mark Seliger/Outline

OR HAS IT JUST STOPPED CARING?

Meet some of the upstanding Georgia citizens who made Newt Gingrich possible. They're well-off, they're white, they're religious, and they think you're pathetic

By Tad Friend

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK TUCKER
FOR NEW YORK

THE REVEREND DR. NELSON PRICE ON MORAL DECAY
"HISTORY IS REPLETE WITH 21 SOCIETIES THAT HAVE BECOME DEVOID OF FAITH IN GOD. NEW YORK CITY IS NOW SUCH A SOCIETY."

“HISTORY,” THE REVEREND DR. Nelson Price declaims, “is replete with 21 societies that have become devoid of faith in God.” Price is sketching his eschatology as he and I sit in his office at the end of the day. “Ancient Rome, ancient Greece, Babylon, Assyria. All decayed from within and died. Voltaire’s Enlightenment philosophy ushered in France’s moral deterioration, and Hitler initiated the collapse of German Lutheran society.” He steeples his hands and imparts our doom. “New York City,” he says, “is now such a society. Its citizens’ beliefs are no longer a life-style; its moral fiber is weak. As Toynbee said, ‘A civilization is free to choose between morality and sexual promiscuity, but for no more than two generations. Thereafter its decay leads to its demise.’ ”

Price presides over the huge, 4,000-seat Roswell Street Baptist Church of Marietta, Georgia, and his teleministry, *Come Alive,* is beamed as far as the Aleutian Islands. His comb-over is the only halogen bulb in a candlelit persona of calculated humility. He talks with feeling about his congregation’s belief in the need for school prayer and creation science and its dismay that 88 percent of all sex depicted on TV is out of wedlock. These are the family values we in New York keep hearing about, like rumors of a distant temblor. (Price, with a nod to Tony Robbins, calls them “personal value assets” that should be allowed to “compete in the marketplace.”) In closing, he asks if he may lead the two of us in prayer.

We stand catercorner on his office rug. “Lord, help my new acquaintance with his difficult task, as he tries to build a healing bridge between our communities. . . .” Dr. Price gazes searchingly upward, but his benison seems to me remote, a trifle amused. Call me a hell-bound sinner, but this farewell smacks of Blofeld’s last words to 007: “Good-bye, Mr. Bond.”

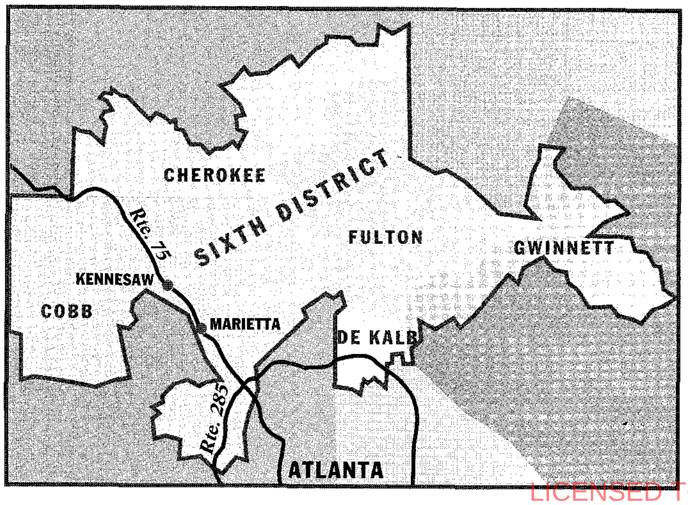
NEW YORK’S GREATEST FEAR IS NOT THAT OUR city will become too crowded and expensive: Tokyo beat us there. It’s not that we’ll be heaped with scorn: We heap it on ourselves. It’s not that we’ll awake one day and discover we’re being ignored—wait a minute, it *is* that we’ll awake one day and discover we’re being ignored.

And that day is here. We voted 70 percent for Mario Cuomo but got overruled by the Republican suburbs. Three of the top Republican leaders in Congress are from suburban southern districts—no great surprise, now that more than 50 percent of American voters live in the suburbs. As New York goes, so goes . . . nobody.

It’s possible to take sour comfort in the very vehemence with which Newt Gingrich attacks us not only politically but also economically, culturally, and morally. Antipathy to this city is wired deep into his ganglia. If you conked Newt Gingrich’s knee with a rubber mallet, he would jerk rightward and blast New York. Variously, he has slammed “the malignant combination of machine politics, bankrupt welfare statism, and rapacious unionism” contributing to New York’s “slow-motion suicide.” He has mortared Clinton initiatives as “just one more drift down the road toward making the whole country as badly governed as New York City.” Or he has, as he did during slow House sessions in 1993, read aloud from sections of New York’s (until recently, hugely featherbedded) school custodians’ contract. When Gingrich spits vitriol at Democrats who “despise the values of the American people,” he has us in mind (we’re 68 percent Democrat); so, too, when he slags “multicultural nihilistic hedonism that is inherently destructive of a healthy society.” We’ve long been a conservative lightning rod: As Mario Cuomo noted this fall, Ronald Reagan and George Bush “ran specifically, politically against New York City.” It’s sort of an honor.

Gingrich exemplifies the old-style hatred of New York: the loathing of our power. But when I visited Gingrich’s Georgia congressional district, ground zero of the new conservative majority, I discovered a different story. Though his constituents are tickled by Gingrich’s philippics, they don’t share his anger. With the confidence of people who know history is headed their way, they speak of New York with an air of quaint surprise. They make the city seem an exhausted volcano, the George C. Scott of the American landscape. “New York is a dinosaur, a rat hole of drug use, poor education, and transportation quagmires—not the stuff of which success is made,” says Gordon Wysong, a commissioner of Cobb County, the heart of Gingrich’s district.

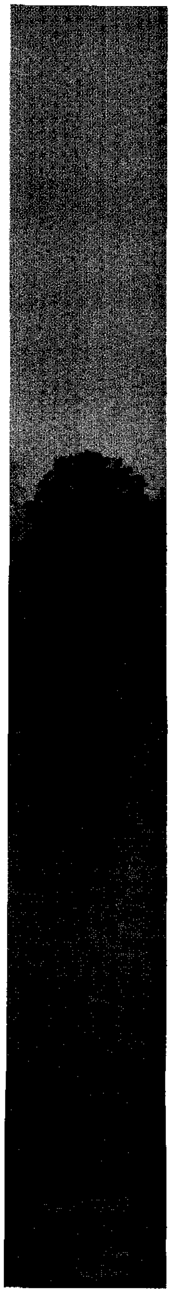
The Heart of Gingrichland



Does New York retain any political or moral credibility? “Zero,” Wysong says blandly. He is polite, assured, painfully close-shaved. On his office wall are the Ten Commandments: Cobb recently lost a court battle to keep the Commandments hanging at the county courthouse, but that is the local right’s only recent setback. Wysong won re-election this fall despite the international controversy stirred up by a resolution he wrote declaring Cobb officially opposed to “gay lifestyles.” Voters here are very conservative—they voted 75 percent for Bush in 1988—very white, very suburban, very devout, very polite, very suspicious of concepts like fajitas and gyros, and, since November 8, perhaps a little cocky. “We’re the power now,” Wysong says. “These suburbs, built on white flight, are only going to become more conservative and more powerful. New York has been deposed. It just won’t accept it.”

A SCREAMING comes across the sky: F-15 Eagles from Dobbins Air Reserve Base heel in close formation over the Sixth District. Gingrich’s territory, north by northwest of Atlanta, is roughly equivalent to Westchester County but with unsightly borders. In outline from the air, the Sixth is a spavined Booth dog, with most of its body in Cobb and gnarled limbs poking into Fulton, De Kalb, Gwinnett, and Cherokee counties.

But from the ground, one sees in the Sixth only the order recently imposed by bulldozers. Just north of Atlanta is the Cumberland-Galleria office-and-shopping area, a suburban city also known as the Platinum Triangle because it grew up where I-75 and I-285 meet. The first tall building went up here in 1983; a dozen years later, the area has more office space than downtown Miami. Radiating out from these high-rises are *faux*-classic office buildings, shiny strip malls, and developments that beaver inexorably north from the Chattahoochee River through vales of Georgia pines to the clay foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. These subdivisions cloak themselves in Tara with such names



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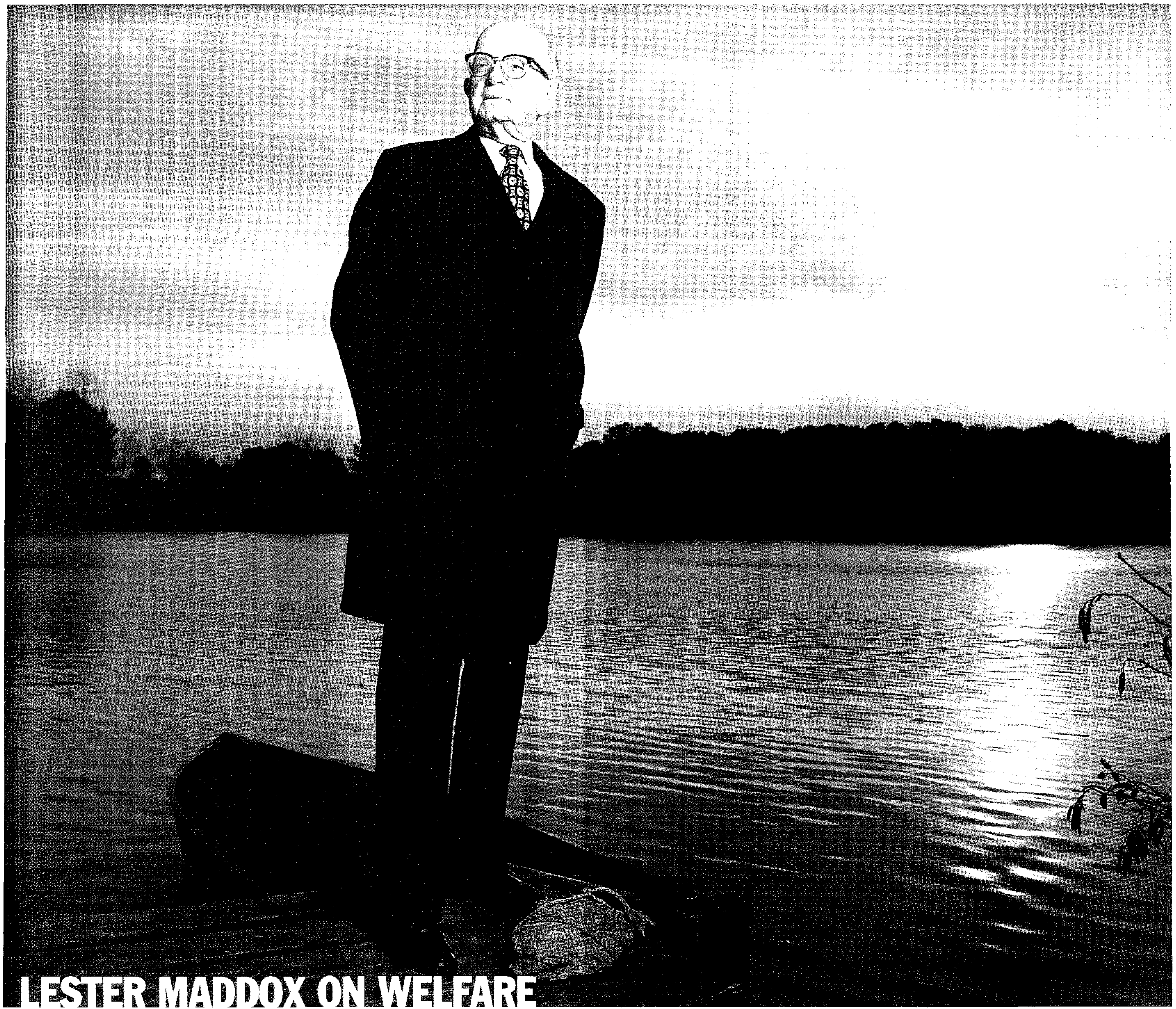


LESTER MADDOX ON WELFARE

EN] DESTROYED BY THE LAZY DEPENDING ON HANDOUTS. MAY BE DEAD IN RUSSIA, BUT IT'S FLOURISHING HERE IN AMERICA."

as Royal Forest, Regency Lake, Plantation Ridge, Oaks Plantation.

Marietta, the district's largest city, retains a picturesque Victorian gazebo and bandshell in its central Glover Park, which is ringed by azaleas, dogwood, and fifteen antiques stores. "This place is Mayberry," says Carmen Leffingwell, a 23-year-old Marietta waitress. There aren't any midweek Little League games in many local towns because people cleave to the old tradition of Wednesday-night church. Leffingwell speaks longingly of New York's clubs, nightlife of which she can only dream. "At night, this place shuts down except for a couple hole-in-the-wall bars and one wannabe dance club called the Edge," she says. "This is basically just a great place to raise children. The values our parents are trying to instill are that girls should settle down and get married, and husbands should have a nine-to-five job."

That desire for order and safety can have raw undertones. The Civil War Surplus shop in the Cobb County town of Kennesaw sells military paraphernalia and racist curiosities such as bumper stickers saying GENERAL SHERMAN . . . WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT ATLANTA NEEDS YOU? and FIGHT CRIME, DEPORT NIGGERS. Proprietor Dent "Wildman" Myers, whose cornflower-blue eyes rarely blink, distributes copies of *The Truth at Last,* a scabrous white-power newspaper published in Marietta. And he knows just how to cut down on crime in New York, which he imagines as a daily gauntlet of muggings and rapes and so forth (Nelson Price, the minister, assured me it was a known fact that one person in four on Fifth Avenue is a pickpocket).

"We use firearms for a deterrent," Myers says, resting his palms on his two hip-slung .45 semi-automatics. "We got 10,000 people here with guns, and we've got no problem." Kennesaw *requires* that the head of every household possess a firearm. "If you had 6 million law-abiding citizens carrying guns, it would surely keep the 1 million people in the bad element, the niglets, from carrying on."

The area has a heritage of insular resistance: Before Sherman stormed Atlanta, the Confederate Army made its last stand on a plain outside Kennesaw, and in 1915, the South's most notorious instance of anti-Semitism occurred when Leo Frank, a Jew, was lynched by prominent citizens from Marietta after the governor had commuted his death sentence for the rape and murder of a girl. Marietta is also home to Kennesaw State College, which employs Christina Jeffrey. She is the professor who was appoint-

STATE OF GEORGIA
WISDOM
JUSTICE
MODERATION
CONSTITUTION
1776
No One allowed Beyond this Point.

DENT "WILDMAN" MYERS ON NEW YORKERS
"IF YOU HAD 6 MILLION LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS CARRYING GUNS,
KEEP THE 1 MILLION IN THE BAD ELEMENT, THE NIGLETS, FROM CAR

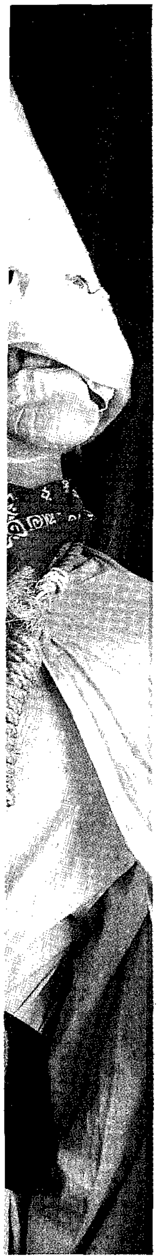
ed and then, last week, dismissed by Gingrich as historian of the House of Representatives after it was revealed that she had helped quash a course about the Holocaust on the ground that it did not take into consideration the views of the Nazis and the Ku Klux Klan. A section of I-75 that runs through Cobb is named after the late Larry McDonald, who led the John Birch Society before being elected to Congress, where he fought against Martin Luther King Day. And famed segregationist Lester Maddox, elected governor in 1966 largely for having chased blacks from his Pickrick restaurant with an axe handle, has retired to Marietta.

I went to see Maddox, who at 79 still delights in riding his bicycle backward in local parades. "I told Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey and Jimmy Carter that this was going to happen," Maddox says, assessing the November elections with peppery self-satisfaction. "I'm just surprised it took this long for the people to wake up and show they're frightened we've moved so far to the left. When Joycelyn Elders is allowed to speak her perversion and our capitalist system has been utterly destroyed by the lazy depending on handouts—well, Communism may be dead in Russia, but it's flourishing here in America."

Of course, the reason northern reporters seek out Wildman Myers and Lester Maddox is that they confirm *Sheriff Lobo*–type prejudices about the South (which weren't hurt any by the fact that Gingrich's most recent opponent was Ben Jones, a.k.a. Cooter on *The Dukes of Hazzard*). "Maddox is an anachronism, a corpse that just smells bad," says Gary DeMar, president of American Vision, a fundamentalist organization that seeks, among other things, a move toward a Christian government. "When he goes to a rally, the press is on him like a magnet, but 80 percent of the people there have never even heard of him."

DeMar is right: Despite Maddox and Wildman Myers, Cobb is no longer redneck Klan territory. "I don't think you can really label Cobb the South—there's too much of a northern impact," says DeMar, a mustachioed, tassel-loafered product of Pittsburgh. In 1940, the county had only 38,000 citizens, many of them tenant sharecroppers. But during the eighties, while New York City grew 3.5 percent via immigration from around the world, Cobb grew 50.4 percent, to 447,745 people, via mid-level northern executives who were transferred in and refused to leave. More than half the people in Gingrich's district are from outside Georgia, including Gingrich himself, who moved from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as a teenager.

Although *elite* has suspect connotations here—meaning an aloof cabal of tax-and-spend big-city liberals—Gingrich's dis-



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G ON.”

trict, in terms of achievement, is now more elite than New York. Nationally, his district ranks No. 11 out of 435 in the percentage of adults with a college degree—40 percent—and No. 25 in median household income, at $46,997. (Only 23 percent of New Yorkers graduated from college, and the median household income is $29,823; even Manhattan's is just $32,262.) These new-minted Georgians are bright, cheery folks who proselytize about no-fuss suburbia and are happy to explain their work in cellular-phone services.

“The ability to live comfortably here in a house or an apartment staggers people,” says Gary DeMar. “In my subdivision, I have a four-bedroom house with two and a half baths, full basement, two-car attached garage, on a three-quarter-acre lot. It's four years old and I paid $139,000 for it, and my property taxes are $1,200 a year.” (A comparably valued apartment in Manhattan would be a studio and would have property taxes of roughly $2,250.)

Add very good roads and highways—I-75 roars out of Atlanta on *twelve* lanes—a mild climate, and little crime (Cobb's murder rate is 2.3 killings per 100,000 people; New York's is more than ten times as high), and it's easy to see Cobb's appeal. One message Gingrichland has for us: We renounce your transport snarls, cramped apartments, and aura of menace.

Tad Leithead, the outgoing chairman of Cobb's Chamber of Commerce and a partner in a real-estate company, looks out his window at the plashing fountains and surgical greensward of the Galleria, a huge mall-hotel-office complex with its own helipad. Leithead is a smart, gray-haired charmer originally from Greenwich, Connecticut. He has run the New York Marathon and professes to love the city; he also says businessmen still must pilgrimage to the country's financial capital. But “in a lot of ways it's obsolete,” he says. “People love to have an automobile; they like to feel safe—my car in the parking lot down there isn't locked—and they want their children to go to good public schools, to be able to play in the streets. Can't do those things in New York.”

“Life-style,” Leithead says, is why many businesses have relocated or established an important presence in the Atlanta suburbs, including RJR Nabisco, Georgia Pacific, IBM, AT&T, Home Depot, and Hewlett-Packard. (It's not the leasing expense: Galleria office space rents for about $22.50 a square foot, just about what it costs in Manhattan south of midtown.) The Galleria already has four big office buildings, and Leithead's company is planning an additional 500,000-square-foot tower next door. “It's just dirt now,” Leithead says, “but it'll fill up—I'm going to New York to meet with brokers.”

Leithead is an admirer of Washington *Post* reporter Joel Garreau and his 1991 book *Edge City,* which explores the allure and anomie of places like the Platinum Triangle; Tysons Corner, Virginia; and Las Colinas, Texas. “The religion in edge cities,” Garreau tells me, “isn't necessarily Republican, but it does feature a belief in self-reliance and hard work, and a certain contempt for people they believe are not busting their ass as hard.” In the Platinum Triangle, however, Leithead says, almost every businessman he knows is Republican. People refer to the “Republican doughnut” surrounding Atlanta—all the Democrats left are in the center, the hole.

And the suburbanites see that hole as, in every sense of the word, a *black* hole. Atlanta is avoided, even demonized: “I've been to Atlanta for *Phantom of the Opera* and *The Nutcracker* and to hunt for old books—other than that, I ignore it,” says Christian Vision's DeMar. “I actually drive around it to get to the airport.”

“Conservatives say they're for less taxes and good schools,” says Donnie Perry, a Cherokee County lawyer and black leader. “Well, who doesn't want that? To me, conservatism here is really people who think, *We just want folks like ourselves around here. We don't want* MARTA *extended to us* [both Cobb and Gwinnett counties rejected linkage with the Metro Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority], *so blacks can't come out here and get jobs.*”

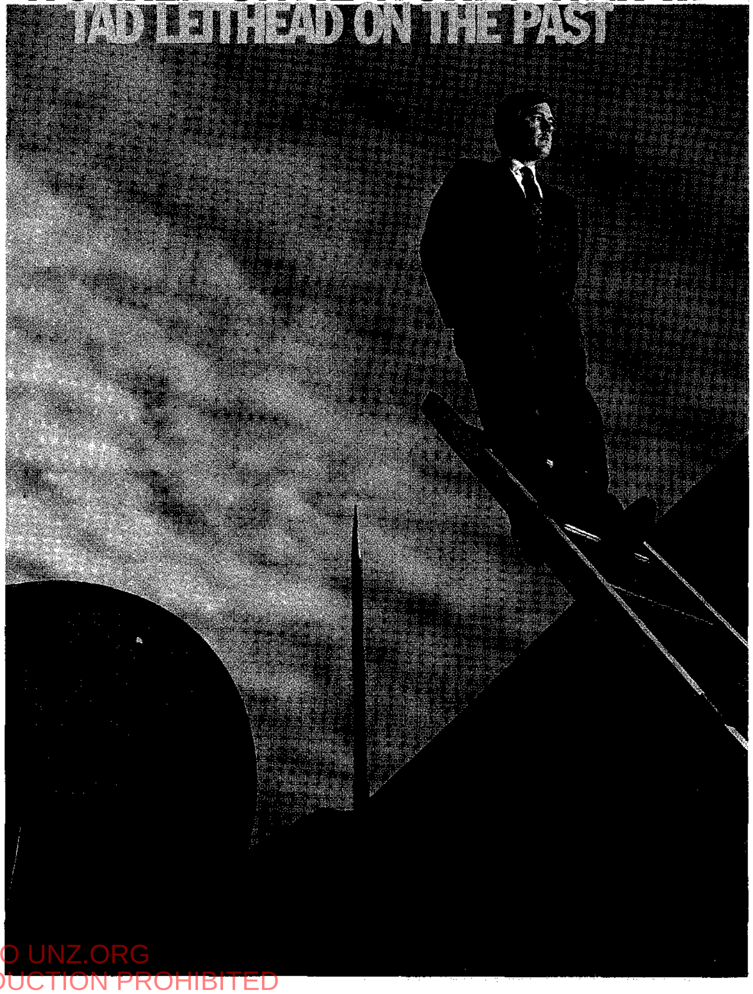
Perry was part of a group that petitioned the Marietta City Council to rename a street for Martin Luther King Jr., Atlanta's most famous citizen. “It's a real uphill battle,” he says. “They said, ‘Why don't you ask developers of new subdivisions to name a street after King?’ I can see those damn people rushing to buy *those* homes,” he says, snickering as he imagines an unlikely conversation between two white power brokers: “ ‘Where you live?’ ‘Oh, over on Martin Luther King Jr. Avenue.’ ” (New York City, by the way, has three streets, two schools, one park, and one memorial grove named after King.)

Commissioner Gordon Wysong presents Cobb's decision to reject MARTA as an independent, budget-minded stance, of a piece with the county's having lowered property taxes five straight years and cut its budget even while the population grew. A second message from Gingrichland is that government should stop hurling money down the big-city drain. Gingrich himself has announced that “there's no sentiment in rural and suburban America [for] sending more money to inner-city mayors.”

There is a great irony and more than a touch of hypocrisy here, however: As *Common Cause* pointed out, Cobb County receives the third-most federal dollars of any suburban county in the country—almost $3.4 billion in 1993, or $7,491 per person, 57 percent above the national average. The area's growth is a direct result of a

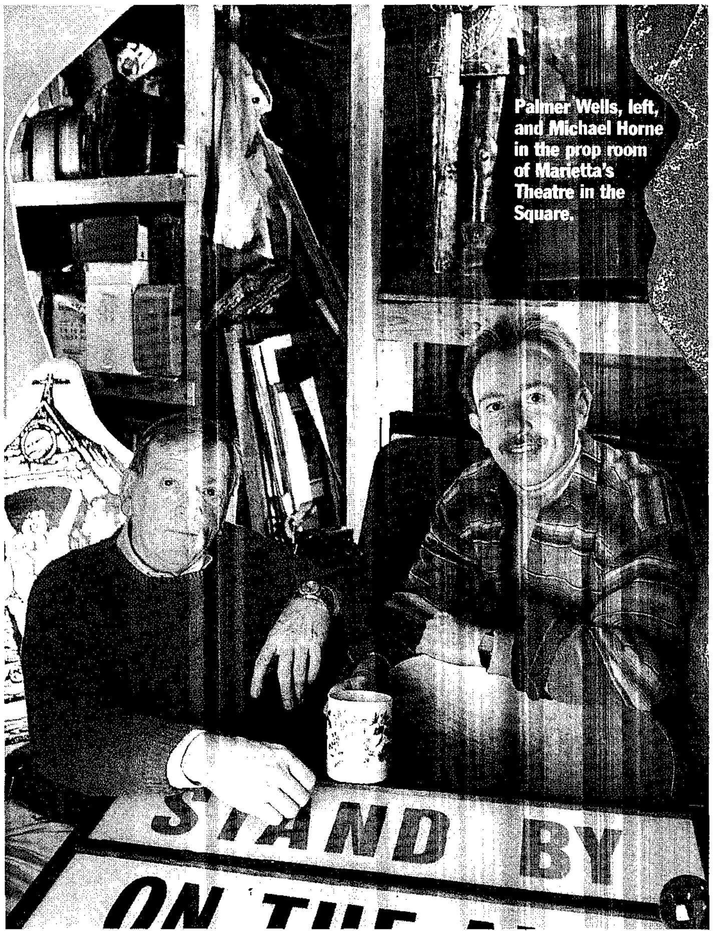
“NEW YORK EMBODIES THE HISTORICAL WAY PEOPLE LIVED AND WORKED UNTIL WORLD WAR II.”

TAD LEITHEAD ON THE PAST



federal tax-and-spend decision made 40 years ago: As former Gwinnett County Commission chairman Lillian Webb notes, “Eisenhower’s interstate-highway system opened up all these counties around here—we changed like Cinderella, overnight.”

To be sure, small-business types are much more visible in Cobb than government apparatchiks. Yet of the county’s six largest employers, No. 6 is Dobbins Air Reserve Base, No. 4 is the Cobb County government, No. 2 is the Cobb County school system, and No. 1 is Lockheed Aeronautical Systems Company. Lockheed, which triggered the county’s employment boom during the Korean War, feeds on our taxes. Eighty-two percent of its total sales come from federal contracts, despite scandals like the C-5B airplane, which the Air Force termed “the largest by far claim of faulty pricing” in the Pentagon’s history.



Palmer Wells, left, and Michael Horne in the prop room of Marietta’s Theatre in the Square.

“WE’RE HOPING TO SHOW A PLAY NEXT FALL THAT HAS SEVEN NAKED GAY MEN IN IT.”

New York City, by contrast, received $30.1 billion from the federal government in 1993, or roughly $4,300 per person. As Mayor Giuliani has pointed out, we send $8 billion more to the federal government in taxes than we receive in benefits, while Gingrich’s district receives a billion more than it sends. In other words, we’re funding Newt’s rejection of our needs.

THE THIRD AND SHARPEST MESSAGE coming from Gingrichland is about the importance of Christian values: Even many of the local liberals favor school prayer. The Christian Coalition distributed more than a million pieces of electioneering literature in Georgia last November, and “there’s no question they have a huge influence,” says Lillian Webb, the former Gwinnett Commission chairman. “The problem is, they seem to feel that, you know, if you’re a Polish Jew, get out of here.”

“There was more togetherness and cohesion when there was less pluralism,” the Reverend Nelson Price diplomatically puts it. No matter which way you spin it, the fact that the percentage of whites in Cobb went down from 94.6 in 1980 to 87.6 in 1990 while the number of single—and possibly gay—people simultaneously rose 3 percent is clearly a crack in the tablet of common values.

Untoward influences must be monitored. For instance, Price seems to view television as an acid rain eroding the biblical birthright. “The children are shown as smarter than the mother, the mother smarter than the dad, and the white male is intellectually no better than a slug. The white male ought to be presented as a character of capacity.” Pause. “And the black male, also.” Second, reconsidering pause. “The male who is black.”

In this context, the Christian Vision’s DeMar unapologetically speaks the language of battle. “All non-Christian worldviews are together at war with the Christian worldview,” he warns in one of his manuals, *War of the Worldviews,* speaking of feminism, rationalism, and secular humanism. “If allowed to progress, these alien invaders will devastate our entire cultural landscape.” DeMar’s textbooks use Nintendo-era graphics to redirect the young from the “multiculturalism” and “liberal foolishness” of mainstream textbooks toward “understand[ing] God’s purpose in history.”

“People who are pro-abortion would feel very uncomfortable in Cobb,” DeMar says. “So would homosexuals.” Gordon Wysong’s anti-gay resolution cost Cobb the opportunity to host the preliminary rounds of 1996 Olympic volleyball, and the business community hated the controversy. But it decided the notoriety wouldn’t hurt in the long run, and the resolution endures. “Other than to polarize and tear apart the community,” the Atlanta *Journal and Constitution’s* Cobb-based reporter, Kathey Alexander, says wryly, “the resolution hasn’t had much effect.”

The resolution, and Cobb’s subsequent cutoff of all arts subsidies, came about, curiously enough, after an ex-politician complained to Wysong about the funding of Terrence McNally’s play *Lips Together, Teeth Apart* at Marietta’s Theatre in the Square. Ironically, area dramaturges had always felt that the theater was excessively partial to fluff like *Smoke on the Mountain* and *The 1940’s Radio Hour.* Furthermore, Wysong had never seen or read McNally’s play—which happens to have no gay characters.

Since the resolution, the theater has lost one third of its subscribers and started sensing “an unspoken hostility,” co-founder Michael Horne says as he sips a bottle of springwater backstage. “Audience members get up en masse and make a show of leaving if they hear *fuck.*”

“What sets them off even more than *fuck* is *goddamn* or *hell,*” says co-founder Palmer Wells, a soft-spoken man who lives with Horne. “Now they feel they have license to be expressive about it.”

“Two years ago, I would have said we fit in here very well,” Horne says. “But those conservatives were much more powerful than I suspected. We’ve realized that though this is our home, though we have many friends here and want to stay because this may be the very best place in the world to make a difference—we’re hoping to show McNally’s *Love! Valour! Compassion!* next fall, and it has *seven* naked gay men in it—we’re, literally, out of step.”

ONE HEARS OFTEN ABOUT HOW “fragile” cities are, how their ethnic neighborhoods are prey to misunderstanding, conflict, disaster. But these new suburbs are fragile in other ways: They are prey to the tyranny of the majority. “In Cherokee County, we talk about the natives and the transients,” says Donnie Perry. “The natives are Democrats, but as of four years ago, the Republicans control all the local offices. The transients have taken over—they won’t do anything for the community, but they sure can *vote.*” Or, if things go badly, leave. “We don’t know our neighbors very well, and there isn’t a solidarity,” says Gary DeMar. “We could move somewhere else, and it wouldn't bother me at all."

"New York City is the most sophisticated place on the planet," says Tad Leithead, but "we're still in the process of growing up. Our edge city has movie theaters, restaurants, hotels; it's become self-contained. Yet the subdivisions are isolated and insulated from one another—the biggest form of community activity is the ALTA [Atlanta Lawn Tennis Association] League. We have everything *except* culture—you've got to fly to New York or go to Atlanta. We're still looking for our soul." "Edge City's problem is history," Joel Garreau wrote. "It has none."

"But," Leithead continues, looking blithely out at his manicured horizons, "New York embodies the historical way that people chose to live and work until World War II, the best and worst of the old methodology, the breaking point. Here—the flight to edge cities, the flight to the South—we're the solution and the evolution of the way people will live and work for the next 100 years."

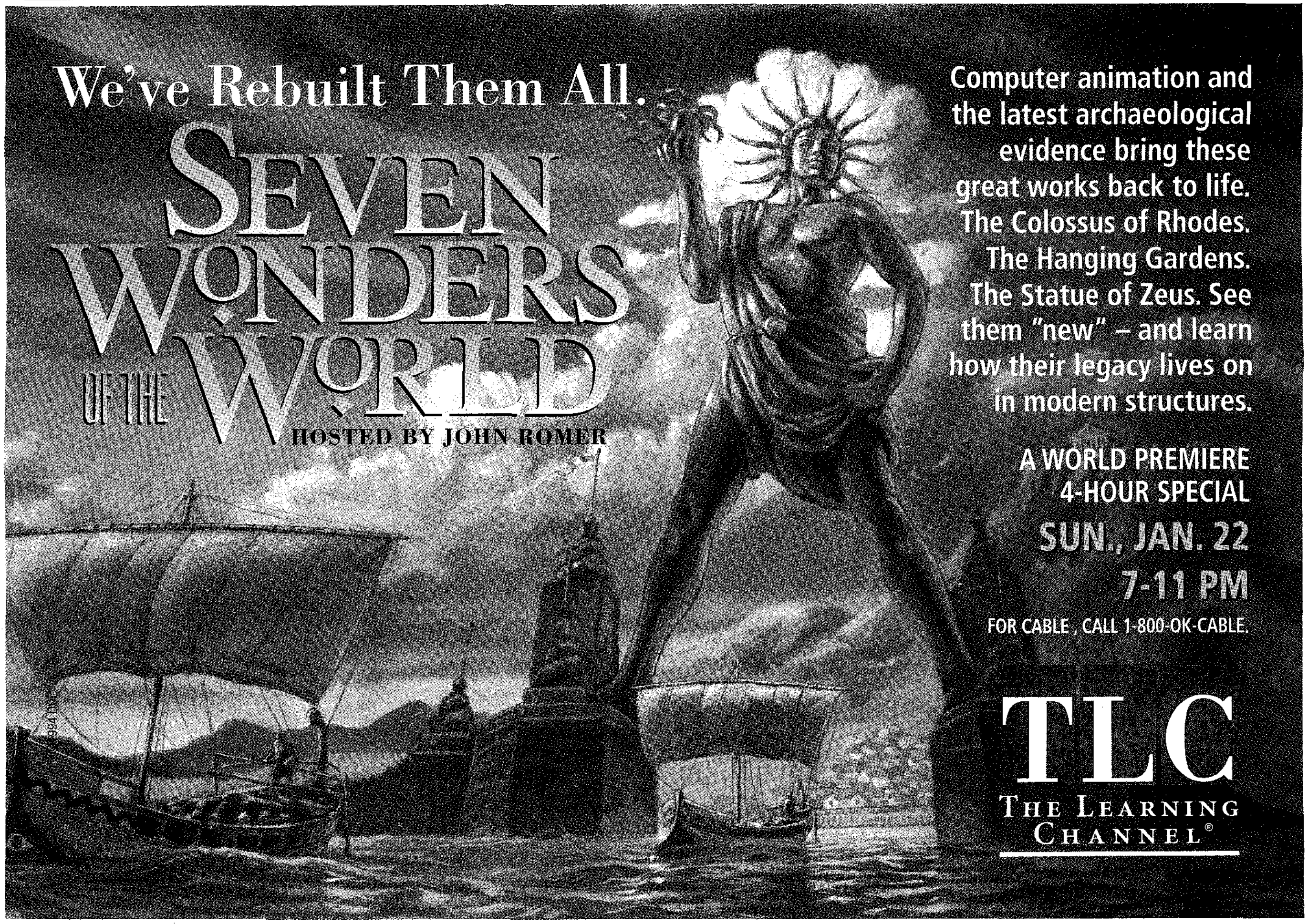
That break with the old ways is symbolized by the continuing fallout from a 1988 incident in which four Gwinnett County commissioners and their staffs came to Manhattan on a bond-lobbying trip and tied on their party hats. They lived it up with limousines, $275 rooms at the Helmsley Palace, and $2,440 in *Phantom of the Opera* tickets, spending a glorious $52,000 of the taxpayers' money. Going berserk in New York has always been a perk for local officials, an accepted libation to the gods of big-city sophistication. No more: The voters scotched three of the commissioners when they next came up for re-election; one wisely retired. "It was *constantly* mentioned in the paper," former commission chairman Lillian Webb says ruefully. "It was, 'They're doing a good job, but they *did* go to New York and live high on the hog. . . .' "

As Newt Gingrich put it in a letter to the New York *Times*, "We still believe—and are working toward—the American dream of owning our own home, raising our families, giving our children a better life with safe streets, and a future built on self-reliance and hard work." He went on to note sarcastically, "Could it be that poverty, racism, crime, and violence have been solved in New York City, and you can share your wisdom with the rest of the country?"

Obviously not. So we should listen to the messages from Cobb—if only to understand our own isolation. There are 181 edge cities in America, and only 45 downtowns of comparable size. Edge cities have emerged nearby in Great Neck, the Meadowlands, and Stamford. Ninety-two percent of the people in the New York metropolitan area don't live in Manhattan.

And yet, and yet. . . . If soul is what happens between people, one wonders whether Gingrichland's apparent indifference to New York doesn't cloak a distaste for the melting pot, for immigrant ideals of tolerance and forbearance. It may be that in New York City, hell is other people, but in Cobb, hell is often other *kinds* of people. Since Frederick Jackson Turner identified the role of the frontier in American life, the Huck Finn impulse to "light out for the territory" has by and large been seen heroically. Yet that impulse is equally a desire to leave trouble behind—white flight as white fear. Gingrich's acolytes think New Yorkers are an aloof elite. Yet in ignoring us, *they* have become precisely what they scorn. Their dismissal seems upon inspection to be uneasy denial. "What people here really think," Theatre in the Square's Horne says, "is that New York is the bottom of the barrel—Jewish, immigrants, blacks, and all the gays, the center of perversity, a moral free-for-all. It stares them in the face; it irritates them."

Cobb is not the new face of America, but it is the new face of what much of suburban America is becoming, and wants to be. "Cobb County is a microcosm of the national conservative fear," Horne says. "They have a cul-de-sac mentality befitting people who live at the end of a short road in a subdivision: Keep diversity down so we don't lose anything. If there's a line at the shopping mall, that's a serious social problem. It's not unlike Disney World—everything's clean and organized and runs like clockwork. But is that really what America is about?" ▬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The Whole Enchilada

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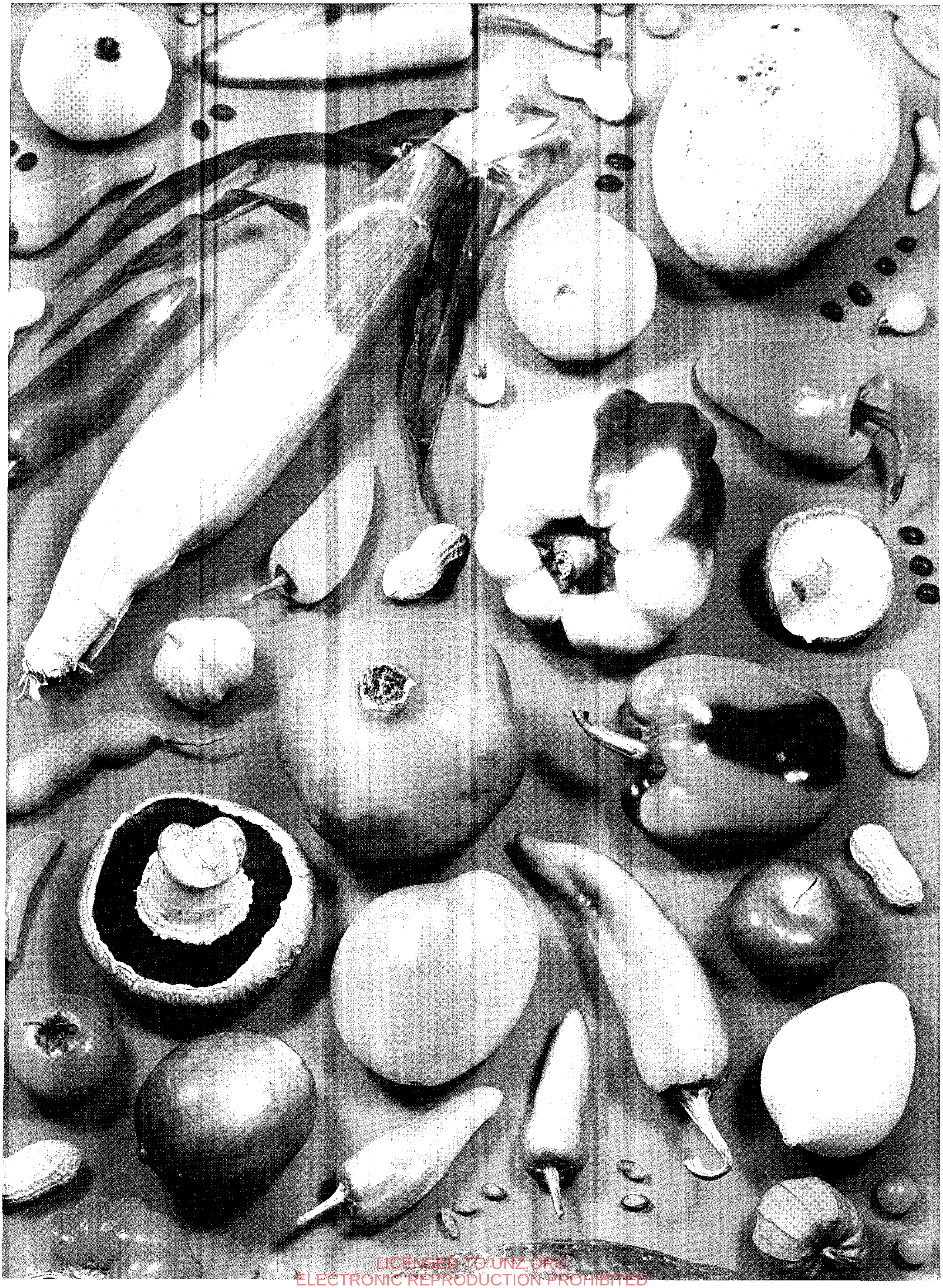
PERHAPS IT'S MONTEZUMA'S TRUE REVENGE: THE ATTACK OF THE MONSTER BURRITO, THE CHOP SUEY OF Mexican restaurants. New Yorkers are clearly mad for the cowboy food of the border towns gone ballistic in America, with all the red, white, and green muck that washes alongside. And we love with a vengeance—we also seem to have a full-blown crush on the *real* thing, authentic Mexican cooking.

Despite dire warnings from the Fat Police, we are not only sending out for home-delivered brontosaurus burritos but also tracking down *las cocinas Mexicanas* here and in the outer boroughs, blinded to peeling paint and cracked Formica by our chili passion. Want it really spicy? *Sí, picante.* Long ago,

PHOTOGRAPH BY KAREN CAPUCILLI



Rosa Mexicano

Local bons vivants in the know like Rosa Mexicano. Tonight, the mushrooms with epazote, garlic, and serrano chilies are a triumph.

we honed our lust for the incendiary on Sichuan stir-fries, Thai chilies, and Cajun spice dust. But friends from Southern California laughed at our ersatz Mexican kitchens. Now the avenues are peppered with taquerías, authentic and less so: Taco Taco, Tacomadre, Fresco Tortilla, Ah! Chihuahua, Señor Swanky. The California Burrito Company seeded itself with one small storefront in the Village in 1992 and now, with eight units in Manhattan, plots full saturation. Mexican restaurants have multiplied nationally, up almost 58 percent from 1985 to 1994, according to Restaurant Consulting Group figures. Here we have Tex-Mex, Cal-Mex, Mexican-Israeli, and *Mex*-Mex.

Wherever the city's new Mexican immigrants work and settle, we see taco carts and women selling tamales from big aluminum pots. In narrow storefronts, steam tables bring a taste of home to garment-center workers. Jackson Heights in Queens and Sunset Park in Brooklyn also feel very south-of-the-border. There were almost 62,000 Mexican New Yorkers in the 1990 census (not counting most undocumented immigrants), against just 24,000 in 1980—making them our fastest-growing Hispanic population, according to the Department of City Planning. Crossover kitchens on 14th Street struggle to preserve their culinary integrity without traumatizing the gringos. But in our nascent Mexican barrios, cantinas with glittering jukeboxes make no compromise, and often no English is spoken. Mexican sophisticates who once shunned the creative translations at Zarela in Manhattan now report *la nueva cocina* is rampant in Mexico City. Like bringing pizza to Naples. Let me tell you how it tastes here.

ZARELA MARTÍNEZ WAS A SOCIAL worker catering part-time and cooking Continental when Paul Prudhomme and then Craig Claiborne discovered her. Next thing she knew, she was cooking tamales for President Reagan at the 1983 Williamsburg economic summit. It was only then that she realized it was the food of her Mexican childhood that would make her name. She moved into **Zarela** *(953 Second Avenue, near 51st Street; 644-6740)* on a shoestring, hanging a few piñatas in what remained of an English wine bar. Now there are colorful Mexican doilies flapping in the air, papier-mâché and tinsel everywhere, mermaids and streamers, an altar to honor the dead, and a guitarist and a harpist plucking away as you mount the stairs.

Zarela, a longtime pal, is the Maria Montez of Mexican cookery—all in black, with fringed shawls and proud cleavage. So it hurts to note that tonight, as always, Zarela's is consistent in its inconsistency: pork-and-chili tamales and cheese-rich jalapeño-corn-and-rice bread to rave over, but overcooked chicken and clumsily grilled tuna to provoke despair. What's maddening is that the calamari can be perfection one day, indifferent the next, and even the much-admired red-snapper hash may suffer occasionally from the blahs. But it's impossible to be glum in the middle of this raucous party, among tentative daters and mooning lovebirds, the young getting younger as the night goes on.

The daily specials are odd surprises, inspired by Zarela's newest discovery in the market or a recipe she's testing for her upcoming cookbook. A delicious chile relleno in walnut cream with pomegranate seeds perhaps, fabulous huitlacoche-cream soup, or sensational duck with apricots. There's always a crackerjack tomatillo sauce, jícama salad in chipotle vinaigrette, first-rate fajitas, and savory shredded pork to douse with salsa and roll

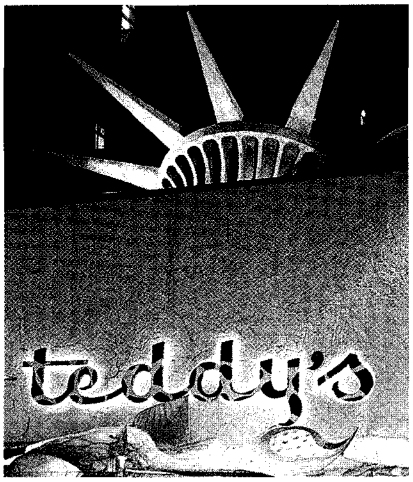
Marissa Sanchez dressed as Frida Kahlo at Zarela's Day of the Dead festivities.

Photographs: top, Andrew Garn (2); bottom, Rex Miller.

up in tortillas. Whenever I'm seized by cholesterol denial, I must have either chicken chilaquiles layered with sour cream and cheddar or equally wicked arroz con crema, or both. (Lunch entrées range from $9.95 to $14.95; dinner entrées, from $11.95 to $16.95.)

Pastry chef Ed Bonuso gets to name his supersweet desserts. The coconut-and-raspberry frozen soufflé of the "Tropical Coulis" wins the vote tonight, though I notice we're still eagerly mopping up the fudge-and-chocolate lava of his "S.O.B. Chocolate Cake."

SIX CAST-IRON HARVEST GODS—the spirits of pineapple, pomegranate, corn, beans, tomatoes, and chilies—guard the portico of **Rosa Mexicano** *(1063 First Avenue, near 58th Street; 753-7407)*, a favorite of local bons vivants in the know. Hammered-copper service plates and masses of azaleas, chrysanthemums, or amaryllis in a big stone tub add elegance. But chef-*patrona* Josefina Howard's most fervent fans admit that for every hit there's a miss. And the skies always seem bluer when the warm and gracious Josefina is there fussing. Born in Cuba and raised in Spain, she is a scholar of Mexican cookery (and now a teacher too). Usually her mythic guacamole is chopped in a speedy blur right before your eyes. Tonight it's blended behind our backs because we're tucked into a narrow aisle, but it's sprightly and up to snuff. As are the beautiful, blushing pomegranate margaritas. I'm almost willing to forgive the waiter's eagerness to correct my Spanish pal's Spanish.



Mushrooms with epazote, garlic, and serrano chilies on tomato-flecked corn porridge, and huitlacoche crêpes frosted with a richness of mascarpone and crème fraîche are the triumphs on my two most recent visits. The lavish, varied cold-seafood platter might be a filling supper or satisfy a foursome as a starter. Shrimp crêpes immersed in pasilla-chili sauce and beer-and-lemon-marinated beef short ribs score high, but "Sweetwater Prawns" on knockout squid-ink rice are pitifully mushy. Chicken ravioli under poblano-chili sauce is gunk best forgotten. And chili-coated lamb shank steamed in beer is soft and liquid-logged—a surprising disappointment. (Dinner entrées are $15 to $24.) Desserts here may be true to their birthright, but there's nothing I care for: Coffee-and-Kahlúa gelatin with a thick, eggy sauce. Deep-fried tortilla strips on papaya. Sweet, gluey corn custard. And fruitcake with a mango sludge.

Alone at midnight in the dining room at **El Teddy's** *(219 West Broadway, near Franklin Street; 941-7070)*, with the usual late-night fracas at the bar and the funky look I adore, I'm finding that the cook can do no wrong. No small thing: These are the best chips in town, and I'm wild about the almost meaty salsa. The guacamole is too cold, too bland—even with the boost of great tomatoes—but otherwise, we're happy. Jícama salad with papaya and grapefruit is refreshing next to the fondue richness of chorizo-fortified queso fundido and the wonderful shrimp tostada with avocado and refried beans. A quesadilla filled with wild mushrooms and huitlacoche hits a new haute, but the vegetarian chili, with its nice mix of red and black beans, is a bit pricey at $12 (entrées $12 to $18).

A quiet lunch brings a bounty of good fried calamari, and a Matterhorn of minced seviche and pepper-dusted grilled salmon. I know it sounds sacrilegious, but the tofu taco is better than the chili-coated-steak taco. Fried plantains in mole poblano are sweet enough to be dessert. I prefer the flourless chocolate cake with plum purée, the pecan roll with cinnamon sauce, head-clearing citrus-sorbet parfait, or the best flan in town, sprinkled with toasted almonds.

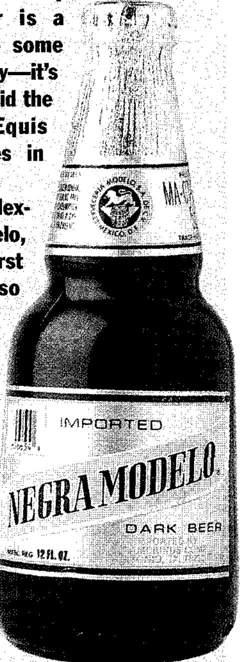
Mexicans come to **Mi Cocina** *(57 Jane Street, at Hudson Street; 627-8273)* for pechuga con rajas a la crema (chicken breast and pepper strips with cream). The classic hues of the Pepto-Bismol-pink-and-bright-blue walls and the hanging papier-mâché peppers probably cure homesickness, too. But everyone fights for a spot in this popular Village storefront for beer-batter-fried calamari, the enchiladas, and, yes, burritos. Tonight, owner-chef José Hurtado-Prud'homme keeps the closet-size kitchen rocking, and nothing fazes the staff in the heat of the crush. Seviche in a garlicky marinade, salsa-and-goat-cheese-topped corn tartlet, and a luscious mushroom-corn sauté spiked with epazote are a great beginning. A little bit of walnut-cream sauce goes a long way, I decide, tucking into the rich-as-Croesus pork-and-fruit-stuffed chili en nogada. Pumpkin-seed sauce and tomatillos make sliced rare duck breast with lush homemade noodles Mexican. My favorite carnivore approves the filet mignon, lime-marinated and butter-fried, and agrees that the cochinita pibil, roasted and shredded pork cooked in banana leaves, is surprisingly moist and

This Negra Modelo's for you

BEER AND MEXICAN FOOD ARE NATURAL AMIGOS. Alcohol soothes the chili-seared palate, and beer, unlike most wines, won't be bulldozed by fiery spices.

It's a pity that Mexican beers have so little character. There's nothing especially Mexican about them: Most are standard-issue German-style light lagers—clear, watery, unpretentious thirst-slakers at import prices. The most popular is Corona, a cheaply manufactured *cerveza* that in the eighties became the unaccountable rage of young Americans with too much money. Corona smells like a septic tank and tastes like soapy tap water. By all means, drop in that lime—it will mask the flavor.

Other clear-bottle beers are almost as bad. Open a Chihuahua or a Sol and you'll smell the skunkiness from across the room. Pacifico is at least neutral. Tecate has an aroma like old sneakers, but the flavor is clean with a dash of malt. Bohemia is floral and marginally more tasty. Dos Equis Amber is a decent lager with some caramel in the body—it's good with food. (Avoid the cardboardy Dos Equis Lager, which comes in green bottles.)



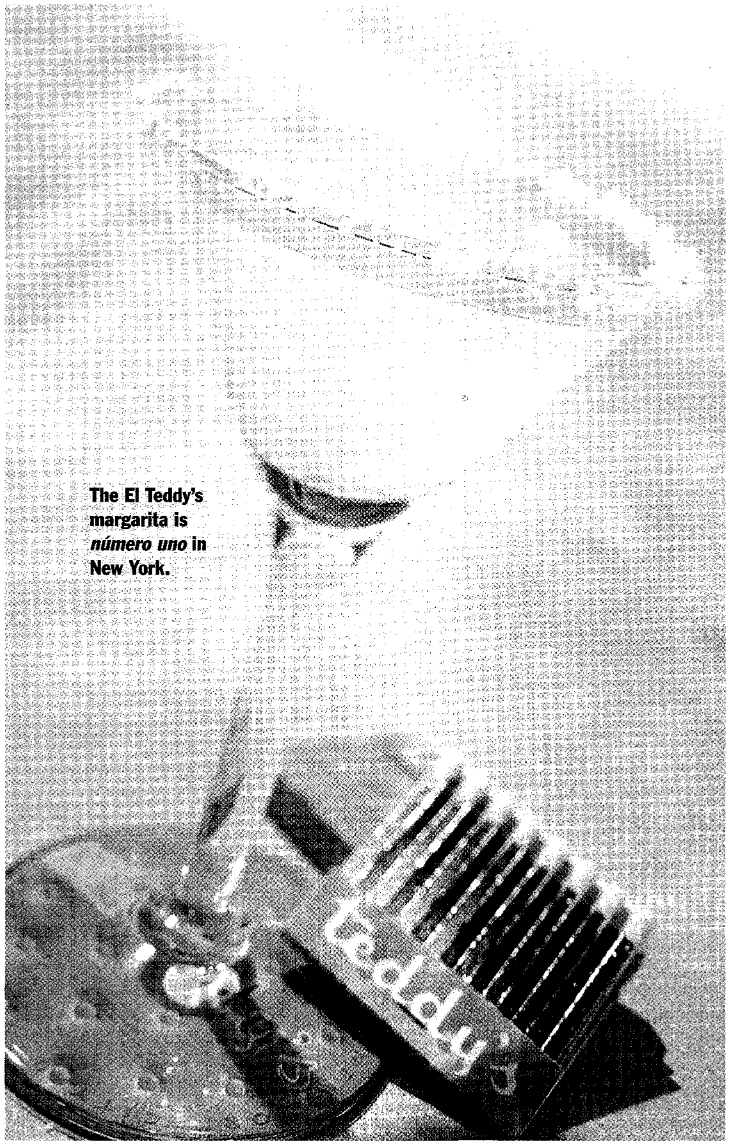
Is there a great Mexican beer? *Sí!* Modelo, brewer of the worst beer (Corona), also makes the best: Negra Modelo. A dark lager, it's roasty and chocolaty but not at all heavy or sweet. Negra Modelo has a dry, elegant finish; it picks up and extends the smoky and chocolaty notes in a mole or chipotle sauce.

A weird but fun category—not Mexican but Mexican-inspired—is the chili beer. You perceive the chili at the instant you'd normally taste hop bitterness; it's like a brewer's version of Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*. The widely available Ed's Original Cave Creek Chili Beer has a serrano chili floating in the bottle and will KO your taste buds. Better (but harder to find) is Oregon's Rogue Mexicali, a golden ale with enough malty body to fight the spiciness to a draw. **DAVID EDELSTEIN**

Photographs: left, Kenneth Chen; right, Paul Manangan.

Now entering margaritaville

By Liz Logan



The El Teddy's margarita is *número uno* in New York.

"DO YOU KNOW THAT AZTECS routinely lived to be over a hundred years old? Don't you want to know why? The margarita is the culmination of over forty thousand years of experimentation. Lime to prevent scurvy. Salt for warm weather. Tequila as disinfectant."

So declares a character in *Making History*, Carolyn See's remarkable 1991 novel. In Texas, where I come from, well-made margaritas are held sacred. Of course, in these parts, so far from tequila's indigenous territory, it takes some doing to get a margarita worthy of consumption.

Toward that end, I recently set out on a tour of representative local Mexican and southwestern restaurants. My standard order was a margarita straight up with salt. Along with most other tequila snobs, I feel that these specifications are really the only way the drink in question should be consumed. But I have no objection to margaritas on the rocks, especially in summer. In my book, however, frozen margaritas are strictly for the excessively young at heart. And deviant fruit-flavored concoctions—featuring anything other than the traditional lime juice—have no business being called margaritas at all.

Given that a properly put-together margarita is powerful in effect, I thought it wise to accompany each contender with nachos. In a further effort to impart the proceedings with the appropriate critical sobriety, I ordered one and only one margarita at each establishment.

Unlike the *Times's* restaurant critic—who has said that she has never been a fan of the star system—I *like* assigning ratings; accordingly, I rated each place with one to four limes, considering the total margarita experience (the ratings are heavily weighted for the quality of the margarita itself but also take into account nachos, atmosphere, and service). One lime is abysmal; two limes, acceptable; three limes, good; four limes, superb.

●●●● El Teddy's. The $6.50 margarita here is not only as good as it gets in Manhattan but as good as it gets anywhere, at least based on my experience. The big winner tasted strongly but not harshly of tequila. There was the inimitable perkiness of fresh lime juice and the correct accent of triple sec. What's more, a single margarita at El Teddy's is the equivalent of two elsewhere. That's because of the presentation: in a classic martini glass, with a refill-filled glass shaker on the side. The oddly titled "vertical" nachos ($7) consisted of a plate of refried beans topped with queso blanco, sour cream, and guacamole, which was studded porcupine-style with tortilla chips. I thoroughly approved of the result. Even if you skip the nachos, your margarita will not be lonely. Tortilla chips and first-rate roasted-tomato salsa are gratis offerings brought to each table. As for atmosphere, the wacky look of the place has a subtext of ease that manifests itself in comfy banquettes and pleasingly offbeat music. *(219 West Broadway, near Franklin Street; 941-7070.)*

●●●◖ Rosa Mexicano. The $5.25 margarita is perfection in all respects but volume. In other words, the combination of tequila, lime juice, and triple sec is refreshing, but at least in the straight-up version, the tiny glassful is gone in a flash. Rosa Mexicano is so serious about its menu that there are no nachos to be had here. Instead, I ordered shredded-pork taquitos ($7.75) and the renowned guacamole ($9). Both were perfectly satisfying. (One tip: When the waiter asks if you want medium guacamole, he is referring to the degree of spiciness, not to size.) So why, then, doesn't the place get its full complement of limes? It may be some peculiar interaction of my psyche with the lighting and pastel-pink color scheme or merely the notion of a Mexican restaurant taking itself *this* seriously that has never allowed me to feel quite comfortable here. *(1063 First Avenue, at 58th Street; 753-7407.)*

●●● Mi Cocina. The $5.50 margarita was balanced and bracing, if not positively consciousness-altering. There are no nachos per se on the menu, but the reasonably tasty frijoles con chorizo y queso ($5.95) are the functional equivalent: tortilla chips with refried pinto beans, shreds of mozzarella, and a few shards of pickled jalapeño. Mi Cocina has casual good looks but relatively uncomfortable chairs, so it's hard to feel rapturously abandoned no matter how many margaritas you have. *(57 Jane Street, at Hudson Street; 627-8273.)*

●●◖ El Rey del Sol. One of my cherished illusions—that I can pass as a spy for the house of gastronomy in both uptown and downtown establishments—was shattered here, which may or may not have affected my perception of the $5 margarita. It seemed more than acceptable, less than memorable. I was too busy trying to figure out why exactly the patrons and staff looked as if I had

Photographs by Monica Buck.

interrupted secret rites of hipness; it was like I'd crashed a party peopled with Ethan Hawke and Winona Ryder clones, and every table had a sneery attitude. Anyway, the nachos "El Rey" ($6.95) were not bad: individually prepared, with black beans, cheddar cheese, guacamole, and jalapeño slices. *(232 West 14th Street; 229-0733.)*

Pedro Páramo. This sweet little restaurant has such good vibes that I wish the food and drink were better. It's not that they're bad, mind you, just that they're not all one would wish, at least not if one is demanding. The generic margarita ($3.50) was perfectly drinkable; the individually prepared nachos ($3.50) were edible, although the American cheese on top was a bit disconcerting. *(430 East 14th Street; 475-4581.)*

Cowgirl Hall of Fame. The $4.50 margarita was a shade on the sweet side, and the pile-style black-bean nachos ($4.95) were heavy on the Monterey Jack cheese and garnished with scallions, which in my mind don't belong on nachos. Still, the theme-park décor—with things like toy guitars and vintage barbed wire on the walls—is amusing, as these things go. *(519 Hudson Street, at 10th Street; 633-1133.)*

Benny's Burritos. Benny's has a place in my heart less for its $5 margarita—which had an intense sweetness/alcohol opposition going—than for its no-hassling-of-dog-owners policy vis-à-vis its summertime sidewalk seating. One caveat: Even my young canine charge was less than enthusiastic about the heap of nachos ($3) with guacamole, sludgy black beans, and dreary Monterey Jack cheese. *(113 Greenwich Avenue, at Jane Street; 727-3560. 93 Avenue A, at 6th Street; 254-2054.)*

Fiesta Mexicana. The décor, which is of the unintentionally kitschy suburban-mall variety, gave me pause, and so did the exceptionally bland chicken nachos ($5.95), a remarkably tasteless combination of dry chicken cubes, refried beans, mozzarella, and a pallid salsa. Still, the $4.50 margarita was strong and passable, though somehow synthetic-tasting and entirely without finesse. *(680 Columbus Avenue, at 93rd Street; 662-2212. Fiesta Mexicana II: 2823 Broadway, at 109th Street; 662-2535.)*

El Cantinero. (No limes.) If the industrial-tasting $5 margarita here isn't the bottom of the barrel, I don't want to know. The nachos ($5.25), individually made with refried pinto beans, queso blanco, and sliced jalapeños, were superior junk food and a gratifying surprise. However, after I finished them off, the almost willfully ugly surroundings, the dispirited staff—the strange *Twilight Zone* karma—brought me down again in short order. This is not a happy place. *(86 University Place, near 11th Street; 255-9378.)*

full of flavor. (Entrées $8.95 to $17.95 at dinner.)

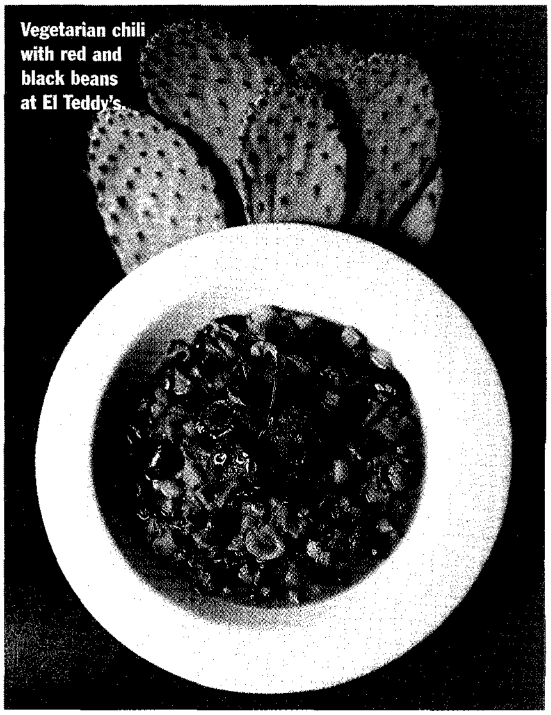
El Rey del Sol *(232 West 14th Street; 229-0733)* is an amazing house of kitsch, with its carnival statues of Jesus, skeletons everywhere, images of Frida Kahlo, animal pottery bowls, and President Kennedy in needlepoint on the permanent altar. An old tequila bottle is our water carafe. But what counts is the food—mostly good, sometimes great. Owner Mike Ortega opened the place because he couldn't get the Tex-Mex delicacies he grew up eating. Irony of ironies, he's changed the written menu seven times to please New York tastes. Burritos? "Never saw one till I went to L.A.," says Ortega. Now he sells them like crazy. Serious habitués just ask him to recite the super-authentic unofficial specials.

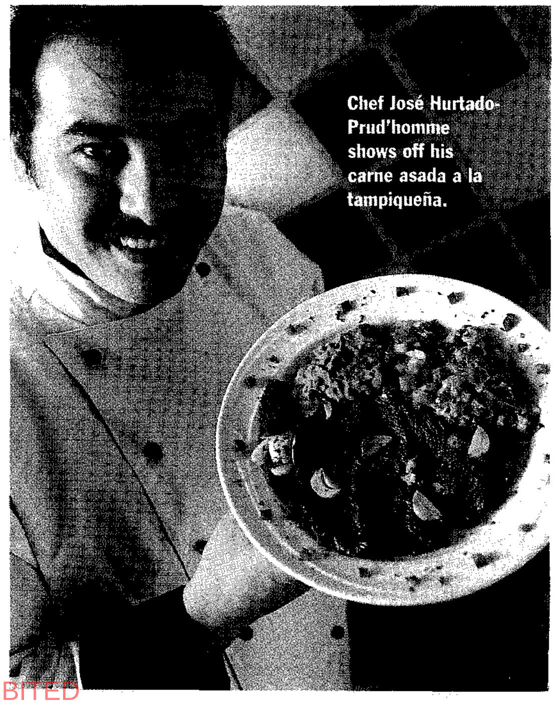
Fresh-squeezed juice—watermelon, pineapple, orange—goes into margaritas, or you can sip it on its own. It's worth spooning through the fat to get at the mussels ($6.95) in a spectacular and fiery broth with uniquely marvelous whole-wheat-tortilla strips on top. Ortega guides us to corn chalupa (a tostada disguised as a pancake), the soft picadillo tacos, and tonight's special lobster-and-shrimp enchilada with chipotle-tomato-and-tomatillo sauce. The "Molcajete" ($9.95) is a Mexican tasting dinner in two courses: First, a crisp chicken flauta, a tostada, and a peppery tamal with slivers of tomato and jalapeño sautéed in lemony epazote. Then a pair of cheese enchiladas with ancho-chili salsa. We can't help devouring every last onion sizzling beside the steak fajitas, and a sticky pecan pie from an Ortega family recipe disappears in a jiffy.

I feel like an alien from outer space at **Rinconcito** *(307 West 39th Street; 268-1704)*. The steam-table jockeys can't understand a word I say, but a pretty young waitress translates my order and seats me. My Latino tablemates look me over and snicker. Sure, the place is shabby with hanging wires, and a jukebox is the only magnificence. But one bite of each $2 taco—tender bits of flavorful tongue in one, spicy sausage in the other—has me longing to return. Early one Saturday I am alone, ordering in what I believe to be Spanish. A man in a stained turquoise polo shirt emerges from the kitchen and identifies himself as the *patrono,* Mario Ramiréz. "The girl didn't understand your order. Please tell me." I repeat it. "That's too much," he protests. But a friend is joining me, I explain. "Still too much." We will take what is left to our husbands, I improvise. He grins. *"Fantástico."*

As my friend settles in, beef soup ($2.50) arrives, with a cut of corn on the cob, bracing and good once we get by the float of fat. The quesadilla is nice enough, and its small tub of tomatillo sauce is transcendent. We are savoring moist cuts of turkey in mole poblano ($6), that warm, complex, deep-midnight sauce with a chocolate undertone, even as our champion insists we try mole de pepitas con pollo (also $6), slivers of chicken in his green sauce. It has the texture of Gerber's toddler food, and a splendid afterbite. The torta milanesa on a telera roll—a Mexican sandwich classic, layering a thin pork cutlet with avocado, tomato, and lettuce—just needs extra jalapeño and mayo. Ramiréz confides his plan for an outpost in the Village, shows off his press clippings, and brings us superb fresh-baked corn tortillas, hot from the oven (available only on

Alone at midnight in the El Teddy's dining room, I'm finding that the cook can do no wrong.


Vegetarian chili with red and black beans at El Teddy's.


Chef José Hurtado-Prud'homme shows off his carne asada a la tampiqueña.

Photographs: right, Kenneth Chen (2).

Monday, Thursday, and Saturday). For $3, he tops them with refried beans, cheese sauce, and a choice of meat: bistec, pork or pork skin, goat, sausage, or barbacoa de ternera (roasted veal). But we prefer to use one naked as a sauce scoop.

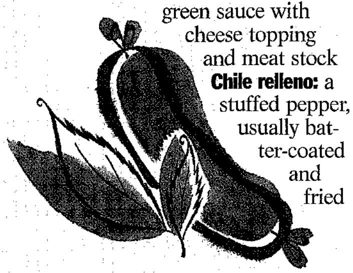
Every time I try to feed him at a taco truck, the Road Food Warrior takes one bite and says, "I'd rather have a slice." But he surrenders happily to **Tacomadre** *(2345 Broadway, at 85th Street; 873-0600)*, the fast-food kitchen with Aztec warriors painted on the wall, hanging pots, and little metal tables, finding it "used and a little seedy in an agreeable way." El Menú, posted on the wall, offers good, cheap grub for neighborhood families (from 75 cents for a breakfast burrito to $9.95 for steak fajitas). Indeed, two squirming whelps are being bodily removed by their parents as we arrive. The drill is, you order, pay, and take a number. The help can be sulky and bored, but the food is fresh, distinct, and better than just okay. The fire flares to sear tough but decent steak fajitas, and the pork with onions and pineapple for my top-notch taco tastes hot off the grill. Beans and green veggies stuffed into a gooey quesadilla is practically health food. There's a nice lime kick to the guacamole, sorbet for dessert, and two kinds of Mexican beer by the bottle. A branch is promised soon in Brooklyn Heights.

Even the telera rolls are baked in-house at **Taquería de Mexico** *(93 Greenwich Avenue, near West 12th Street; 255-5212)*, a fast-food canteen from the folks at Mi Cocina. That's one secret of the exceptional torta de chorizo, with beans, guacamole, tomato, onion, lettuce, and jalapeño—worth a detour at $5.25. The torta Cubana, with pork, ham, cheese, and chipotle, is a winner, too. And jalapeño-and-cheese corn bread is so good, you'll want a loaf to take home. It's order, pay, and carry out, or settle at the counters to discover Mexican-style soft tacos, $3.95 for two. Shiitake mushroom with onion and corn is my favorite. If the pork in mole verde is tame, dab on any of four excellent sauces (worth buying to stash in your fridge; they'd jazz up grilled anything). Rajas in roasted-tomato salsa with cheese make a juicier tamal than guajillo-touched pork. Cinnamon-dusted rice pudding may serve the need for dessert better than flans that bounce.

We've fallen into **El Cantinero** *(86 University Place, near 11th Street; 255-9378)* on all-you-can-eat-for-$7.95 Monday, sent by a Mexican woman we met coming out of church on 14th Street the day before. The rule is strict: You can't order a second plate till you've cleaned the first. There to taste, we jump in à la carte (entrées $8.25 to $15.50). Combination plates fulfill my childhood dream that life should be a buffet supper. That fantasy can lead to anonymous glop, but here you can distinguish the deep-fried chimichanga roll, the crisp taco (oops, forgot to specify "soft") with savory beef picadillo, and the cheese enchilada

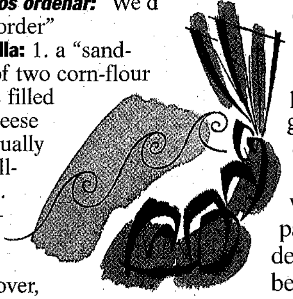
A glossary

Al carbón: grilled meat (usually beef)
Al lado: on the side
Al pastor: literally "shepherd's style"; refers to the gyro style of cooking meat (usually pork)
Al vapor: steamed
Arroz: rice
Barbacoa: barbecued or roasted meat
Bistec: beefsteak
Bien cocido: well done
Buñuelos: crisp pastry fritters with cane-sugar syrup or honey
Burrito: a northern-Mexico invention, a cowboy lunch now a Cal-Mex staple consisting of a soft flour tortilla wrapped around various fillings
Camarones: shrimp
Carne asada: grilled meat (usually beef), usually boneless, sometimes broiled
Carne molida: ground meat
Carnitas: crisply fried pork
Cerveza: beer
Chalupa: a thick cornmeal tortilla, fried or baked, served with various toppings
Chicharrones: pork cracklings
Chilaquiles: dried or fried tortilla strips, baked in a red or green sauce with cheese topping and meat stock
Chile relleno: a stuffed pepper, usually batter-coated and fried

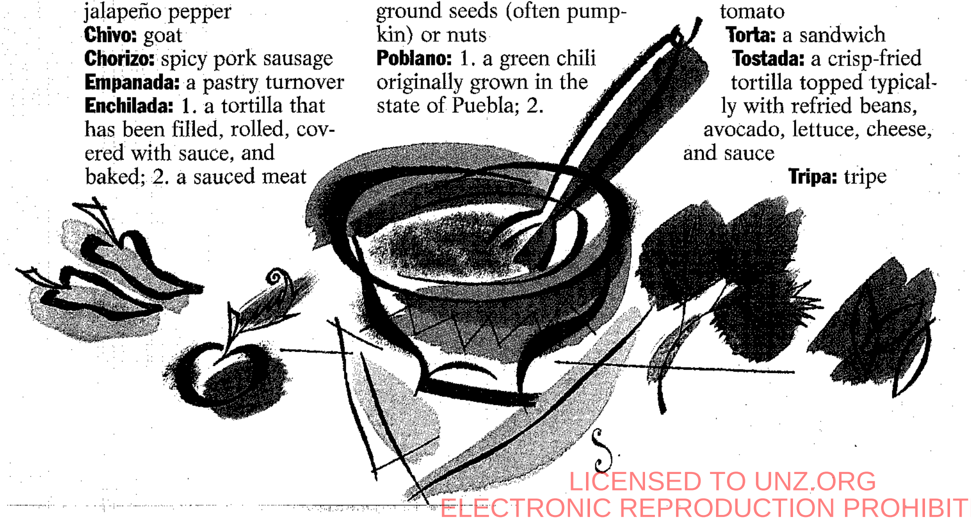


Chimichanga: a deep-fried burrito filled with chicken, beans, or meat and topped with sour cream and/or hot sauce
Chipotle: a smoked and dried jalapeño pepper
Chivo: goat
Chorizo: spicy pork sausage
Empanada: a pastry turnover
Enchilada: 1. a tortilla that has been filled, rolled, covered with sauce, and baked; 2. a sauced meat taco
Epazote: a wild herb (called stinkweed here)
Fajitas: grilled marinated skirt-steak strips (in the U.S., can be chicken or shrimp) served with tortillas, refried beans, guacamole, and salsa
Flauta: a deep-fried and filled corn tortilla
Frijoles: beans
Guajillo: a type of dried chili
Huitlacoche: corn smut, a fungus that is the truffle of Mexico
Jícama: a crunchy white root vegetable served raw
La cuenta, por favor: "The check, please"
Lengua: tongue
Longaniza: hard pork sausage
Menudo: tripe-and-hominy soup
Milanesa: breaded meat cutlet
Mole: a sauce made with ground-chili paste, spices, and stock; *negro:* with ancho chilies, peppercorns, cinnamon, and cloves; *poblano:* with chilies, almonds, sesame seeds, and chocolate; *rojo:* with guajillo chilies, red-chili paste, cinnamon, and sesame seeds; *verde:* with tomatillos, herbs, pumpkin seeds, cilantro, and chilies

Nopales: cactus petals
Pernil: leg (at taco stands, usually pork)
Picadillo: spiced chopped meat (usually pork) with onion and garlic, sometimes studded with raisins, green olives, or potato
Picante: spicy
Pico de gallo (also salsa cruda or salsa fresca): a sauce of raw ingredients
Pipían: a sauce that includes ground seeds (often pumpkin) or nuts
Poblano: 1. a green chili originally grown in the state of Puebla; 2. the Pueblan style of cooking
Pozole: hominy-and-pork (sometimes chicken instead of pork) soup
Puerco: pork
¿Qué recomienda? "What do you suggest?"
Queremos ordenar: "We'd like to order"
Quesadilla: 1. a "sandwich" of two corn-flour tortillas filled with cheese (and usually other fillings); 2. one tortilla filled, folded over, then grilled or fried



Queso: cheese
Queso fundido: cheese fondue, sometimes with chilies or meat added
Rajas: chili strips (usually poblano peppers are used)
Salsa verde: a sauce of green chilies, tomatillos, cilantro, and sometimes pumpkin seeds and/or parsley
Seviche: raw seafood marinated in citrus juice
Sincronizada: a quesadilla with two or more fillings that hasn't been folded over
Sopapilla: a sweet, rather bready cake served with honey
Sopes: small corn cakes (thicker than tortillas), griddle-baked and fried, served with any topping
Taco: a soft or crisp-fried corn tortilla with different fillings
Tamal: soft corn dough, usually with shreds of pork or chicken, steamed in a banana leaf or corn husk
Taquería: a taco shop
Telera roll: a plump, oval, white-bread roll
Tomatillo: a small, green tomato
Torta: a sandwich
Tostada: a crisp-fried tortilla topped typically with refried beans, avocado, lettuce, cheese, and sauce
Tripa: tripe



Illustrations by Steven Salerno.

At Rinconcito: beef, chicken, and turkey specialties of the house.

with a disciplined dollop of sour cream. No signs of a bivalve in the rice with shrimp and mussels. "We ran out," the waiter explains, "so we gave you extra shrimp." Extra rubber, alas, but the rice is marvelous. And we can't complain about the sizzling fajitas, a specialty here, their onions fast vanishing. A sopapilla with honey and ice cream should do it for dessert. Neat and laid-back, with sombreros and travel posters hanging, a cactus in cardboard draped with red-pepper Christmas lights, El Cantinero feeds both worlds. Spanish is spoken, but our waiter also reads minds, divining our requests before we have a chance to make them.

I didn't expect the **Bright Food Shop** *(216 Eighth Avenue, at 21st Street; 243-4433)* to be so determinedly bizarre. But Sino-Mex and Nippon-Mex in this plain little luncheonette proved to be an intriguing diversion. And cheap—from $3 for a cup of soup to $6.25 for a whale of a burrito. There is a welcome citrus note in the pozole, with its plop of sour cream. Like the hearty vegetable-lentil soup with pumpkin seeds, it's served in a bowl on a quarter-doily. Big chunks of juicy pork and beef make for a robust chili, and I like my corn bread cakey, but I wish it had a fiercer chili kick. The "Moo Shu Mex" is as ridiculous as I imagined, but the empty-the-fridge quesadilla is a delicious surprise—black-bean purée, pickled red onion, grilled corn, smoked Gouda, chopped mushrooms, and poblanos, served with a salsa fresca and slaw that tastes faintly Chinese. And bravo for the roast-turkey salad (papaya, jícama, shiitakes, green chilies, and cashews) in a fried-taco bowl, whether that's really turkey or not.

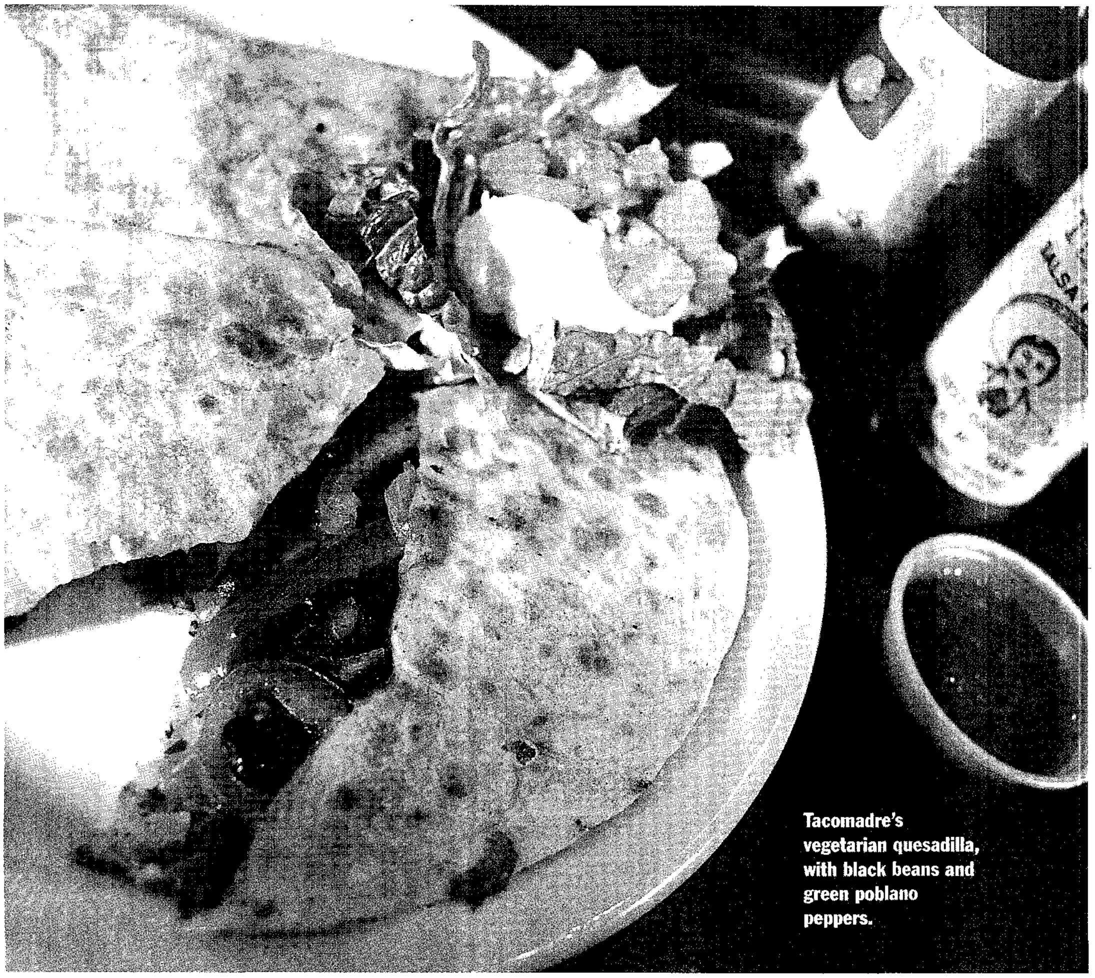
The steam-table jockeys at **Rinconcito** can't understand a word I say, but a pretty young waitress translates my order and seats me.

Lofty expectations for **Pedro Páramo** *(430 East 14th Street; 475-4581),* small and cozy and welcoming on a low-hope stretch of 14th Street, are buoyed by a river of margaritas and swell appetizers ($3.25 to $7.50): octopus in a garlicky puddle, fresh and seductive cactus salad, and corn-cake sopes with that junk-food aura that always gets me. But the chicken is dry under its cloak of fine mole poblano ($9.75). The tamal has a leathery edge, that's a vapid tomato sauce drowning the chile relleno, and the tight little shrimp a la Veracruzana are lost in a murk. Nothing can salvage our spirits—not even a respectable flan, fair rice pudding, and a natilla custard that tastes like Mom's sainted Royal pudding.

Why do I feel I've walked into a *Saturday Night Live* skit at **Mi Tenampa** *(150 East 14th Street; 475-3795)*? It's a simple little cantina with serapes draping the windows and old movie posters—John Wayne in *Su Adorable Enemiga.* An amiable ponytailed waiter buzzes our wondrously fresh strawberry margarita in the blender, smashes exceptional guacamole tableside in a volcanic-stone mortar, and totes fajitas to the two French couples sent here by a Japanese friend. Pedestrian mole poblano coats a remarkably juicy chicken, and the tacos are salty but eminently edible. The chicken tostada is the artery-challenging beast we've been warned about but can't say no to. Watery stuffed mushrooms, shellfish soup with a strange taste that lingers, and flan with a latexlike skin make me doubt that I'd send anyone here, even with these gentle prices (from $4 for an order of tacos to $14.95 for shrimp kebabs).

Samalita's Tortilla Factory *(1429 Third Avenue, near 81st Street; 737-5070)* couldn't be cuter, all blues and sunny yellows, with tin Aztec-mask sconces, wood-and-wicker chairs, tile and pottery, and extra seating at the counter, where translucent glass almost lets you catch the assembly-line action of the wait staff. Tacos come three ways ($2.15 to $3.25 each), and if you want them hot, you have to ask. Give me chips with the tart, vinegary sarsa (a chunky, Spanish-style salsa), not the so-so salsa, please, plus the fine guacamole and iced tea so good it doesn't need sugar. The food here has a nice clarity, clean and not greasy, but it's too often overpuréed; even the chorizo seems to have made a trip through the blender. My chiles rellenos would be great if they had been warmed enough to melt the cheese. Tackle the vegetarian burrito ($4.95) for a pretty nice scram-

Photograph by Andrew Garn.



Tacomadre's vegetarian quesadilla, with black beans and green poblano peppers.

El menú, posted on the wall at Tacomadre, offers good, cheap grub. There's a nice lime kick to the **guacamole.**

ble of char-grilled corn, red and green bell peppers, chilies, and broccoli.

Out in the Boroughs

WITH THE TACO EXPLOSION in Manhattan, it's not necessary to take to the bridges. But our afternoon in Jackson Heights is an obsessed foodie's dream come true. "This feels like home," cries Zarela Martínez, my scout in this gourmandlich expedition, swept up by the mood and flavors (though not the chaotic din) of **Plaza Garibaldi** *(89-12 Roosevelt Avenue, near 90th Street; 718-651-9722. Another branch at 102-14 Roosevelt Avenue, near 103rd Street; 718-478-3194).* But both of us can appreciate the smoky taste of the guacamole ($2.50). The big bowl of red pozole served with a cream-drizzled fried tostada. And the tacos? Salty, yes, but a tapestry of spice and just the right dose of char. *"Picante?"* the waitress asks. *"Sí,"* I reply. She refuses to believe my turista courage. *"Picante?"* she asks again and again. Perhaps the Garibaldi sandwich ($3.75) isn't the best torta of the week, but I love the Dagwood layering of roast pork, beef, avocado, onion, mayonnaise, and yellow and white cheese.

Of course, we have to taste the flan, made with condensed milk, but it's the fresh-fruit goblet with pineapple, papaya, mango, strawberries, watermelon, raisins, honey, and cream that cuts through the grease of our afternoon grazing.

It's impossible to escape the jukebox blast at **Amanecer Ranchero** *(85-09 Roosevelt Avenue, near 85th Street; 718-397-9666).* And the not-too-sympathetic waitresses haven't a clue as to how to lower the roar. No one cares about keeping house, either. But we can't leave, not when the special of the day is rarely encountered huahmole pork (juicy chunks of pork in a salsa verde with onions and garlic), just what was missing in Zarela's life. "Tacos mixta"—al carbón, carne enchilada, and carnitas—are oozing grease and glory ($5.50). But forget about shellfish soup ($7.95) with an odd, unpleasant aftertaste and chiles rellenos ($8.50) drowning in tomato sauce.

A soothing tamarindo milk shake primes my hunger for lunch in Brooklyn a week later at **Tequilita's** *(5213 Fourth Avenue, near 52nd Street; 718-492-4303)* in Sunset Park, where Mexicans from Puebla are moving into a quarter alongside Chinese, Vietnamese, and the remnants of an earlier Scandinavian-and-Irish settlement. Without even asking, the waitress divides today's soothing chicken soup into two bowls, just $3.50 with tortillas, enough for us to share. No. 32 under "combinaciones" delivers three terrific tacos: al carbón, spicy longaniza sausage, and carnitas with cheese julienne. And salsa to up the heat. A decent mole poblano coats shredded chicken, just the way Mexicans expect it. Ask for the bistec torta, and get a broiled-beef sandwich with avocado, lettuce, jalapeño, and queso blanco for just $3.50. The walls pulsate with intense pink and vibrant sky blue. Above my head hangs Mexico's national emblem, the eagle and the snake. And there's a wistful charm to the clutter of plants, sombreros, ropes, spurs, and gaudy plaid tablecloths—all the totems of home.

Carts & Trucks

BEFORE THEY DISCOVER sour cream and the inevitability of burritos — before they tinker with the seasonings to woo us gringos and become fast-food moguls—new Mexican immigrants cook down-home grub to please themselves, often on carts and trucks, in bakeries or grocery stores.

Carts track the action, abandoning their weekday posts on Eighth Avenue (between 38th and 39th Streets) and Ninth Avenue (at 48th Street) to feed the weekend shoppers and churchgoers along 14th Street. Taco peddlers park outside Roseland on ballroom-dancing nights and around Fort Tryon Park on Sundays, during soccer season, and on Mexican holidays. They line the sidewalks of Roosevelt Avenue in Jackson Heights, mingled with Colombians selling corn cakes, and cluster in Sunset Park wherever Mexicans shop or dance or pray or play *béisbol.*

Usually there's a painted menu: grilled and barbecued chicken, beef, pork, and sausage for beginners; goat, pig's ears, brains, and stomach for connoisseurs. You're stepping into another world.

Super Tacos, the truck stationed on 96th Street around the corner from Club Broadway, will do in a pinch, I suppose. We found the steak filling tough and the chicken humdrum. But if it's Sunday evening, stroll down Broadway and turn right on 95th for the fabulously greasy $2

Photograph by Andrew Garn.

A taco cart might sell goat, **pig's ears,** brains, and **stomach;** you're stepping into a different **world.**

tongue or carnitas tacos from the women tending the pushcart. **La China Poblana,** it says in fading paint. Our Lady of Guadalupe smiles down from a shiny foil icon on bowls of guacamole, salsa cruda, a couple of hot sauces, and pickled jalapeños with carrots—a movable condiment bar. Whatever meat you choose comes piled on top of not one but two corn tortillas ($2). Usually they stick together, and you can't split the booty neatly; tonight they separate easily. La China moves to Eighth Avenue between 38th and 39th Streets weekdays and gets a rush Sunday noon in front of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church *(229 West 14th Street).*

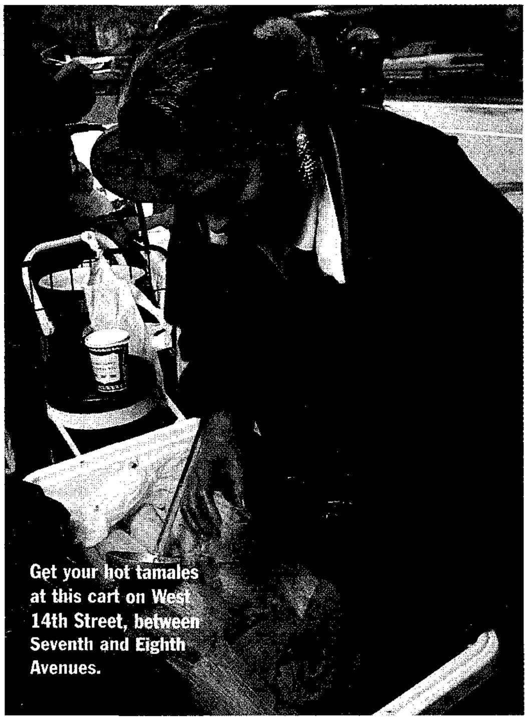
Just steps away on 14th Street, I buy a $1 pork tamal from one of two women with big covered aluminum pots in rolling grocery carts—competitors eager to feed the faithful. I peel away the grease-sodden corn husk and take a bite. The tamal drops to the sidewalk and, I must admit, I sigh with relief. Luckily, my favorite tamal connection can usually be found weekends on the south side of 14th, just east of Sixth Avenue. I love the peppery after-kick and how she ties the $1 package with a knotted ribbon of corn husk, like a gift from Felissimo.

I study the menu tacked to the **Sombrero Cart** in front of the Robbins Store at 48 West 14th Street one Saturday. "Chorizo taco," I say, switching to crisp, nicely charred beef ($2) because there's no more sausage. *"Picante,"* I command, scoring a few notches of respect. The runny red sauce burns my hand, but I ignore it, ordering a second taco—chicken this time—not bad at all, but even better with a squeeze of lime ($2).

At 8 P.M. Monday, the corn-husk-wrapped tamales ($1 each) are still steaming hot in the big covered pots of two friendly women a few feet apart on the east side of Eighth Avenue between 39th and 40th Streets. Cheap-eats savant Robert Sietsema calls these his favorites in his *Down the Hatch* newsletter—rich and full of juicy pork or chicken with a searing after-burn. As the grease seeps into the brown paper bag, try to remember a simpler time when cholesterol didn't matter.

Zooming off the upper roadway of the 59th Street Bridge onto Northern Boulevard, we spy the **Hot Meals on Wheels** truck (found weekdays on Queens Boulevard) and screech to a stop, driving backward to pick up a really wonderful carnitas taco ($2) in a brown paper bag—an hors d'oeuvre to launch the day's binge in Queens. It's Saturday lunchtime, and we're cruising Roosevelt Avenue's lively global smorgasbord in the Seventies. We flee from the disappointingly banal tacos (chewy meat, watery sauces) of the **Tacos Rapidos—El Parrandero** truck in the Gaseteria between 77th and 78th Streets, clearing our palates with fresh-pressed sugarcane juice at the adjacent fruit stand.

Oh, what gluttony. No way can we resist the whole roasted pig—a big red pepper stuffed in its mouth—draped this day across the **Lechon Lady's Cart** on the southwest corner of 81st Street and Roosevelt Avenue. I ask for *un cinco plato* (a $5 plate) and get a hill of moist, luscious pork, crispy skin, big hominy "popcorn," and a plop of cheese-topped potatoes from her black iron skillet. The best munch of the day, not Mexican but Colombian, and worth the pilgrimage all by itself.



Get your hot tamales at this cart on West 14th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

Grazing at Groceries & Bakeries

I'M SHOPPING WITH ZARELA MARTÍNEZ for peppers and herbs she can find only at the Upper West Side bazaar **Stop One Supermarket** *(210 West 94th Street).* While she rhapsodizes over a chili she's never seen here before, I see a sign offering tacos ($2 each). We eat them standing up at a narrow shelf at the end of the refrigerated display case, with a squeeze of lemon and salsa. I've chosen tongue, because by now I seem to be addicted, and enchilada (in this case meaning shredded pork laced with peppery red sauce in a soft taco shell).

I discovered my first torta milanesa—just $2.50 and irresistible—at the bakery **Mexico Lindo** *(2267 Second Avenue, near 117th Street)* and was hooked at once. The place is spare (just a token Mexican artifact or two) and not scrupulously clean. Still, we don't mind waiting at the counter because the staff cheers us on and the tacos are nifty. We try barbacoa-pork tacos ($1), a tostada of chicken tinga (spicy shredded chicken on a crisp tortilla slathered with refried beans), tripe stew, and pozole—everything cheap and tasty.

It's mid-afternoon, and we're perched on tall stools at the counter of the **Downtown Bakery** *(47 First Avenue, near 3rd Street),* transfixed by the image of *The Last Supper* imprinted on the face of the clock. Everything is slivered and chopped, then grilled to order. Even the guacamole for our spicy carnitas tacos (two for $3.50) is blended before my eyes, so fresh and lemon-tangy.

From our rickety little table at the **Azteca Deli** *(698 Amsterdam Avenue, near 94th Street),* it feels like we're in a dusty border village: Kids are hanging out at the counter up front; hometown idlers get sloshed on beer a few feet away. A tipsy Romeo lurches our way, but a pal pulls him back. I don't have time to be nervous. The greasy and delectable tacos ($1.50 each) have arrived: leg of pork in hot sauce, savory tongue, and chibo, which is beef cooked in beer. Though the chicken mole poblano with rice and beans ($6) looks like somebody sat on it, it's a find. And so is the pozole.

How could anything go wrong amid the dusty displays and Mexican sodas at **El Ranchito** *(1970 Third Avenue, near 108th Street),* a grocery-cum-canteen brimming with so many testimonials of faith? Fat cherubs hover over Jesus and Mary on black suede paper, and an inflatable plastic Aztec god wearing sunglasses twists overhead. NO SPITTING, it says on a sign over the menu next to the kitchen. We ask for one taco and get three. "One order," says the abject young waitress dressed like the Mexican flag, in red, white, and green. "We asked for one taco, not one order," we explain in Spanish, "one enchilada, one tostada." But then she brings three tostadas and three enchiladas too—enough for a soccer team. Still, we're delighted with our chicken enchilada mole poblano. And the pozole ($4) with its juicy pork floats is delicious, although the strands of lettuce might more properly be cabbage. The bill is a sweet shock; the house is taking a bath in our leftover salsa. We've been charged for just one of everything. ■

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Is God Ted?

Ted Neely is famous for playing the Messiah in the film and the stage revival of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, now at the Garden. But he has no trouble remembering who he really is. Most of the time.

By Marshall Sella

WHEN JESUS COMES TO TOWN, HE STAYS AT THE PARAMOUNT. Today he is seated near the second-floor bar, gazing down upon the well-dressed humanity in the lobby as he sips a margarita. "Ninety percent of the hotels on my tour screw up my reservations," he says, without a trace of malice.

"Even here—they lost my name entirely. There's still no room for this guy at the inn."

Granted, the Son of Man lounging at the table is not precisely Jesus of Nazareth. He is Ted Neeley, who portrayed a shrieky Messiah in the 1973 Norman Jewison film of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and who has resurrected his performance for a road show of the rock opera. Over the past two years, the anniversary tour has dragged Neeley (and Carl Anderson, who played Judas in the movie) to 112 cities and towns across America, and it will finally hit New York this Tuesday, the seventeenth, when the play begins a two-week run at the Paramount (no relation to the hotel) in Madison Square Garden.

For the time being, though, New York is only a fleeting vision. Neeley has flown all the way from Omaha for this one interview; the next week will find him in Providence and Boston, where he will be crucified, to the delight of local audiences, eight times before returning to New York. The seventeenth, in fact, will be a full day for the miracle boy: At a luncheon, he'll donate a pair of sandals to the Hard Rock Cafe; then he'll do a dress rehearsal of the show—to say nothing of *Live at Five*—all before opening night.

"Honestly," he says, holding out cupped hands to convey honesty, "I never thought anybody would see this show. I figured, they've seen the movie. But people come up to me and say, 'The film changed my life,' or 'When I looked into your face, I thought I was looking into the face of God.' Ministers ask me if I'll speak to their congregations. And I've gotta tell you: It scares the hell out of me."

Neeley is wearing a chenille sweater of many colors, with a tiny Jiminy Cricket pinned to the neck. "He's the only other J.C. I know," Neeley says. "I've loved him since I was a kid." I mention Jimmy Carter, Johnny Carson, even Jill Clayburgh, but Neeley's thoughts are elsewhere. He breaks into a soft, high-pitched rendition of "When You Wish Upon a Star," causing black-suited Paramount security men to stare up from the lobby.

If Neeley is an unusually jovial man, perhaps it's because the years have been kind to him. His 1973 Jesus wore his youth like a taunt, but these days he is not far shy of 50. (He declines to tell his age, quaintly saying that he "will always be 33.") But Neeley has hardly changed. His beard is still wispy in spots. He is lean and hyperactive. Most recognizable are the wide-set eyes: They don't seem to focus on the same point, giving Neeley the neat trick of appearing to stare straight at you but also beyond you, toward some hallowed middle distance. In short, his face was built to play Jesus. He could be bored to death and still look like he's pondering the nature of sacrifice.

ON THIS NIGHT, SACRIFICE IS NOT ON THE AGENDA. OVER DINNER AT Orso, Neeley retraces the winding path that brought him from his childhood in Ranger, Texas, to filming *Superstar* in Israel. "I've been drumming since I was 4," he says, "and screaming out songs while drumming since I was 8." In high school, he formed a band called the Teddy Neeley Five; after graduating in 1962, Neeley and his pals went to Los Angeles in search of the wild life. They found it. Within a few months, the band was headlining at the legendary club known as the Trip.

"One minute we're playing the Ranger Rotary," he says, "and the next, we're doing covers of tunes by Elvis, James Brown, and the Stones while those guys are sitting right in front of us, hanging out with us. It was quite a scene."

By 1964, Neeley was working Vegas, fronting for Rickles, Cosby, and acts even he can't remember. When the band broke up, Neeley was offered a solo singing gig. "There I was," he says. "Charlie the Chameleon, doing whatever I had to do. So I became Bobby Darin. I got short hair, a tuxedo, the whole bit—every mother's dream—and ended up on the Smothers Brothers, Gleason, and Carson."

Despite the fact that he considers the Bobby Darin impression a formative lesson in acting (not to mention that it earned him enough money to buy a house), Neeley was soon singing in stage productions of *Hair* and *Tommy* and playing the role of Reporter/Leper/Understudy in the original 1971 Broadway production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. His tux hasn't seen the light of day since.

These days, there are rumors going around that Ted Neeley takes his role far, far too seriously. "I never have a problem knowing who I am," he says. "I'm a rock-and-roll drummer from Texas. But for two hours a night, I am, with every fiber of my being, trying to assimilate the essence of Jesus Christ. I'm a palette on which people project the Jesus they came to see."

With supper, Neeley chooses a 1989 Barbaresco—red wine "holds a special significance" for him—then a few exquisite tequilas whose names I cannot now recall. A discussion of Christianity ensues, interrupted only when Neeley ogles the local lovelies. "No one had a clue who Jesus was," he says, arms outstretched. "He was a rabbi with a radical view—a man who could speak in parables and connect. And that thing we call charisma—well, he had a big bag of that. Me, I eat Cheerios for breakfast. Is that charisma?" Laughing, Ted Neeley rises and wanders off to use the lavatory.

AS 3 A.M. ROLLS AROUND, WE HAVE SOMEHOW ENDED UP IN A POOL hall on Eleventh Avenue. The place is empty except for two tables in the back, where gangish boys in Jets caps are smoking dope and repeatedly chipping their cue ball onto the floor. One of them has taken to sitting on a stool in front of the CD jukebox and seems to think it's a video game. Neeley walks to a pay phone to whisper a late good night to his wife in Houston, then floats back toward our table, flashing a beneficent smile at the guys as he passes. They reward his kindness with a smirk.

Our game proceeds as you'd expect; Neeley is all charity. He insists that I break, and refuses to penalize me both for scratching and sinking a garbage shot. "A little

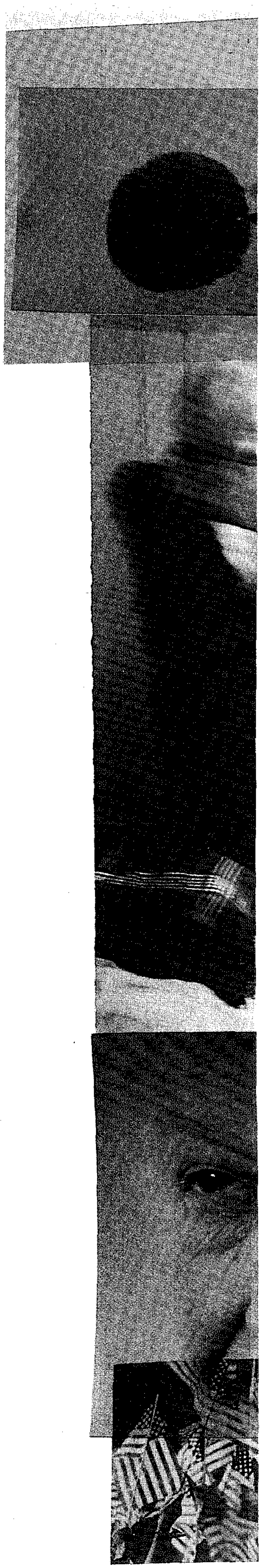
(Continued on page 93)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CARROLL FOR NEW YORK

BY PHILIP WEISS

Cock-a-Doodle-Doo

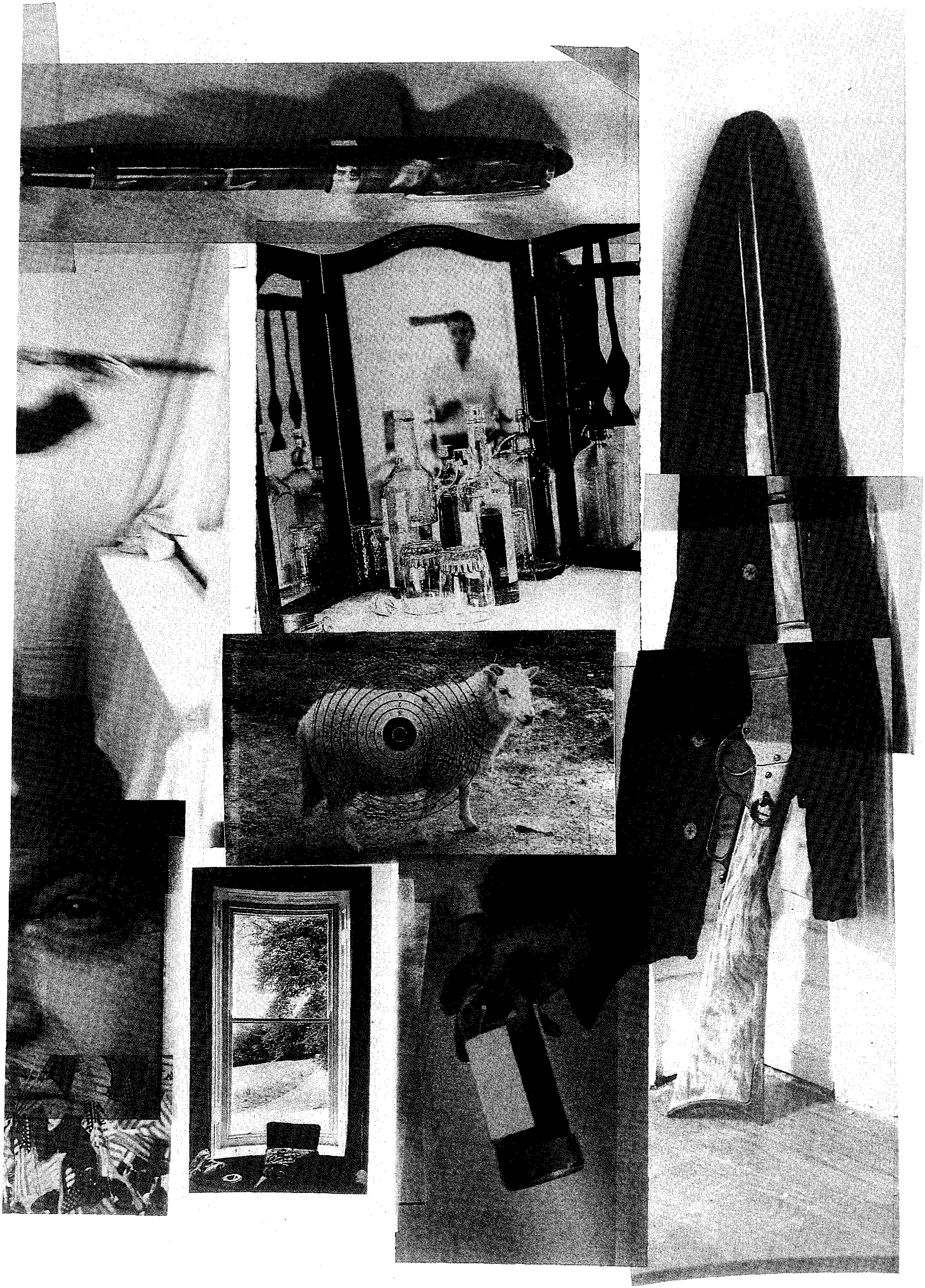
Lefty lawyer Jack Gold used to sneer at the ideologically suspect Early Quinlan, the most august politician in the state. Then Jack fell in love with Early's daughter. A first look at a controversial debut novel about New York politics, media, and ethnicity



I DIDN'T REALLY SLEEP, AND A CROW WOKE ME UP AT DAYBREAK. A ROOSTER, I MEAN. IT WASN'T A sweet sound, either; its voice was scrapy and harsh. I wondered if doing that hurt its throat. No. It couldn't. They were made to do that.

When I got up again there were rude cries out the window that could have been a fight. But it was people playing touch football. James Doyle, the campaign manager, was there with

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOLA LOPEZ
FOR *NEW YORK*



cheekbones, and the long lawn, like an ad set in old America. An ad only a Jew would make. But there I went, thinking bloody-minded thoughts when I should trust my luck.

I was marrying Burry, I was going to talk to Father. Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Downstairs there was a huge pan of drying-out scrambled eggs, and you could have that and bacon and leftover pie. Also, fresh-squeezed orange juice and grapefruit juice in heavy crystal pitchers with Saran wrap around the tops to keep them fresh. Then the cook came in and wanted to help me, with her Irish accent.

I got coffee and a toasted bagel and walked out on the porch. A hummingbird darted among the trees.

Burry was on the patio with her father and Rene Barce. This was Rene's place, the big painter. Early Quinlan was using Rene's Adirondacks farm as his upstate campaign staging area. They sat in iron chairs painted green. Burry was teasing her father about stuff. He was as dramatic as she; he threw himself back in the chair.

"If I found myself avec two bimbos on a bateau called *Monkey Business*? I promise you, Best"—that was his nickname for her. He made the chair's feet clap on the flagstones—"I'd jump off the damn stern and start swimming to shore."

They all laughed, and I watched without their seeing me.

IN THE AFTERNOON BURRY TOOK ME TO HER father's room. It was in a dormer that had been added later to the house. You went up a narrow set of stairs at the back. Burry knocked, and the door fell away under her knuckles.

I looked over her shoulder. Two windows on the same wall opened over the fields. The room itself was small and tilted, like the bedroom in that Van Gogh painting. There was a tarnished brass bed and wide floorboards. A large primitive oil painting of a cow hung over the head of the bed. You could see it reflected in the dresser mirror that hung opposite the foot of the bed. Another cow painting was between the windows.

The Secretary was in the mirror, too. You called him Secretary, even though he was running for governor and had only been secretary of State for a short time nearly twenty years ago. I saw his spindly blue-white legs slanting off the bed and his white feet sticking up straight, like a dead man's. I backed away. But Burry grabbed my wrist and pulled me over the threshold.

Her father was asleep. A legal pad tilted off his stomach, and his hand, holding a fountain pen, had fallen onto a pillow. A black tit of ink spread out from the pen. His robe had come open, a blue-paisley job, and you could see his undershirt and boxer shorts. His half-glasses were perched on his nose.

Burry acted like everything was hunky-dory. She bent for the pen, and he opened one eye. He made a hum in his throat. He sat up, and the hum turned into a song.

"I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy," he sang.

"Oh, Father." She smoothed his hair. "I worry about you. Running for office takes so much out of you."

"Ahh—Best. The hand on the hip, I knew it, the hand on the hip."

She dropped her hand. "Elections are so cruel," she said. "Now, where did you put that pen cap?"

The two of them began hunting through the bedclothes. I looked down at the pad. It was toppled against a pillow, but you could read it upside down:

"Flashback. Afternoon. Brooklyn Pier. Jane Betters hands Rupe letter. Janey: auburn hair full lips light yellow sweater but aint a sweater girl.

"Belovedness an illusion. Yet every great act arises from that belief."

I felt something cold on the side of my face and turned. The Secretary was looking at me. He reached for the pad and flopped it onto the nightstand.

"You'll get nowhere in life till you learn to read upside down," he said. "Who said it, Abe Lincoln?"

"Abe Fortas," I said.

"Father, you remember Jack," Burry said.

"Of course I remember Jack," he said. "Jack who believes it's so easy to do bad as a lawyer."

He smiled and I smiled back. Then he pulled himself forward and patted his feet on the floor. Burry knelt and found his slippers; he scuffed them onto his feet.

"Jack wants to talk to you," she said.

"Well, then, I want to talk to Jack," he said brightly.

The Secretary got to his feet and walked to the dresser. There was a native neatness to him, even in a robe. He didn't really have to comb that hair. A bunch of glasses were on the dresser, turned upside down. He slid one to himself across the marble and felt among a group of bottles, peering at the labels.

"Father, what is this?" Burry had pulled the door back from the wall. A rifle leaned into the corner with a sweater draped over its mouth, the barrel, whatever they call it.

"Is this Rene's?" she said. "Is Rene allowed to have guns?" Years ago, Barce had shot his first wife accidentally on purpose.

"Best, don't speak of property," he said. "Remember. The Declaration don't say, 'Life, liberty, and property.' Jack can tell you that." He waved a bottle at me.

"Right," I said.

"Right. Says, 'Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' " he said. "What's that, counsel, eh? Pursuit of happiness?"

He laughed and so did I. We were almost hitting it off, and just like that Burry walked out. She was gone, saying nothing. I heard her bare feet on the floor, then the hard chub of her heels going down the steep steps.

The Secretary delicately unspooled the bottle cap.

"Secretary," I said.

"Early," he said.

"Early." The name felt weird in my mouth, small, cornerless.

He wagged a bottle at me, then, not waiting for a response, tilted it with both hands. It chattered on the glass's rim.

"Always use two hands," he said. "Just like a pop-up. Just like your father told you. One hand is for hot dogs. Here—to the pursuit of happiness, whatever that is."

I wasn't ready for the drink. There was no ice in it, so it burned my mouth, and when I swallowed, the alcohol

Illustrations by Brian Callanan.

fled through my body and I had to sit. There was a chair against the wall next to the windows, a chair with weaving in the seat, bulrushes. I fell into it, and the weaving sank and made a noise.

He lowered himself stiffly onto the bed. When his glass neared his chin he lost his cool. He dipped his head and like an eager cat's his pink-tab tongue came out of his mouth to taste the liquid before it went into his mouth. In the light his black hair was mostly white. But thick, solid.

"Early, I've been doing work for you," I said. "Reading up on Vacca."

He nodded, but his eyes showed no recognition. I'd just spent the last two weeks researching his opponent.

"He was a bomb thrower in law school," I said.

"Everyone is—should be, anyway." His voice came out clean, dehusked by the liquor. "That's why we send them to law school," he said affably. Then he stared right past me, out the window. The scar on his lip actually lifted the lip up a little, opening it. He took another sip, watching something.

I sat forward. "James feels, James Doyle, that I should make an article out of the memos I did on Vacca's ideas."

He peered outside again. He'd do anything not to look at you. The window was open but just at the top. Both frames of glass were at the bottom, doubled up. And you saw a million dead flies at the bottom. Then he turned to the bar, I mean the dresser. And this time he picked up the bottle with one hand, normal, and no bullshit about pop flies.

"Journalism—" he said.

"I'm not talking about journalism."

"Journalism quenches a young man's thirst for voyeurism. Righteous voyeurism—" He lifted the glass, and the same thing with his tongue, where it tabbed down like a cat. "Then he grows up, and he'd much rather have other people watch him."

"Politics is worse. No one thinks about anybody real."

Early glanced my way. "Politics. The public face. Of politics. Is a carny show." He started going in those God-bubbles of sound. "A masque, yes. But one designed to. Get the people. To shed their inhibitions. And speak their truth."

I drank off my glass. "But you had faultless political instincts."

He swung his head from side to side. "Nope. Never did. Historical instinct. That I had. Sense of the historical forces."

The robe fell open, and you got a whiff of his stale B.O. I leaned forward again in the chair, so the rushes, the crisscrossing, squeaked and gave.

"I got that cartoon," I said.

He blinked. "Pardon?"

"That picture of the ballplayer everyone says is racist. Vacca drew it. I got it."

He held out a hand as if I meant to hit him. "Careful—"

"And I've been staying at the hotel," I said.

Early shut his eyes and yawned, or maybe not a yawn, his mouth opened and a long *Awwwnnng* came out, a sort of screen-door-spring noise.

"The Valery-Michael," I said. "Vacca's hotel. I've been watching him."

But he had shut me out. He was wobbling his head from side to side, and the screen-door noise turned into a murmuring chant.

"I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy," he sang. "I'm a Yankee Doodle boy. Boyyy, boyyy, boyyy."

It was a mumble and a song all at once. His voice blurred everything, and I waited for him to stop.

Then he was quiet. He retied his robe primly. I got to my feet, and he held out his glass to me. I put a shot of Scotch in his glass and tilted some more into mine, too.

He sighed. "Damn sheep. Someone ought to wash them."

THE SHEEP WERE IN THE PASTURE ON THE other side of a stone wall, maybe a hundred yards away. They were tranquil. Some lay on the ground having a rest; others moved through the grass, tearing up hanks. They jerked their heads to the side when they yanked the grass. Maybe there were a hundred sheep, and they really were dirty. Dark mats hung off their undersides. There was shit in their tails, too. Brambles. They didn't seem to mind.

"I guess you can't process the wool till you wash them," I offered.

"Generally swim them through a tank." Early wiggled his hand through the air, imitating a sheep swimming. "Takes days for them to dry. Ergo. Keep them in a clean place. Then cut it off. All in one piece. Deburr it, they call it. And card it—"

He kept happily at the motions with his hands. That's the thing about talking to a traditional-type person. They don't want to ever talk sincerely about the personal matter between you, they want to talk about a third thing. Sheep.

"After that it's wool?" I said.

"It's wool right now," he said. "That's wool, all right."

I looked back at the sheep and my heart chilled. Because you could see the pond, a corner of it anyway. Fifty yards past the sheep was another wall and then tall unmunched grass, the pond. Burry and I had screwed in the field there the day before.

"IF I FOUND MYSELF AVEC TWO BIMBOS ON A BATEAU CALLED *MONKEY BUSINESS*? I PROMISE YOU"—HE MADE THE CHAIR'S FEET CLAP ON THE FLAGSTONES—"I'D JUMP OFF THE DAMN STERN AND START SWIMMING TO SHORE."

When had the Secretary gotten here yesterday?

I tried to make out the grass we'd flattened. No sign of it. I fell back heavily against the wall.

"Early, I'm in love with Burry."

"Is that wool? he says. Hell, that's wool right now."

"Berenice, I mean. Your daughter. We're together."

He pursed his lips. "I thought she was with what's-his-name. Tharp."

"Charles?" I shook my head.

"Or that other. Little round Choatie. Mr. J. Walter

Fatso." He moved his hand around. "The Hyannis beach ball."

I chinked my glass down on the marble. "We want to make a life together."

Early stood up. He poured himself more firewater right on top of what was there and put some in my glass, too.

"What does he say? In *Lear*?" He knotted that robe for the thousandth time. " 'And my poor fool is hung.' No, hanged. You should know this, Gold. 'And my poor fool is hanged!' "

"I don't," I said.

"Ah, he doesn't know the greatest line in literature." His voice went off in a murmur. " 'And my poor fool is hanged!' Lear says it. At the end."

Always talking about a third thing, never the thing at hand, that was the rule with him.

"*King Lear* is a tragedy," I said. "This is happy news."

"You sound like you're writing editorials in Grand Forks, Tharp."

"I'm Gold," I said.

"Sure." He laughed. "You're a dead ringer for Jack Gold. Pursuit of happiness. What is that? Huh?"

"Sir—" I started to answer, then I slumped. "I'm not as clever as you. I'm just not."

His blue eyes opened to take me in. I looked at my knees.

"Or as powerful. Or maybe as smart." I didn't say good-looking. That was a personal comment. No personal comments. "Still, we want to get married."

[I PICKED UP THE GUN. EARLY REACHED FOR IT, BUT HE WAS STILL HOLDING HIS GLASS. SO HE DIDN'T REALLY HAVE IT, JUST HAD THE STOCK IN ONE HAND AND THE BARREL IN TWO CURLING FINGERS OF HIS DRINKING HAND.]

He had another sip, and you could see him swishing it in his mouth, tasting the poison. That was something alcoholics did.

"You want my permission," he said.

"I don't believe in that."

"You don't," he said. "Well, I do. What about that?"

"Then I imagine this is an issue where you'll be on the opposite side from your daughter."

"Don't be a lawyer with me, Jack. Best and I are never at opposites."

"Burry and I have an understanding," I said.

"An understanding? Is that like a letter of credit?"

"We're getting married in June. June is Burry's favorite month."

"Reach me that, will you?"

He was pointing at the corner, the gun.

"I don't think that's such a good idea," I said.

"Oh, you don't." He laughed. "Well, listen, if this were the old days—" He moved past me to the corner. He tugged the sweater away, and the gun scraped down the wall. It bumped the far windowsill and rattled heavily onto the floor near my feet.

"Help me, Jack." He pushed down on my knee.

"Is that loaded?" I said.

"Calm down. I've never killed anyone before, and I happen to be running for office."

I don't know why, I picked up the gun. Early reached for it, but he was still holding his glass. So he didn't really have it, just had the stock in one hand and the barrel in two curling fingers of his drinking hand. In the end what happened was I took the glass from him even as I was letting go of the gun. An exchange. I set his glass on the sill, and he sat on the bed and admired the gun in his hands. He rubbed his fingers along the blue steel of the barrel and across the wooden stock. There was carving, a whole picture of a hunting scene in fine carving. I sat down, too.

" 'Is it loaded?' he says—" Early smiled. "Russian fellow had this piece. Bolt action with a lot of history. Gave it to me after the first nuclear-disarmament talks."

Anytime someone's talking about a gun, if they have the gun, you listen.

"Brezhnev's top arms man. Panofsky. Funny man, Panofsky. A wart right here like a pencil eraser. And carried an army canteen with vodka—" Early frowned at the gun. "Well, a hateful business, and we all knew it. So. Parted friends. And Panofsky said, Here, Early, for you. Lenin used this gun. A Rigby .30-.30. Lenin shot rabbits with it. Loved to shoot rabbits. Imagine shooting rabbits with a .30-.30. Communism in a nutshell."

He stood and me too, right with him. Then he swung the barrel up onto the sash. It poked out toward Barce's mountain.

"I'd best be going," I said.

Early cheeked the thing and slid it this way and that. He bumped it right over the metal window lock and scraped it to the side. Just like some asshole shooting metal ducks. But it was in my way.

"Excuse me, sir," I said.

"He loves the girl but cannot bring himself to do the honest thing."

"You're standing in my way, sir," I said.

"Stop sirring me, Jack. Anyway, you don't know that."

"But I feel it," I said.

"Right. He sees it feelingly. There's only one way for you to find out, but you're irresolute."

"Don't mix booze and guns," I said.

"Don't tell me—Hemingway."

"No, that's mine."

He laughed and bit his lip, looking outside. Such good teeth, square and white, strong. A politician must have good teeth. That's why Whittaker Chambers was such a terrible character, bad teeth. I felt myself slowly dissolving and drank down a lot of the whiskey. He dragged the barrel back along the window, bumping over the lock again.

I bent to go under the gun, and he jerked his arms.

"I know when a piece is loaded," he said, and then it went off.

The sound was so big I thought it would blow the house apart, and the recoil pushed Early back onto the bed. The gun thudded to the floor. It hit stock down, and from between the boards little pieces of dust jumped up. Even after things stopped moving, the sound kept filling the room. It squeezed out everything, a giant steel ball, hollow but expanding.

"Missed you," he said.

His voice was like a wire voice, the sound a wire makes. He reached for his glass. And this time no cat tongue, either; he bit into the drink.

I got the gun. I stood it back in the corner. I even put the sweater on it. I was trying to get shit back the way it had been, like a cover-up. No one ever says so, but a cover-up is the most natural thing in the world. Everyone covers up. Dogs cover up. Animals. It's something you do automatically. Then people say it's the biggest crime.

"See, in olden days, Jack, a man didn't dither," Early said. "That's my sermon this morning."

Well, it wasn't morning, that was bullshit.

"I better go," I said.

"Oh, hell, I've gone and bored you"—and he did the knot on his robe, just like old times. "Well, now you know what's what."

WE SHOOK HANDS, WITH HIM SITTING there. His hand was thin and sweaty. Our eyes met and everything was different. It came to me that he liked me.

"Good-bye, Early."

"Bye now, Jack."

Out the window all the sheep had run but one. It was down and kept getting up. It looked the same as all the other dirty sheep except it was trembling and it couldn't do anything with one leg. It stood up and calmly fell over. Then it jumped up on its front legs and tried to run and, bingo, over again.

"There's a sheep down," I said.

"Don't fun me, Jack."

Early stood up and looked. I glimpsed the whites of his eyes; he might have been scared.

"Egad, and I only meant to wing you," he said. He put his hand on my shoulder, nicely almost, and walked me to the door.

"Listen, talk to Doyle," he said. "Doyle's a pro. He'll call the veterinarian. Don't ever pronounce that syllable. The *r* is silent. Vet-a-narian. Like February."

I laughed. "Okay."

"Only city slickers say vet-er-inarian," he said. "Rene knows where to find a vet. Last time this happened we had to go halfway to Penn Yan to find a chop-chop in the middle of the night."

He made a chopping motion with his hand. I wondered if that was when Barce shot his wife.

We went into the hall together like old friends. Early was calm, relaxed.

"Yeah, Mr. Tharp. Comes to spend the weekend in his new clothes. Someday I'll show you what he sent me. I call him the ape."

I started down the stairs, and he gave me a squeeze on the shoulder.

"You know, it's never becoming to put yourself down."

"I guess," I said.

"That business about being clever or smart?" he said. "You should show a little loyalty to yourself."

"Thanks," I said, and went down the stairs.

"Don't ever try and play another fella's hand."

IT WAS BULLSHIT ABOUT THE VET, A VET COULDN'T HAVE done anything. I went out there with James, and the sheep was in shock or something. There was a red blush of blood on its side; it had come out through the filthy fur slowly, the fleece, which is where that whole expression comes from, getting fleeced. Also the golden fleece, same thing. Its round black eye looked right through you. For a minute we had the dilemma, do we put it out of its misery, but then it didn't matter, the sheep died. I think it was scared to death. We scared it just standing there.

I said not to tell Burry, and James agreed. I went in to take a nap, and lying in bed I heard James's cool voice under the trees, handling things.

Then the sound of the barn door grinding open on its rusted wheel track. Later, a rattling when someone lazy brought out a shovel, letting its blade drag over the gravel.

And later still, the squeak of the wheelbarrow. A circular squeak. A squeak every time the wheel went round, crossing the boards over the creek. Cover-up. Cover-up. Cover-up.

When I opened my eyes again it was dark. For a second I thought I'd dreamed all that with Early and I was disappointed, I wanted it to have really happened.

Then outside my window there were voices, and I got up and you could see the farmer, a beefy guy with his arm on top of the cab of his pickup truck, and reddish-golden hair in ringlets.

James was talking to him. Barce was out there, too. The sheep was in the back of the guy's truck. It lay on the ridged metal bed, flat and stiff, and on the side that was up you couldn't see any blood.

IT'S NUTS, BUT THAT NIGHT WE HAD LAMB for dinner. We had a fall meal. The cook made scalloped potatoes and roast fennel and leg of lamb, and it was excellent. No one said anything except Barce. He made a joke about suffer the lamb. There were only eight of us at the table now; I was in the in crowd and halfway comfortable. I called Rene Rene, and he called me Jack.

After dinner we had a bonfire in a gully. The guys that prune and work Rene's acreage had piled old trees in a hollow, and the fire went way into the sky. I thought I could tell my mom about it. She loves storybook shit like that. But where could I begin? I couldn't. I had kept so many secrets from her.

Rene passed around a bottle of cognac and Burry sang. She had a great voice I'd never really heard before. She sang old blues songs, and when she didn't know the words she would just croon nonsense.

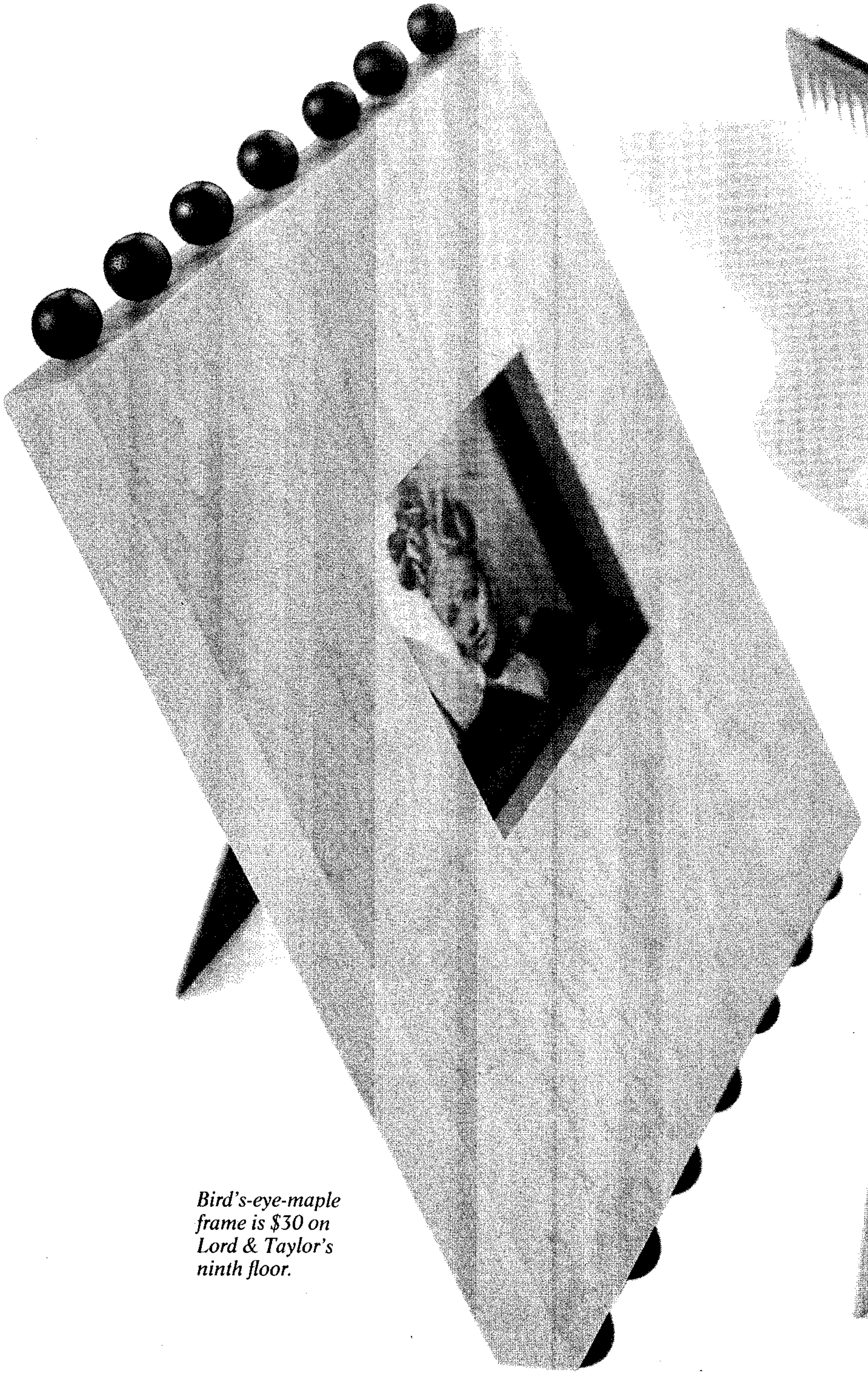
She laid her hands flat on the front of her hips and gave the littlest shakes from side to side. The fire hadn't died back much when we went in to bed. ■

BEST BETS

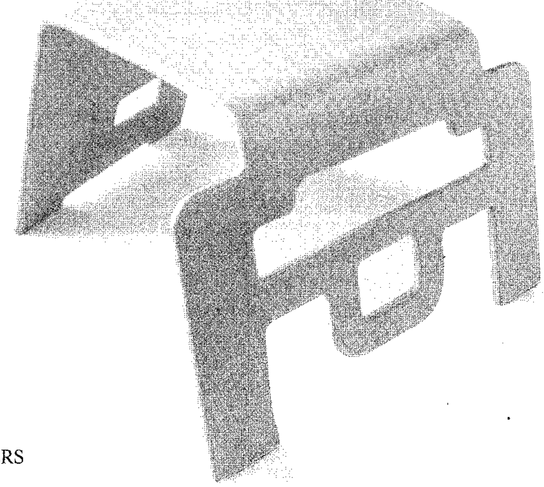
BY CORKY POLLAN

After all the holiday flash, these natural blonds seem refreshingly spare.

Comb is $12 at Mxyplyzyk (125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street; 989-4300), and magnifying glass is $48 at the Museum of Modern Art Design Store (44 West 53rd Street; 708-9888).



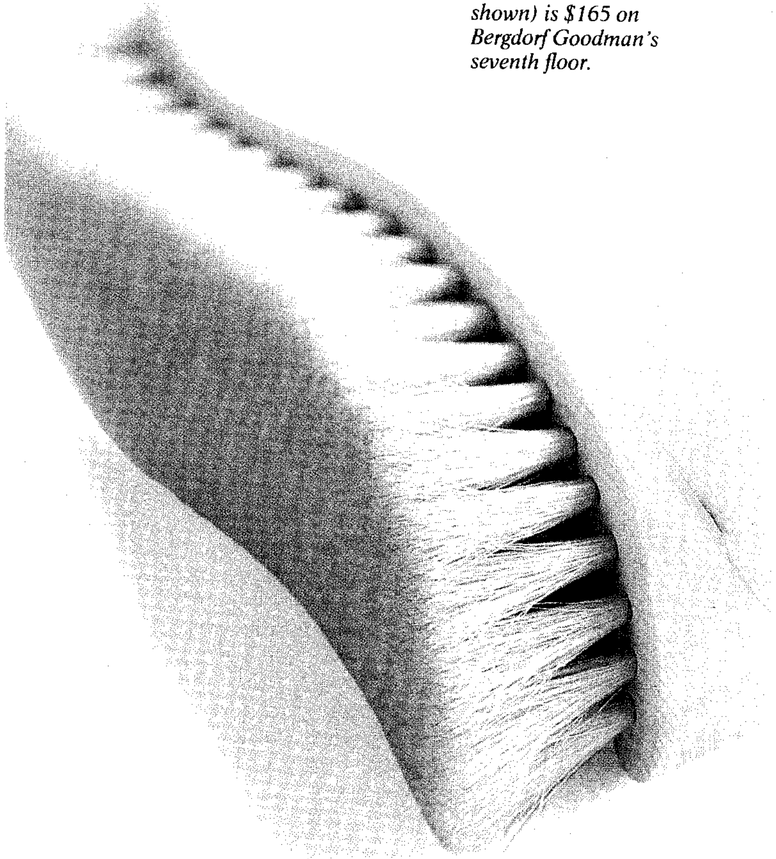
Bird's-eye-maple frame is $30 on Lord & Taylor's ninth floor.



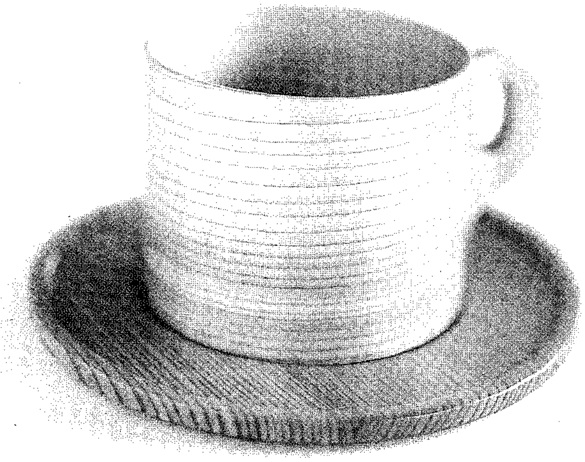
Kin-der-Link bent-plywood child's stool is $75 at the Children's General Store (2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street; 580-2723) and Portico Kids (1167 Madison Avenue, near 86th Street; 717-1963).

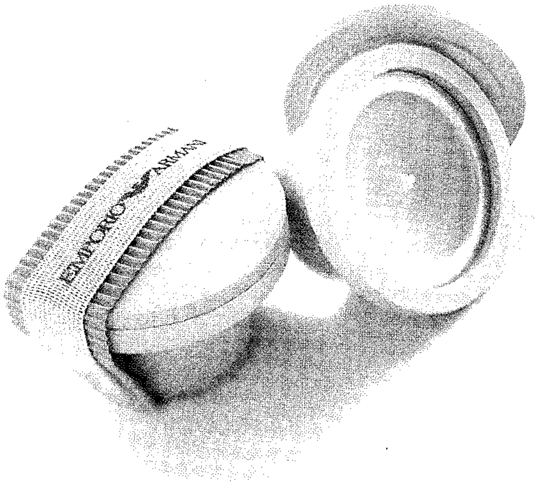
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENTL & HYERS
FOR NEW YORK

Maple back brush in wooden box (not shown) is $165 on Bergdorf Goodman's seventh floor.



Japanese cedar cup and saucer are $55 at the Museum Design Shop at the Cooper-Hewitt (2 East 91st Street; 860-6878).





Candles in maple holders are $85 for three at Emporio Armani (110 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street; 727-3240).

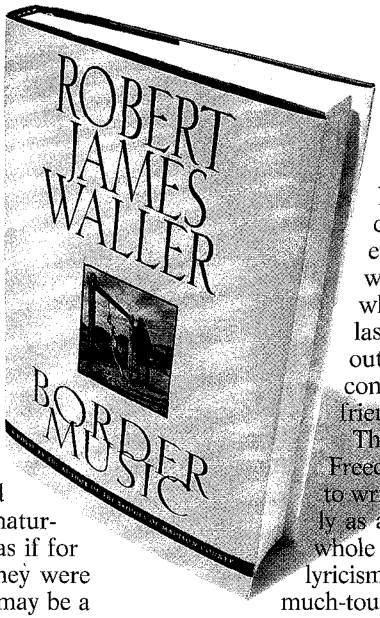
Olly Tango bent-plywood-and-chromium-plated-metal stacking chair by Philippe Starck is $295 at Modern Age (121 Greene Street; 477-2224).

Liberace Lit

Robert James Waller, creator of the famous Bridges books and now of 'Border Music,' is a courtly American huckster, singing an ersatz heartland serenade.

Border Music

BY ROBERT JAMES WALLER
Warner Books; 256 pages; $17.95



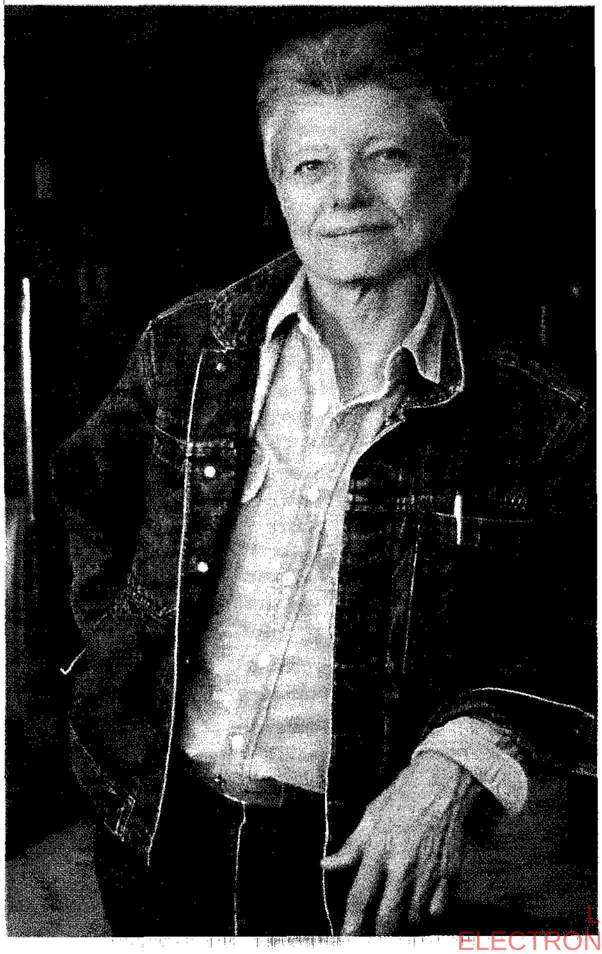
ROBERT JAMES WALLER IS A WAL-MART troubadour, a denim Liberace. He roams the back roads of the minivan heartland, a fey singing cowboy luring lonesome ladies across the suburban plains. In his best-selling novels *The Bridges of Madison County, Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend,* and now *Border Music,* he displays that most lucrative of male endowments, gigolo cunning, a true-blue grifter's heart. In the manner of carnival barkers and drag queens, he's phony on so many levels, he's for real, and the secret of his appeal is a sincerity that only natural-born con men can muster. To utter clichés as if for the first time and repeat age-old tales as if they were one's own requires a shamelessness that itself may be a kind of genius. In Waller, as in the Gingrich Republicans, the corrupt old romantic myths are new again—innocence renewed through travesty. He's a courtly American huckster singing a recycled serenade.

High awfulness is Waller's specialty, and *Border Music* is by far his most loftily awful book of all. Its badness is comprehensive and uncompromising, resulting in a singular cultural artifact. A description of a black New Orleans call girl gives offense in every manner conceivable—linguistically, politically, historically—and the reader can only respond with admiration: "Her skin was smooth and pure . . . running straight and true out of Olduvai. . . . Rhomer knew she would taste and smell of Africa and chains and long marches to misery ships that sailed for de land of cotton when old times past were still in progress." At times, the prose is so lazy and overreaching it becomes a kind of homespun Dada. "He stared at the spoon as if it were a talisman, as if he were making ready for a trancelike state that would lift him high and far into realms distant from the blather enveloping him, into places where people were current with what was obviously good and lasting and meaningful, far from outworn tradition and into the contemporary world he and his friends inhabited."

This is the very music of illiteracy. Freed by guaranteed best-sellerdom to write as poorly yet self-importantly as a person can, Waller conquers whole new realms of wrongheaded lyricism and off-key poetry. Despite his much-touted Iowa roots, his feeling for rural American idioms couldn't be more awkward: "The manager was a bag of poultry guts himself, like somethin' out of a real bad movie." His characters speak a strange American pidgin language, part Huck Finn, part Gabby Hayes, part ignorance: "From that caboodle came the bandit you're presently travelin' with, so you might say my past is a little checkered, not only in this life, but also back down the bloodlines."

The speaker here, *Border Music*'s rambling hero, is Texas Jack Carmine, "rider of the summer roads, traveler of the far places." Waller pads Jack's romantic résumé with every credential known to country music. He drives a pickup, listens to Haggard and Buffett, and earns a living following the wheat harvest and laying pipe. He refuses to wear a watch—just doesn't like the things—which makes him, we're told, a successor to Thoreau. "He'd thought once or twice about joining up with the armies of conformity, then reconsidered and went on being a seldom hombre, dancing to some other song," writes Waller, showing an uncanny knack for scrambled allusions and blurry, double-exposure clichés. We're hardly surprised to learn that Texas Jack's a Vietnam vet who's seen and done things he doesn't like to talk about—scary things involving babies and razor wire.

Post-traumatic stress is just part of what makes Jack a real man. Waller's books are modern guides to chivalry, cataloguing the attitudes and attributes of nineties American-grain masculinity. The ideal is the gentle brute, the hardened poet, and Waller breaks off for idiotic lectures on the sexual wisdom of such men: "It is important to understand women as more than simple variations on a theme. They are, in moments of undress and passion, quite different in kind. . . . The male must be attuned to all of this. . . ." He should also carry a roll—hard cash, not plastic—and drink long-neck beers and be frank about his hard-ons. "I think I better sit down, if you don't mind. . . . There's certain involuntary



Robert James Waller is deceptively trendy, a crude but self-conscious literary stylist: He brings Harvard techniques to a Harlequin audience.

Photographs: top, Monica Buck; bottom, Keri Pickett/*People Weekly.*

aspects to being a man sometimes, some parts kinda takin' on a life of their own."

The woman in *Border Music* is a struggling single mother and part-time stripper, Linda Lobo. Jack calls her "dancin' lady," which she supposedly likes. She has a body "for which you'd ride the long freights home" and "high cheekbones and nice lips, reminding him vaguely of how the actress Barbara Hershey looked in her salad days, back when she was doing *Boxcar Bertha* and other antisocial gems Jack liked." Without this casting note, readers would be lost; Waller's women are fuzzy, indistinct, while his men are fetishistically specific, down to their scars and brand of cigarette lighter. In Waller World, males are the real love objects, females just blobs of wax for their hard imprints.

Jack and Linda get it on. Between Waller's ruminations on conformity, that's what happens in *Border Music.* The hot bumpkins frolic in a hot tub, in motel rooms, and out in the woods. This is treated as crazy, way-out stuff, as legendary abandon. Apparently, heterosexual mating is such a rare and/or bleak occurrence these days that a few euphemistic scenes of robust coupling are all it takes to lubricate the book-buying public. Indeed, the poverty of our national fantasy life is hard to ignore when pondering Waller's fame. No one ever went broke underestimating the sexual satisfaction of the American people, and Waller, who underestimates it most, is getting positively rich. In *Bridges,* he fashioned an entire book around a drab adultery that was only indirectly described. Never in publishing history has a romance writer gone farther faster with fewer dirty parts.

Waller is deceptively trendy, a crude but self-conscious literary stylist who's closer to Roth than to Twain. He's a postmodernist for the masses, familiar with the narrative tricks of metafiction. He brings Harvard techniques to a Harlequin readership. His stories purport to be true and are built from simulated "texts": song lyrics, interviews, diary entries. They're works of (bad) art about making (bad) works of art. In *Bridges,* the hero was a photographer on assignment. Through his lens he saw the heroine, and through his pictures she saw him. In *Border Music,* the story of Texas Jack is framed by the stories of Vaughn Rhomer, a mild-mannered relative who fantasizes about being Texas Jack and thus stands in for the reader, and a musician named Bobby McGregor who has written a song called "Last Waltz for Texas Jack."

Perhaps the secret of Waller's appeal lies in his sophistication. Newt Gingrich is an ironic gloss on the political bosses of old. He enjoys playing the role, and much of his power comes from knowing it *is* a role. Waller, the postmodern singing cowboy, is an honest fake, too. ▬

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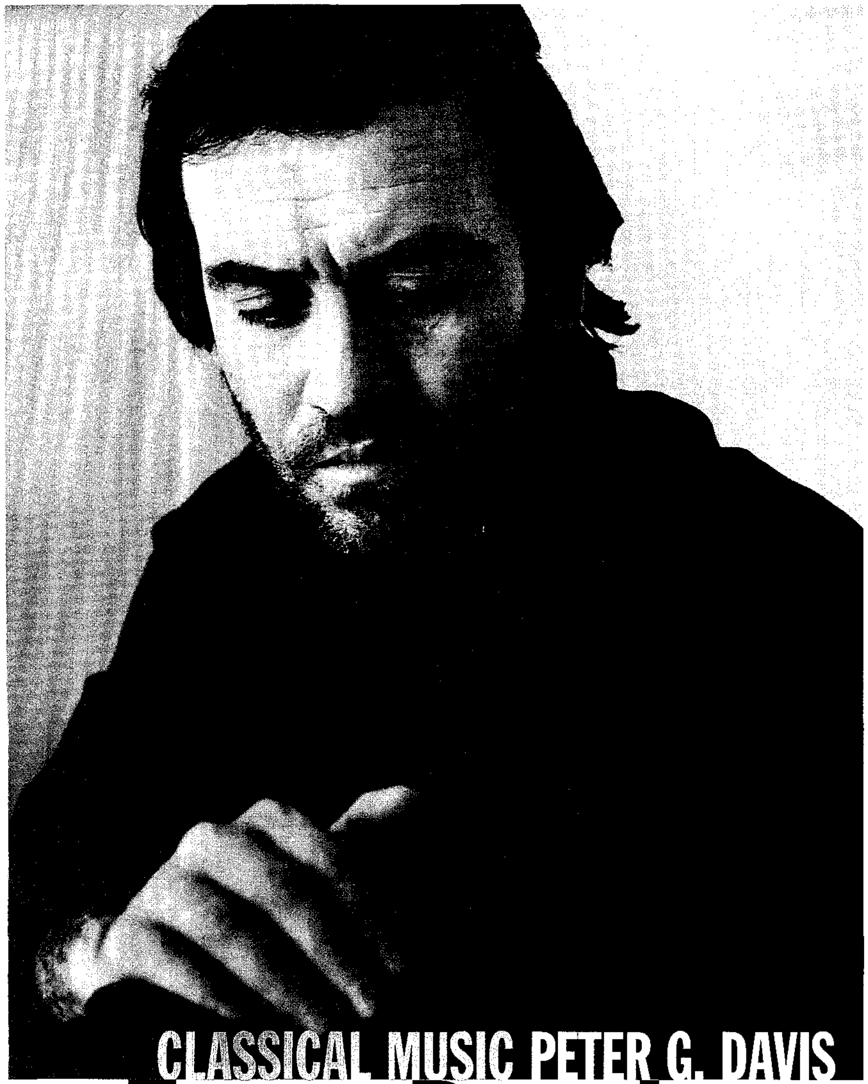

All around the town: Next month, Gergiev will conduct the Kirov Opera at BAM; then he'll lead a series of New York Philharmonic concerts.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

From Russia, With Flair

New York hungers for the kind of musical glamour Valery Gergiev dispenses.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE COME, AND THEY CLEARLY mean to stay. Ever since the collapse of the Soviet Union added to the gaiety of nations in 1990, droves of Eastern-bloc musicians have traveled west in hopes of plenty, economic as much as artistic, and the influx continues. This week's musical events in New York are somewhat atypical in that only two of the major ones showcase prime Russian talent. On January 19, the former star baritone of St. Petersburg's Kirov Opera, **Vladimir Chernov,** sings the title role in the Metropolitan's new production of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra.* Three days later, one of today's more interesting pianist-conductor ambidexters comes to town: **Mikhail Pletnev,** who leads two concerts in Avery Fisher Hall with the recently formed Russian National Orchestra.

Among the many other prominent Slavic visitors expected to be with us in weeks to come, none is busier, starrier, or more heavily promoted than **Valery Gergiev,** artistic director and chief conductor of the Kirov Opera. At the end of February, Gergiev arrives at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with his entire opera company in tow to preside over four performances of Rimsky-Korsakov's mystical spectacle, *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maiden Fevronia,* a production already seen in numerous European cities. During the same week, he will somehow prepare and conduct four concerts with the New York Philharmonic. March 4 should be especially frantic, with a matinee of *Kitezh* at BAM, followed that evening by an all-Russian program with the Philharmonic. Gergiev, one suspects, won't even sweat.

Actually, Gergiev's Western invasion with the Kirov was first orchestrated and set into motion in 1988, two years before the Soviet Union dissolved. And just as well, too, considering the conductor-impresario's complex agenda—made possible largely by Western corporate support, co-production deals with European opera companies, and media agreements to record and film his work. Although Gergiev has organized his forces to function mainly as a touring outfit (New York last saw them in 1992), the Kirov returns home each June to present its "Stars of the White Nights," ambitious festivals of operas by Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Prokofiev that have become one of St. Petersburg's biggest tourist attractions. On his own, Gergiev has also found time to guest-conduct orchestras throughout Europe and the United States, and last season he made a rapturously received Met debut leading a new production of *Otello.*

Nowhere is Gergiev more admired than in New York—indeed, the city positively hungers for the kind of cosmopolitan musical glamour he dispenses with such ease and flair. Word around town has it that the Met would be delighted to make a more permanent arrangement with a young (41) conductor so popular, outgoing, telegenic, and savvy about the inner workings of opera houses—provided, of course, that James Levine could one day be diplomatically eased into a post with an important orchestra (the Boston Symphony has been whispered as a possibility, when and if Seiji Ozawa ever decides to move on).

While impatiently waiting for Gergiev, we can still sample his work on a fast-growing series of CDs and videodiscs from Philips. Complete performances of Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* and Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* are available on video, and anyone who has ever seen these productions with the Kirov at home or on tour will know that both are well worth seeing again. For an even more entertaining overview of Gergiev and his company, I can recommend *Welcome Back, St. Petersburg* (Philips 070 259-1), an evening-long concert of opera and ballet presented at London's Covent Garden in 1992. Several featured singers are well known hereabouts—Galina Gorchakova, Olga Borodina, Maria Guleghina, Ge-

Photographs: top, Peter Mountain; bottom, Valentin M. Baranovksy.

gam Grigorian—and they are heard to excellent effect in an interesting mix of familiar and rarely seen Russian operas.

The real star of the Kirov, though, is the orchestra, a more lustrous and warmly textured ensemble than its virtuoso counterpart at the Met but just as instrumentally accomplished. Last fall, Gergiev led a stunning Carnegie Hall concert capped by Rachmaninoff's *Second Symphony*, an expansive yet carefully nuanced performance duplicated on a new Philips compact disc (438 864-2). The orchestra also makes a gorgeous sound playing the glittery tapestry fashioned by Rimsky-Korsakov for his musical fairy tale, *Sadko*, the latest complete opera to appear on CD (Philips 442 138-2). Unfortunately the singing is undistinguished—apparently the Kirov has already lost many of its best artists to the West, where they are busily performing for higher fees. Russian singers from a previous generation never had that option, as I was reminded when comparing the Kirov's *Sadko* with the classic early-fifties recording from the Bolshoi, just reissued by Arlecchino. Back then, there were some magnificent voices seldom if ever heard past the Iron Curtain; when the likes of Mark Reisen, Ivan Kozlovsky, and Pavel Lisitsian step forward to sing their cameo star turns, today's Kirov singers just can't compete.

MUCH AS I ADMIRE THE WORK OF THE **New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players,** I couldn't face the prospect of what Steve Allen might do to the title role of *The Mikado*. And according to a reliable report, that entertainment factotum did manage to inflict a fair amount of damage during NYGASP's annual visit to Symphony Space. I did, however, catch the company's other production—*Princess Ida*, which returns to the repertory this weekend—and all Savoyards are urged to hurry uptown to Broadway and 95th Street and see it for themselves. One of the more rarely produced G&S operettas, it shows the pair at their wittiest and most inventive, and the performance is sheer bliss.

Women's education may no longer be ripe for satire, but the larger theme here—militant feminism versus male chauvinism—is still very fair game, especially in this deliciously absurd Gilbertian plot with three lovesick lads in drag invading Princess Ida's starchy finishing school. Taking his cue from the medieval setting, Sullivan wrote an unusually refined score with its enchanting archaisms and heroic music for Ida, positively operatic in its emotional range and vocal demands. With her strong, shining soprano and keen sense of the ridiculous, Lynne Vardaman is exceptional in the title role, but the entire cast never makes a false move. That's no surprise, since the production is once again designed, directed, and conducted by NYGASP founder Albert Bergeret, who continues to keep these evergreen operettas looking and sounding fresh year after year. ■

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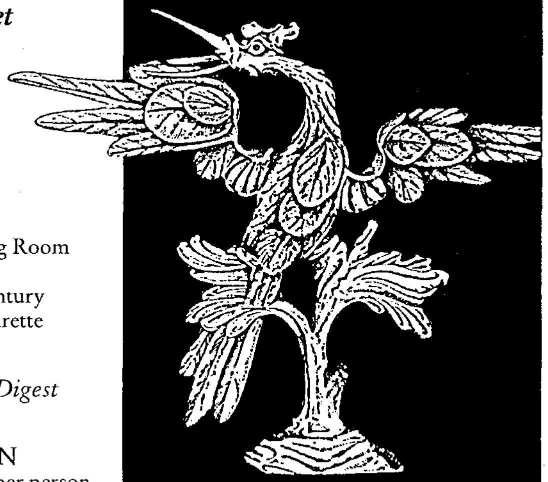

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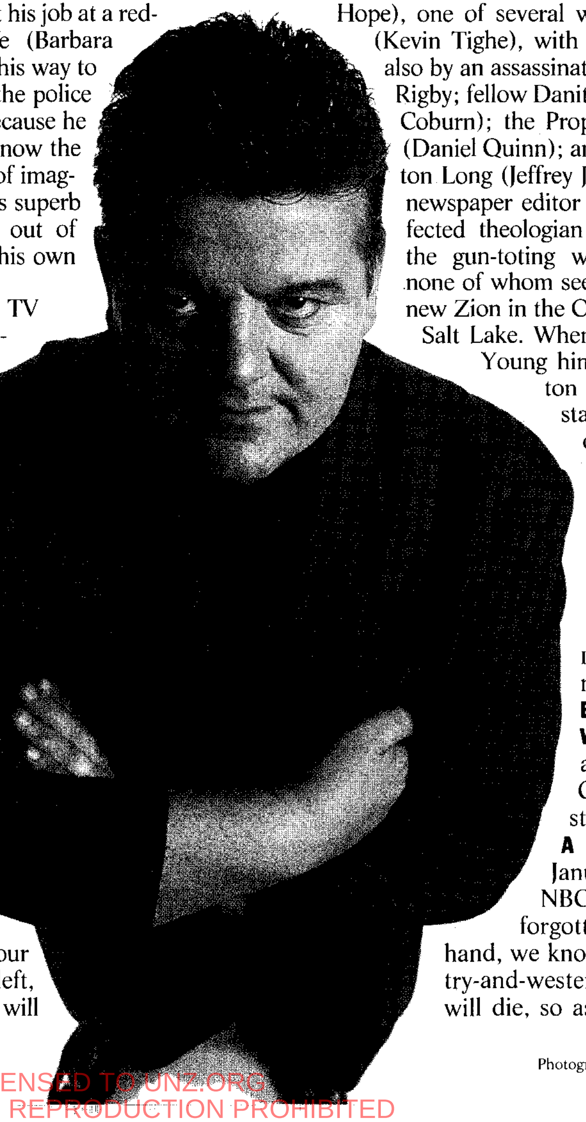
Somebody to Love

'Cracker' looks not only into the lower depths of disaffection in a Thatcherite pall but also into the politics of soccer.

ALL ALBIE KINSELLA WANTS, ON THE WAY HOME from his factory shift, is a copy of *The Guardian* and a pack of cigarettes. But he is short several pence. And the bus-stop tobacconist, a Pakistani, refuses to extend him this small credit. And so Albie, who has recently lost his wife and child to divorce and his father to the grave, returns to his dreary flat, shaves his head, looks in the mirror like a Munch about to scream, and, with the murder of the tobacconist, launches a career of terror that the tabloids and the telly will blame on neo-Nazi skinheads.

That's the setup for **To Be a Somebody** (Tuesday, January 17; 9 P.M. to midnight; A&E), the fourth "Cracker" movie to reach these cable shores from Granada, and the best. Though each has a different director, all are written by Jimmy McGovern specifically for Robbie Coltrane as the "Cracker," Eddie Fitzgerald, a forensic psychologist so self-destructive—overweight, alcoholic, chain-smoking, a compulsive gambler—that he's lost his job at a red-brick university, driven his wife (Barbara Flynn) out of the house, and is on his way to a heart attack. If Fitz is useful to the police on occasions of lurid crime, it's because he has only to look in his mirror to know the worst about our species. Capable of imagining any monstrous behavior, he's superb at interrogation. Like a Samson out of Freud, he stands in the rubble of his own intelligence.

Reluctantly, after a threat to a TV journalist and the murder of another psychologist who's been dreaming up fanciful "profiles" of the killer, the police consult Fitz. Reluctantly, because DCI Bilborough (Christopher Eccleston) doesn't like him and DS Penhaligon (Geraldine Sommerville) is, masochistically, in love with him. But Fitz can at least be counted on to wonder about a "skinhead" who reads *The Guardian*. And we're off on an inquiry not only into the lower depths of disaffection in a Thatcherite pall but also into white working-class consciousness, the decline of the Labour Party, the history of the British left, and the politics of soccer. (You will never again cluck complacently at the news of a riot after a football match between Liverpool and Manchester.) As Albie, Robert Carlyle astonishes. He has listened to Mozart, and he has read Marx, and he mails bombs. He is every bit as complicated as any radical Luddite to be discovered in the pages of E. P. Thompson. And in Fitz, he meets a death wish equal to his own, like those feverish Doubles who show up in Conrad and Dostoyevsky.



This page: Robbie Coltrane as "Cracker." Opposite: Coltrane and Geraldine Sommerville.

To my knowledge the very first Mormon Western/TV Movie/Thriller, **The Avenging Angel** (Sunday, January 22, and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) is this week's hoot. Tom Berenger as Miles Utley, a "Danite" pledged to protect at any cost the life of Brigham Young, his Prophet, is less ridiculous in cowboy garb than he was running around in a loincloth in the Brazilian rain forest in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord,* but only slightly. His life in the secret service of the Latter-Day Saints is complicated not only by Miranda (Fay Masterson), the Prophet's daughter, with whom he is having an affair, and by Eliza (Leslie Hope), one of several wives of Benjamin Rigby (Kevin Tighe), with whom he wants to, but also by an assassination plot that may involve Rigby; fellow Danite Porter Rockwell (James Coburn); the Prophet's own son, Alpheus (Daniel Quinn); and Utley's own chief, Milton Long (Jeffrey Jones)—not to mention a newspaper editor (Andrew Prine), a disaffected theologian (Patrick Gorman), and the gun-toting widow of Joseph Smith, none of whom seems entirely happy in the new Zion in the Old West beside the Great Salt Lake. When I tell you that Brigham Young himself is played by Charlton Heston, you will understand Tom's surrogate-Oedipal problems. Into this shoot-'em-up, the irrepressible producers of *Gettysburg* and *The Cisco Kid* have thrown everything but the Angel Moroni's golden plates.

IN ONE NETWORK SUNDAY movie, **Big Dreams and Broken Hearts: The Dottie West Story** (Sunday, January 22; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), Michele Lee can't stop smiling. In the other, **A Family Divided** (Sunday, January 22; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), Faye Dunaway has forgotten how to. On the other hand, we know in advance that country-and-western singer Dottie West will die, so as we watch Lee make a

Photograph by Sven Arnstein/A&E Network.

spectacle of herself, between cameo appearances by Chet Atkins, Kris Kristofferson, Loretta Lynn, Willie Nelson, Dolly Parton, and Kenny Rogers, we are as full of schadenfreude as a Biloxi jukebox. After Sissy Spacek as Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter* and Jessica Lange as Patsy Cline in *Sweet Dreams,* we may even wonder if this bad trip was really necessary. Whereas Faye's fate is still uncertain even after we are finished with Philip Rosenberg's adaptation of a Judith Henry Wall novel in which a lawyer father (Stephen Collins) tries to protect his golden-boy son (Cameron Bancroft) from the consequences of a college-fraternity gang rape/murder of a high-school waitress, while the boy's mother (Dunaway) looks up from her volunteer work at a shelter for battered women to wonder whether her own family life is as pretty as it has always seemed: "There are two sides to protection," Faye decides. "One person's protected. The other person has the power." Next stop: sisterhood.

A Heart for Olivia (Tuesday, January 17; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) and **Escape From Terror: The Teresa Stamper Story** (Monday, January 23; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) are oddly coincident. *Olivia* is the second in a series of "Before Your Eyes" cinéma-vérités, produced by CBS News and written and directed by Jonathan Klein, in which CBS cameras are invited to sit in from the beginning on a continuing real-life story (no actors, no staging, no "re-creations"), in this case, the gestation and birth of a baby girl with a heart defect that requires a transplant, the transplant operation itself, and the hospital's fight to save the child after she rejects her new heart. Of course, Klein's cameras resort to an artfulness of editing—a cat, a quilt, a butterfly, an EKG, the moon—but we suffer in the company of remarkable people, especially Olivia's mother, Sherrie Maize. We could use a new heart ourselves at the end. Whereas *Teresa* is the second in a series of recycled *Unsolved Mysteries,* in which the TV series celebrates its own success in tracking down a criminal by hiring actors to recreate the original crime—in this case Maria Pitillo as the innocent Oklahoma woman who, disregarding the sage advice of her mother, Cindy Williams, marries a psychopathic Adam Storke, who will first abuse, then stalk, and finally kidnap her. Both films not only raise niggling questions about who exploited whom, but also contribute to a media-abusive agnosticism about reality itself. *Olivia,* however, inspires and wounds; *Teresa* merely preens.

FOR TEN HOURS, **American Cinema** (Monday, January 23 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) looks at movies from more angles than you can shake a Pop Crit theory at—"The Hollywood Style," "The Star," "Romantic Comedy," "The Studio System," "Film Noir," "Film in the Television Age," "The Western," "The Combat Film"—and so on, even unto film schools and the influence of European art cinema. As is to be expected from the folks who gave us *Voices & Visions,* the interviews are exhaustive, the editing exemplary, and the snippets splendid. As is also to be expected, considering the nature of the subject, and in spite of the fact that it's always fun to hear people babble excitedly about the nitty-gritty of their work, the self-regard is stupefying. Not for any of these dozens of writers, directors, actors, cinematographers, scholars, and critics is a particle of the fear and loathing we get in every novel ever written about Hollywood, from Nathanael West and F. Scott Fitzgerald to Bernard Wolfe and Robert Stone. What *American Cinema* needs is Pauline Kael with a sword.

Muscle (Wednesday, January 18; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; Warner/Channel 11), the new Witt-Thomas sitcom set in a New York fitness club, begins its weekly run after last week's hour-long preview. In spite of Michael Boatman, from *China Beach,* as a lawyer addicted to TV talk shows, and knowing references to the likes of Linus Pauling, Robert Frost, and Isaiah Berlin, what *Muscle* is really all about is yuppie scum telling sex jokes. How funny you find these jokes depends on how much time you're willing to spend in the sperm bank with a corrupt lawyer, a corrupt agent, a corrupt therapist, and a cannibal, drinking root beer laced with Valium; and whether or not a conjunction of *lesbian* and *snorkeling* strikes you as witty.

Adam Smith (Thursday, January 19 and 26; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; Channel 13) goes to India for two weeks and is pleased in "From Raj to Riches—The New India" to discover a resurgent capitalism, in spite of sacred cows and retro socialists. He chats with Prime Minister P. V. Narasimha Rao and Finance Minister Manmohan Singh. He finds, in Bangalore, a subcontinental Silicon Valley where all the software programs are written, conveniently, in English. And, wearing a short-sleeved safari jacket with David Halberstam epaulets, he gets his snapshot in front of an elephant. No mention here of communal violence—but we do learn that Pizza Hut has turned the production of Indian tomatoes into big-time agribusiness. ■

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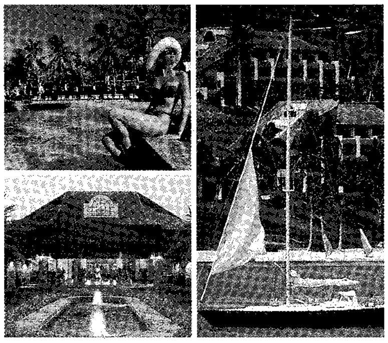

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MORE THAN 2,000 PAIRS OF MEN'S SHOES and boots from current and earlier seasons are on sale at this warehouse, along with a smaller quantity of women's shoes and boots. Men's Italian and bench-made English dress and casual wing tips, captoes, monk straps, penny and tassel loafers, and plain or split-toe oxfords, in natural calf or suede, deerskin, and pebble-textured leathers, were $225–$425, now $90–$190; weatherproof bucks, slip-ons, and oxfords, in oiled suede, calf, and textured leathers with rubber lug soles, were $145–$225, now $58–$135; 40 styles of ankle boots with leather and rubber soles, were $185–$495, now $74–$198; men's classic and fashion-forward designer shoes, were $325–$550, now $99–$220; women's footwear includes calf oxfords, suede loafers, and boots with chunky heels, were $150–$200, now $59. No credit cards; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final. *To Boot Warehouse, 603 Washington St., between Morton and Leroy Sts. (463-0438); Tues.–Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; 1/17–21.*

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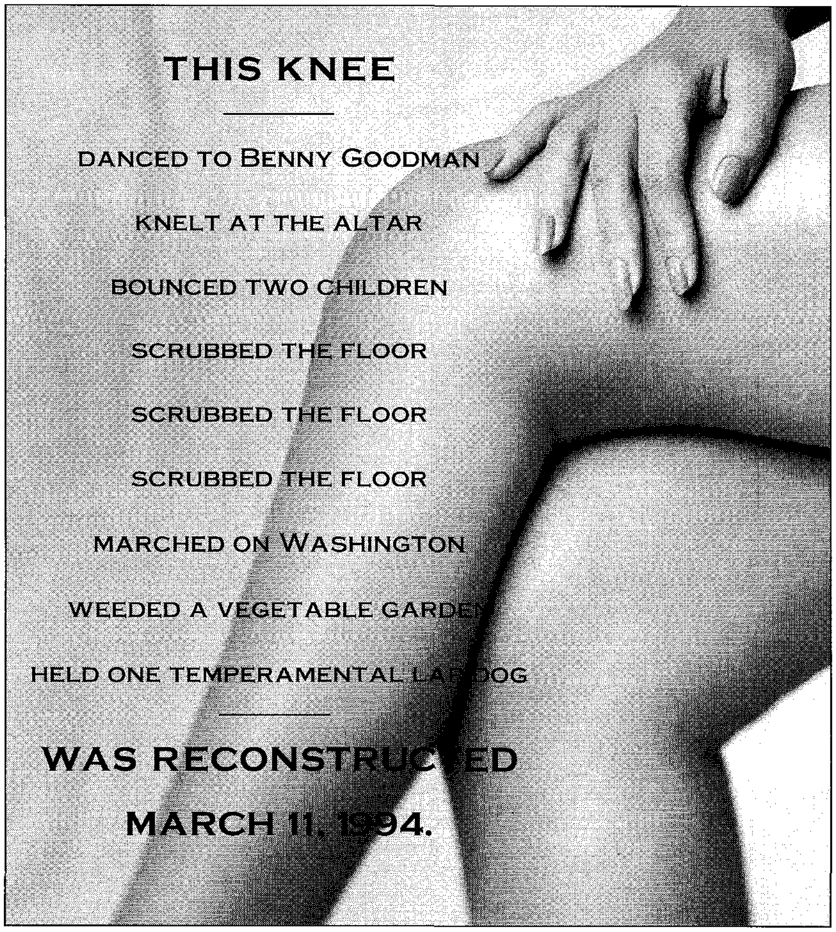

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sizes 30–46, were $69–$89. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; exchanges possible on unaltered merchandise; alterations additional. *Fenwick Clothes, Inc., 85 Fifth Ave., near 16th St., 2nd floor (243-1100); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 2/15.*

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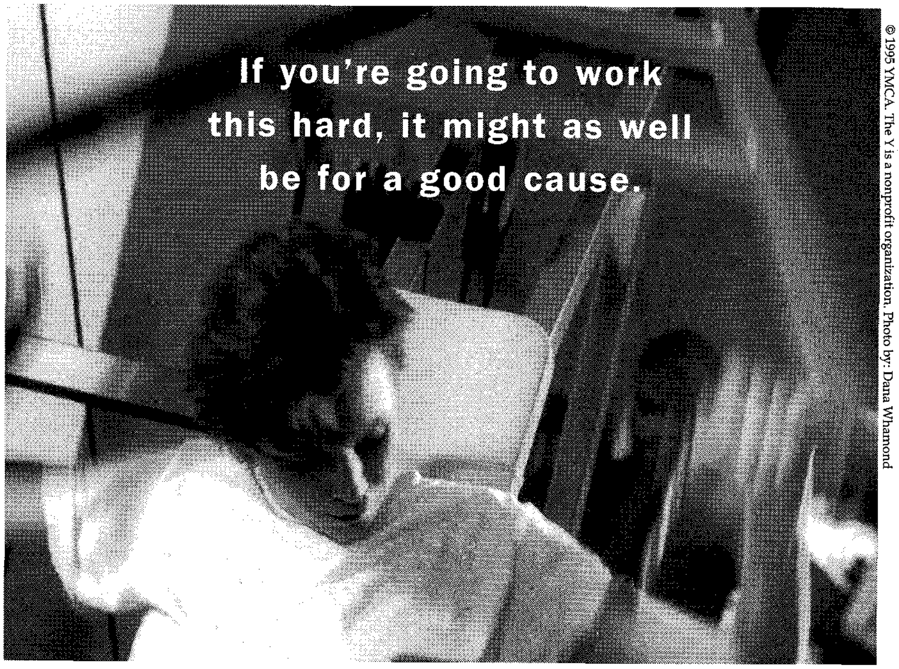
ABOUT 600 FURS AND FUR-TRIMMED GARments are at wholesale prices and below at this sale, including Givenchy one-of-a-kind sample wild-type mink coats in several styles, retail $14,500–$17,500, here $5,499; natural female-mink coats, in ranch, mahogany, and Lunaraine, retail $9,950–$10,950, here $2,299; large (up to size 50) full-cut coats in natural ranch or mahogany female mink, retail $11,500, here $3,299; Russian-sable 7/8-length coat with full swing, retail $35,000, here $12,999; Givenchy Barguzin Russian-sable coat with oversize cape collar, retail $95,000, here $23,999; group of baum- and stone-marten coats, retail $16,500–$18,500, here $3,999; sheared furs, such as charcoal sheared-muskrat coat, retail $4,950, here $1,999; scarlet sheared-beaver swing coat with multicolor fur inserts, retail $8,950, here $3,399; sweeping Italian cashmere coats with Russian-sable trim, retail $6,950–$7,950, here $1,999; pastel-dyed Russian-squirrel 7/8 swing coat, retail $4,500, here $1,499. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; 50 percent deposit required. *Furs by G. Michael Hennessy, 333 Seventh Ave., near 28th St., 5th floor (695-7991); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; 1/20–28.*

Rive Phoenix

THIS WOMEN'S RESALE SHOP IS HAVING A sale on one-of-a-kind used fall and winter designer merchandise in sizes 2–14; all blouses, sweaters, skirts, and pants are now $10, such as Saint Laurent Rive Gauche magenta silk blouse, was $59 here, now $10; Charivari's size 8 tweed pants, were $30 here, now $10; Christian Dior size 10 challis blouse, was $29 here, now $10; Mondi royal-blue pleated wool skirt, size 6, was $49 here, now $10; Ann Taylor cotton cardigan, size S, was $29 here, now $10. All jackets and blazers are $15, such as a size 6 Andrea Jovine teal wool jacket with braid trim, was $49 here, now $15; Yves Saint Laurent size 4/6 wool windbreaker, was $59 here, now $15; all dresses are $20, including Tahari purple coatdress, size 8/10, was $69 here, now $20; Ralph Lauren size 8 black V-back dress, was $89 here, now $30; Adolfo size S black knitted dress with satin ribbon trim, was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Saity Limits

DAVID SAITY IS CLOSING ITS EAST 57TH Street location, and new and antique Native American jewelry is 50–60 percent off, including many one-of-a-kind pieces from the Hopi, Navajo, Zuni, and Santo Domingo tribes. Navajo sterling-silver, coral, and turquoise necklace with single strand of beads, ten squash-blossom pendants, and central Navajo pendant with engraved linear designs, was $2,100, now $840; matching bracelet, was $700, now $350; matching earrings, were $150, now $75; Navajo sterling-silver-and-turquoise necklace with globular silver beads, fourteen blossom pendants, and Navajo pendant made of intricate rosettes, was $2,100, now $840; matching bracelet was $850, now $340; Zuni reversible turquoise-to-coral needlepoint and sterling necklace, was $2,875, now $1,150; matching bracelet, was $1,250, now $500; matching earrings, were $285, now $114. Saity in Trump Tower, which will remain open, is having a 60 percent–off sale of antique and contemporary jewelry from Tibet, India, Nepal, and Africa, handmade from semiprecious stones; exclusive contemporary designs of sterling silver and semiprecious stones such as jet, onyx, malachite, tiger's eye, carnelian, and jasper are also 60 percent off. M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible. *David Saity, 48 E. 57th St. (223-8125); Saity Jewelry, Trump Tower, Level 5, 725 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (223-8125); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Play House

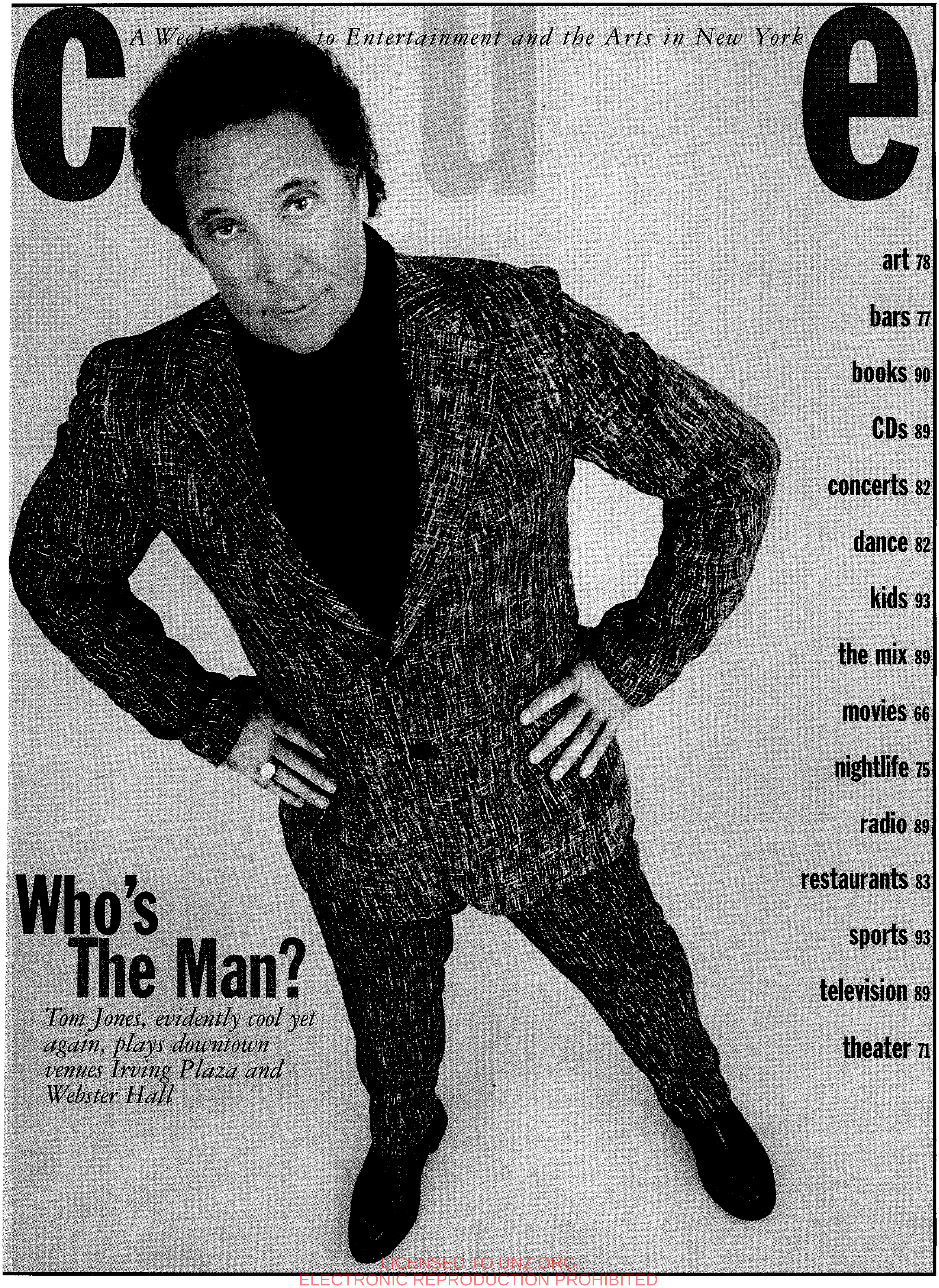
THIS TOY STORE/CHILDREN'S-ACTIVITY CENter on the Upper West Side has famous-name toys on sale at 10–25 percent off, such as Skillcraft human-body models like the Visible Man, were $20, now $15; art kits, including Crayon Factory, Stamp & Color, and Color Kingdom, were $12.99–$20, now 25 percent off; play jewelry sets, were $10, now $7.50; Duplo electric train, was $95, now $71. At 20 percent off are the Playmobil Circus, was $100, now $80; Brio large wooden train set, was $160, now $128; Capsela science kit, was $60, now $52.80; Brio, Lego, Playmobil, Erector sets, and Calico Critters, now 10–15 percent off; all individual purchases $30 and up are 20 percent off. M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Goods & Goodies, 240 W. 98th St., Suite 1-E (749-3360); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Fab Gear

WOMEN'S WORKOUT GEAR. NYC IS TAKING 25 percent off all its women's activewear in winter weights and colors. Sports bras and exercise tops, sizes A–DD, light, medium, medium/high support, and industrial strength, by Champion Jog Bra, Hind Drylete, Gear, Gilda Marx, Norma Kamali, San Francisco City Lights, Massimo, Women's Workout Gear. NYC, and Lily of France, were $21–$35, now $15.75–$26.25; leggings and cropped sweaters of soft cotton by Fashion Fast Fwd., were $42–$46, now $31.50–$34.50; warm leggings and oversize tanks, dresses, shorts, skirts, and tops by Tom Tom, Cotton Stuff, Mikell, Basic Threads, and Life Basics, were $29–$70, now $22–$52.50; aerobicwear and accessories by Gilda Marx, Dance France, Baryshnikov, and Women's Workout Gear. NYC, including Supplex leggings, cotton/Lycra leggings, cotton leotards and unitards, and stockings, were $11.95–$54, now $8.95–$40.50; cold-weather running and walking gear by Moving Comfort and Hind, including windbreakers and Polartec tops, running tights, walking pants, running outfits, were $47–$98, now $35.25–$73.50. M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Women's Workout Gear. NYC, 121 Seventh Ave., near 17th St. (627-1117); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. 1:30–5:30 p.m.; through 1/29.*

Cabinet Fever

THIS LARGE HARDWARE STORE CARRIES A wide selection of Merillat wooden kitchen cabinetry in a number of styles at 50 percent off list prices. For example, in the Bristen style of medium-stained oak, 30-in. single-door base cabinet, list $436, here $218; 18-in.-by-30-in. matching wall cabinet, list $262, here $131; the same in 30-in.-by-30-in., list $398, here $199; 15-in. base cabinet with four drawers, list $358, here $179. Also, wall and floor tiles are now half price: marble tiles, were $3.95 each, now $1.99; vinyl, were 79¢ each, now 40¢; 15–20 percent off all hand and power tools; 10 percent off General Coating exterior and interior paint, latex or oil-based. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; free delivery in the metropolitan area on orders of $50 and over. *C & S Hardware and Plumbing Supply, 788 Amsterdam Ave., near 98th St. (222-8720); Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–3 p.m.; through 3/31.* ■



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Who's The Man?

Tom Jones, evidently cool yet again, plays downtown venues Irving Plaza and Webster Hall

movies

Before the Rain...After Shoah

New Films

Bad Company—Laurence Fishburne is a former CIA operative called upon by the Company to infiltrate a private industrial-espionage group headed by Frank Langella. He's just looking to do his job until the shady operation's second in command (Ellen Barkin) gives him grander—and more profitable—ideas. Directed by Damian Harris. (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy I; Sutton; 86th St. East.*

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair. But it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation.If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art With Chazz Palmenteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 68th St. Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches, shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Cobb—Baseball great Ty Cobb was an ornery bastard, sharpening his spikes before a game so he could do some serious damage when sliding into an opponent, getting into fights with other players at the drop of a hat, cursing, spitting, drinking, hurling racial epithets with venom, and much more. But he *was* great, and that's why his talent is so intriguing to those who expect exceptional skill to be married to exceptional character—or at least human decency. Not the case here, and writer/director Ron Shelton explores the reasons why in this movie about the later years in Cobb's life, when he was a bitter, old man (Tommy Lee Jones) trying to convince a sports writer (Robert Wuhl) to write his biography. (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village East; Gemini Twin.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Revival

He's a Tramp

Musicologist Gillian Anderson discovered the original 1928 score for 'The Circus' at Charlie Chaplin's home in 1992. On January 20, she conducts the Manhattan School of Music Orchestra during a screening of the silent film at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Colonel Chabert—Gerard Dépardieu stars in this epic drama based on the Balzac classic. In a twist on *The Return of Martin Guerre,* Depardieu plays a returning war hero thought dead who finds his wife has remarried. Directed by Yves Angelo. In French. (1 hr. 50 min.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Death and the Maiden—In Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's international theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadistic and ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived: She is physically powerful but flat and unconvincing. She doesn't live inside this Latin woman so much as project an American's rage at the possibility of complete powerlessness. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

★Disclosure—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What's going on—lust or calculation? Moore, aflame or passive, is a proudly humorless actress, a Joan Crawford for the postfeminist age; she has the sense to make use of what's most dislikable in her style—a huffy self-righteousness. Douglas gives his best performance in years; for once, his anger seems firmly planted in a situation, not an aggressive statement ladled on top of it. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Drop Zone—Wesley Snipes goes after some parachuting bad guys in this John Badham movie that failed to snare an audience. (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42.*

Dumb and Dumber—A crude, wallowing-in-the-mud, occasionally very funny comedy about two men who don't have a clue. Nothing works for these guys (Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels). Unlike that other ninny, Forrest Gump, they don't receive love or respect; when they lose, they really *lose,* and they fall all the way into humiliation. With his chipped front tooth, monk's bangs, and sizable jug ears, Carrey bears some resemblance to Moe, the great slobbo of the Three Stooges. Spazzing around the sets, he may also remind you of the young, many-

"Cue" cover photograph by Michael Lavine.

elbowed Jerry Lewis. But Carrey has a physical volatility that is all his own. But Daniels isn't naturally uninhibited, and he projects an actor's dissatisfaction. One senses that he's pushing himself into it; occasionally, his disgust shows. (Denby; 1/16/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Eat Drink Man Woman**—The greatest chef in Taipei, Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung), still grieving over his long-dead wife, busies himself by cooking for his three grown daughters, who live at home. Working with the two screenwriters Hui Ling Wang and James Schamus, director Ang Lee (*The Wedding Banquet*) offers the routine yet mesmerizing anguish of love and romance and filial piety. Every plot development passes through the comic family banquets, a formal device that brings order to flux. *Eat Drink Man Woman* is an abundant yet disciplined work that marks a huge step forward for Lee. (Denby, 8/29/94) (2 hrs. 3 min.; NR) *Worldwide Cinema.*

Fast Trip, Long Drop—New York video maker and activist Gregg Bordowitz has chronicled his life and the changes it's undergone since he tested HIV positive in 1988. Skewers the usual targets (the media, the government, the medical establishment), but proves more embracing when it explores Bordowitz's Jewish heritage, his response to his father's death and a friend's diagnosis of breast cancer, and the evolving shape of the gay community. Paired with *The Darker Side of Black,* an Isaac Julien documentary about hip-hop and dance-hall culture that focuses on the misogyny. homophobia, and glorification of violence so prevalent in those genres. (*Fast Trip* 54 min.; *Darker Side* 50 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th Street*

Federal Hill—Writer-director-producer Michael Corrente makes his feature-film debut with this Scorsesean tale of five young men growing up in an Italian, working-class neighborhood in Providence, Rhode Island. Filled with small-time gangsters and confused kids who don't know what they want, it focuses on Nicky (Anthony De Sando), who falls hard for a college girl, antagonizing his dangerously violent friend, Ralph (Nicholas Turturro). (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinema.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends, who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Film Forum; Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

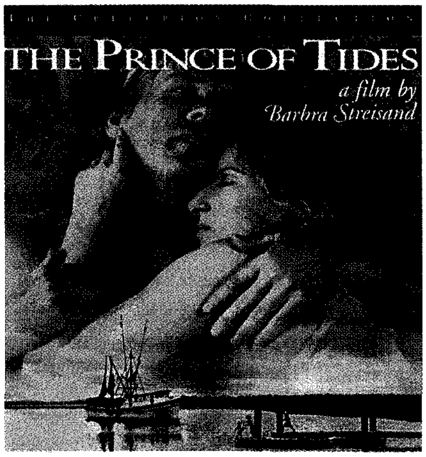
Houseguest—Sinbad undoubtedly hopes Tim Allen and Jim Carrey have set the tone for TV stars jumping to the big screen. His vehicle pairs the comic with Phil Hartman in a nutty, zany tale of a guy evading some loan sharks who impersonates an old friend that Hartman hasn't seen in 25 years. Directed by Randall Miller. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy I; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Immortal Beloved—Beethoven wrote some nice tunes, sure. But the really exciting news is that he was sexy as hell, romanced a string of women, and left his estate to an unnamed "immortal beloved." This movie, starring Gary Oldman as the lover/composer, probes the mystery of who that woman was, centering on several tempting candidates—including Isabella Rossellini and Valerie Golina. Directed by Bernard Rose. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Interview With the Vampire—Perhaps the most expensive and beautiful cult movie of all time—a film of great technical distinction but no dramatic interest whatsoever. Tedious and fairly disgusting, and it would be best to avoid it: Let the undead bury the undead. Directed by Neil Jordan; written by Anne Rice from her novel. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs.; R) *Ziegfeld; Metro.*

Laserdiscs

Barbra Streisand got no respect from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for *The Prince of Tides,* but she gets it here, with the deluxe laserdisc trappings that have become de rigueur for giving movies the heft of a classic. Cliffs Notes in the form of audio commentary, production stills, and background facts are included. The actual movie, a southern yarn about a man coming to terms with his troubled childhood, is also in there somewhere. ($99.95; Criterion.)



I.Q.—The new Fred Schepisi romantic comedy is filled with the kind of awful packaged whimsy—Albert Einstein on the back of a motorcycle and so on—that seemed to have gone out of the movies sometime around 1946. Set at Princeton in the fifties, it turns Einstein and four of his colleagues into harmless old sillies playing Cupid for mathematician Meg Ryan and garage mechanic Tim Robbins, and its message is that "the heart" is more important than "the mind"—an idea forever consoling to people untroubled by much of the latter. It patronizes everybody, intellectual or not, and the movie is so fussily overstructured and unspontaneous that it appears at times to be chucking itself under the chin. (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *UA East.*

Ladybird, Ladybird—Director Ken Loach delivers a wrenching, memorable drama with this story about a single mother trapped in abusive relationships who manages to break free and begin a new life, only to find the government has decided she's unfit and has taken custody of her children. Crissy Rock has already received international praise for her raw and ferocious performance as Maggie. (1 hr. 42 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. With superb performances by Bill Pullman and Peter Berg as two different kinds of helpless sap. Written by Steve Barancik. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Latcho Drom—This documentary about the travails of gypsies throughout Europe is especially memorable for its music, which ranges from centuries-old traditionals to relatively recent songs about the Holocaust and other events. Quietly playing around the country, it has attracted a small but steady audience. Back for one week only. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same. (2 hrs 13 min.; R.) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. East; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, it's about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and the movie is so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. When the girls' much-longed-for father comes home from the Civil War, they hardly seem to notice him. The men are little more than vessels into which the women project their pride, their energy, their idealized feelings. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. At least director Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder as Louisa May Alcott's ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes of *My So-Called Life.* (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Madness of King George**—Achieves that state of theatrical blessedness that lies halfway between farce and tragedy—in this case, between Monty Python and *King Lear.* This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical recreation based on Alan Bennett's play is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne, who played the role onstage for nearly three years, renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. With Rupert Everett as the nasty popinjay the Prince of Wales, Julian Wadham as the manipulative prime minister Pitt the Younger, Ian Holm as a kind of proto-psychoanalyst, and Helen Mirren as the Queen. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé.* With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Plaza; 84th St. Six.*

Murder in the First—The final days of Alcatraz as a prison are illustrated in this true story about Henri

Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading living conditions of the prisoners under the authority of a brutal prison warden (Gary Oldman). A promising cast; director Marc Rocco has the most to gain (and lose) as he attempts to capitalize on the semisuccess of his homeless-teen drama *Where the Day Takes You.* (2 hrs. 2 min; R) *Village East; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermit-like mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson she's her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. They battle it out as Nell tries to go about her business while dealing with these unexpected intruders into her world. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13). *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Regency.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifetime screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set from Thanksgiving to Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart.* He displays a gentle yet steady touch: There's a continuity of mood, an evenness of light, a flow of mordant joking and gossip from one quiet scene to the next. It's a beautifully sustained piece of upstate melancholy. From the novel by Richard Russo. (1/16/95) (2 hrs.; 30 min.; R.) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

Talent

Claude Lanzmann

Documentary filmmaker Claude Lanzmann's examinations of Israel and its people are among the more compelling accomplishments of recent cinema. *Shoah* (1985), his nine-hour film about the Holocaust, snapped up virtually every award in sight and—like *Hoop Dreams*—was bruited about as a possible Best Picture nominee for an Academy Award. Before that came *Why Israel* (1973), a portrait of the young country that debuted at the New York Film Festival only hours after the start of the Yom Kippur War. And now Lanzmann has completed the trilogy of films with the U.S. theatrical premiere of *TSAHAL,* an engrossing five-hour examination of the Israeli Defense Forces that screens at Lincoln Center from January 27 to February 2. While *TSAHAL* inevitably lacks the moral weight of *Shoah,* it's an impressive and engrossing work. Lanzmann (at right in photo) studies the military through endless, probing questions of rank-and-file soldiers, officers, and the Israelis and Arabs they deal with. As in *Shoah,* Lanzmann avoids explicitly posing the big questions, simply asking a veteran how he felt during a particular battle or an air-force recruit how he believes he did in that day's training mission. And Lanzmann finds more insight in a shot of an old soldier tramping through a cemetery than he would in any lurid war footage.

Michael Giltz

★**Pulp Fiction**—An ecstatically entertaining piece of suave mockery by Quentin Tarantino that revels in every manner of pulp flagrancy—murder and betrayal, drugs, sex, and episodes of sardonically distanced sadomasochism—all told in three overlapping tales. It's a very funky, American sort of pop masterpiece, improbable, uproarious, with bright colors and danger and blood right on the surface. With Uma Thurman as the mobster's woman. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 86th St. East; 84th Street Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Ready To Wear—Trivial. Robert Altman's fashion-world bash has the feeling of an egregious social mistake. The sets are awash with familiar faces, and the host, however eager for everyone to enjoy himself, loses track of the ebb and flow of the event. Intrigues high and low spin off into different rooms without adequate resolution; the evening grows incoherent, tedious, and redundant. Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties, *H.E.A.L.T.H. and A Wedding,* it even misses the beauty. It's not particularly well photographed; the images are filmy—blurry and even ugly. With everyone. (2 hr. 12 min.; R.) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet.—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94)(1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Richie Rich—Macaulay Culkin: The final chapter? Well, at least for his childhood roles, since Mac is edging into puberty. No matter; no one will be clamoring for a sequel to this. (1 hr. 30 min; PG) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book—A live-action version of the classic tale. With Jason Scott Lee as the lovable scamp Mowgli, Sam Neill, and Cary Elwes. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG.) *Village East; 23rd Street West; 86th Street East; Columbus Circle.*

Safe Passage—Susan Sarandon is typically earnest as the harried mother of a brood of sons who's on the outs with her husband (Sam Shepherd) and trying to gain a little self-esteem by training to be a social worker. They're all brought together during the Gulf War when they're told the eldest—who serves in the military—might have been in a building that suffered a direct hit. The family spends two days waiting for the good/bad news. A fine cast—including Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Austin, and Jason London—but too earnest by half. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *19th St. East; Crown Gotham; 84th St. Six.*

Sarraounia (1987)—The story of the warrior queen Aznas, who led her people to a brief but glorious victory over the French colonialists taking over her country. A major African epic gaining its first U.S. commercial exposure. In French. (2 hrs.; NR) *Thalia.*

S.F.W.—Made around the same time as *Natural Born Killers* but following it to the screen is this satire of the media and how they create instant heroes and then dispose of them just as abruptly. In this case, instead of serial killers, the telegenic darlings are three hostages held in a convenience store for weeks. Led by Spab (Stephen Dorff), they exhibit a nihilistic, uncaring attitude that brings them nationwide adoration. Written and directed by Jefery Levy. (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Waverly; Criterion; 84th St. Six.*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Village East; Angelika 57.*

Tom and Viv—Willem Dafoe and Miranda Richardson star in the story of the tempestuous relationship between the poet T. S. Eliot and Vivienne Haigh-Wood, a coupling made only more difficult by the horribly misguided and uncaring treatment of Viv by doctors who don't bother to treat "women's" ailments with the same seriousness as those of men. Richardson was named Best Actress by the National Board of Review for her performance. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. The last time Malle, Shawn, and Gregory got together, it was for the memorable *My Dinner With Andre.* 1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; The Madness of King George; Heavenly Creatures; Queen Margot; Clerks; Ready to Wear.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)

Latcho Drom; Fast Trip, Long Drop; The Darker Side of Black.

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Demon Knight.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Hoop Dreams; Ladybird, Ladybird; The Congress of Penguins.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Higher Learning; The Shawshank Redemption; The Lion King; Far From Home.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Vanya on 42nd Street; Hoop Dreams; Red.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Tom and Viv; Camilla; To Live; Pulp Fiction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Cobb; Richie Rich; I.Q.; Houseguest.* Opening 1/20: *Murder in the First.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Little Women; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; Disclosure.* Opening 1/20: *Bad Company.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Demon Knight; Speechless.* Opening 1/20: *S.F.W.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Nell; Disclosure; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; Demon Knight.* Opening 1/20: *Bad Company.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Nell; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Nobody's Fool; Safe Passage; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Ready to Wear.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; I.Q.; Far From Home; Street Fighter.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Legends of the Fall.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; Little Women; I.Q.* Opening 1/20: *Murder in the First.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth (869-8340) *Drop Zone.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Ready To Wear; Dumb and Dumber; Queen Margot.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Forrest Gump.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Disclosure; Star Trek—Generations; Federal Hill; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; The Professional.* Opening 1/20: *Murder in the First; S.F.W.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Safe Passage.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *A Man of No Importance.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Houseguest.* Opening 1/20: *Bad Company.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *I.Q.; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Pulp Fiction.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Speechless.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Legends of the Fall; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Drop Zone; Dumb and Dumber.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Houseguest.* Opening 1/20: *Bad Company.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert; The River Wild; The Specialist; Star Gate; Barcelona; Eat Drink Man Woman; The Swan Princess.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Interview With the Vampire.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Immortal Beloved; Little Women; Pulp Fiction; Richie Rich.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Cobb; Higher Learning.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *I.Q.; Disclosure.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Legends of the Fall; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Little Women; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Disclosure.* Opening 1/20: *Murder in the First.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) at Park *Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Pulp Fiction.* Opening 1/20: *Bad Company.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *I.Q.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Speechless.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Higher Learning; Houseguest; Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Pulp Fiction; Safe Passage.* Opening 1/20: *S.F.W.; Bad Company.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Bullets Over Broadway; Heavenly Creatures; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear.* Opening 1/20: *Strawberry and Chocolate.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th Street (336-5000) *Little Women; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; I.Q.; Colonel Chabert; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; Far From Home.* Opening 1/20: *Murder in the First.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Interview with the Vampire; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Speechless; Richie Rich.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumb and Dumber; Demon Knight.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Demon Knight.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Pulp Fiction; Higher Learning; I.Q.; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Jungle Book; Disclosure; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Speechless.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Higher Learning; Houseguest; Demon Knight; Far From Home; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Dumb and Dumber; Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Disclosure.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Legends of the Fall; Little Women.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Legends of the Fall; Demon Knight; Far From Home; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Pulp Fiction; Disclosure; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Disclosure; I.Q.; Nell; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home; Speechless.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dumb and Dumber; Nell.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Safe Passage; To Live; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Far From Home; Little Women.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Houseguest.*

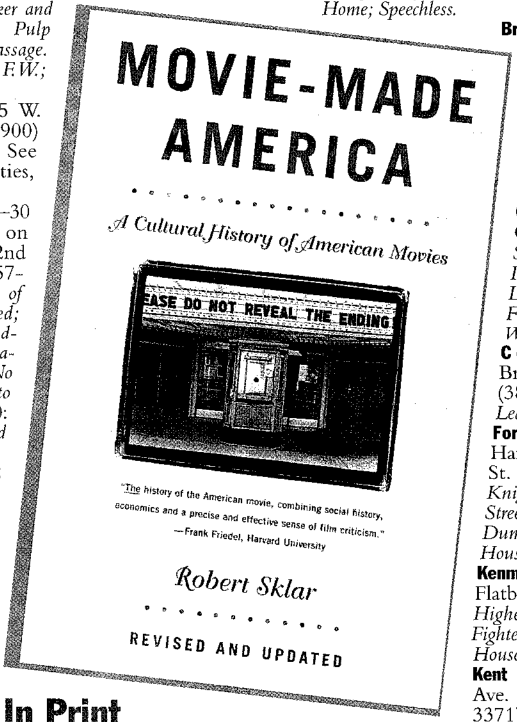
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Houseguest.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Avenue H (338-3371) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Street Fighter; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Disclosure; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; Far from Home.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dumb and Dumber; Legends of the Fall; Far From*


MOVIE-MADE AMERICA
A Cultural History of American Movies
EASE DO NOT REVEAL THE ENDING
"The history of the American movie, combining social history, economics and a precise and effective sense of film criticism." —Frank Friedel, Harvard University
Robert Sklar
REVISED AND UPDATED

In Print

First published in 1975, *Movie-Made America*, by Robert Sklar, is a definitive look at the history and impact of movies. This new version updates the story right up to the nineties, with thumbnail career sketches and lucid analysis. ($20; Vintage.)

Home; Disclosure.

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Houseguest; Street Fighter.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Little Women; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; I.Q.; Speechless; Disclosure; Richie Rich; Far From Home:.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *Nobody's Fool; Houseguest; I.Q.; Jungle Book.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Street Fighter; Disclosure.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Houseguest; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Far From Home; Demon Knight.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Drop Zone; Disclosure.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Immortal Beloved; Nell; Pulp Fiction; Ready To Wear; Speechless; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Disclosure; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Demon Knight; Houseguest; Far From Home; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Drop Zone; Speechless.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumb and Dumber; I.Q.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Immortal Beloved; Demon Knight; Disclosure.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Street Fighter; Higher Learning; Demon Knight.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Nell; Legends of the Fall; Drop Zone; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Houseguest.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Houseguest; Higher Learning.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Nell; Little Women.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nell; Disclosure; Little Women; I. Q.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Houseguest.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Ready to Wear; Disclosure; Richie Rich; I.Q.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Speechless.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Little Women; Dumb and Dumber.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Little Women; Nobody's Fool; Houseguest; Safe Passage; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; I.Q.; Nell; Strteet Fighter.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *I.Q.; Speechless; The Swan Princess.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Demon Knight; Houseguest.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *I.Q.; Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

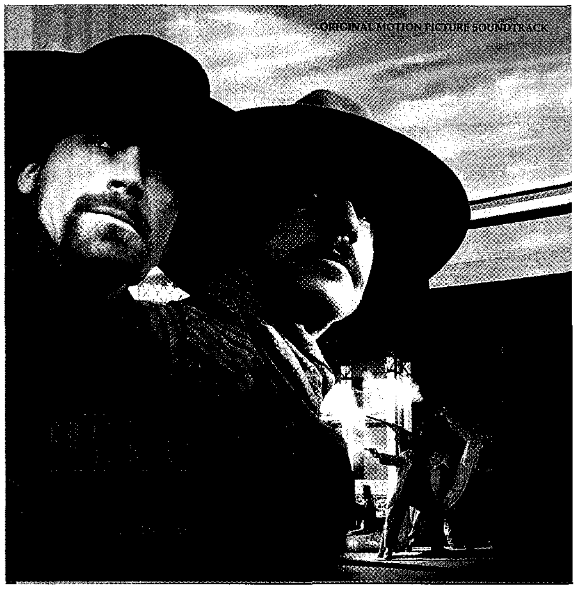
Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *I.Q.; Little Women.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *I.Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Pulp Fiction; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Houseguest.*



Recordings **The movie *Frank and Jesse*, with Bill Paxton and, dubiously, Rob Lowe as the notorious James brothers, is still puttering toward a release date—rarely a good sign. But its score, a spare and brooding piece by orchestrator turned composer Mark McKenzie, is already in stores and sounds promising. ($15.98; Intrada.)**

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Higher Learning; Demon Knight; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Disclosure.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 East Service Rd., at Victory Blvd. (983-9600) *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Nell; Street Fighter; Houseguest.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"True Fiction Pictures: A Hal Hartley Retrospective." Often described as a quirky talent or acquired taste, Hal Hartley is neither. He's simply uniquely funny and sharp-eyed, with great collaborators who give his movies a distinctive visual air that complements Hartley's witty scripts. 1/21: "Close-Up: Acting Hartley Style." A panel discussion with Hartley regulars Martin Donovan, Adrienne Shelley, and Robert Burke, with a screening of his work-in-progress *Flirt;* also, a screening of one of Hartley's favorites, *Local Hero* (1983). 1/22: *Surviving Desire* (1991), a PBS special that is one of his most assured and appealing works. An excellent introduction to his style. Also, a screening of three videos by Rick Groel, whom Hartley admires. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—1/20: "Treasures From the Basement." *The Day San Francisco Burned* and *The Neighboring Shore* (1957), both by Sidney Meyers. *Polanski Meets Macbeth* (1971), by Frank Simon; *The Fire Dancers* and *Zen in Ryoko-in*, by Ruth Stephan. 1/21: *Visual Diary of Yasunori Yamamoto* (1994); eight early films by Rudy Burckhardt, many of them set in New York. 1/22: "New Films From Germany: Avant Garde Films From Lower Saxony," with filmmaker Deborah Phillips in person; five new films by Rudy Burckhardt. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Donnell Media Center—1/19: "Garbage! The Series: Perspectives on Twentieth Century Trash." *At The River I Stand* 1990). 1/24: *The Wiz* (1978). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Forum—Through 1/26: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965). 1/18–2/7: *Mamma Romma* (1962). See also "Movies." 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—1/20: "Films for the Fight: Hollywood in World War II." An evening of clips from classic Hollywood films that were intended to boost morale on the home front (and with the "boys" overseas). Hosted by Robert Osborne, with invited guests including Cliff Robertson and Theresa Wright. Movies that will be excerpted include *Casablanca* (1942), during screenings of which audience members would rise and sing the French national anthem; *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946), which caught the tenor of the times just as the war ended like no other work; *A Guy Named Joe* (1944); *This Land Is Mine* (1943); and that brilliant bit of British propaganda that Hitler recognized the value of, *Mrs. Miniver* (1942). Presumably, they'll show the unspeakably moving closing speech by a local man of the cloth that would make even the most ardent pacifist look for a recruiting office. "Beyond Perestroika: Jews and History in the Global Village." A look at the depiction of Jews in Eastern Europe cinema, with highlights including *Bye Bye America* (1993) on 1/18, 1/21, and 1/24 and *Comrade Stalin's Trip to Africa* (1991) on 1/19, 1/22, and 1/26. "Movies for Kids." *An American Tale* (1986) on 1/21. 1/27–2/2: Claude Lanzmann's *TSAHAL* (1994). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—1/24: *The Music Teacher* (1989). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also its listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Music From the Silent Films," a series of performances by the Manhattan School of Music Orchestra, conducted by Gillian Anderson, provide accompaniment to screenings of classic films. Each show begins with a chamber-music selection. 1/20: Charlie Chaplin's *The Circus* (1928). 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 1/24: "From the Archives: Sidney Gilliat." British screenwriter, producer, and director Gilliat had a broad, populist touch; he was able to collaborate in nifty thrillers with Alfred Hitchcock and turn out nutty working-class comedies with ease. Highlights include *The Belles of St. Trinian's* (1954) on 1/20. It's one of the many films featuring the rowdy, rather ill-mannered girls of a British boarding school that makes *National Lampoon's Animal House* seem tame in comparison. "From the Archives: Burt Lancaster." Highlights include *The Killers* (1946) on 1/19; *Atlantic City* (1980) and *From Here to Eternity* (1953) on 1/22. "Jules Dassin." A look at the great french director, with highlights including *Rififi* (1956) and *Thieves' Highway* (1949) on 1/20; *Night and the City* (1950) on 1/21. Dassin will introduce the evening screenings on 1/20 and 1/21. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2: "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work." TV specials are rarely as innovative and charming as the work Streisand did on CBS in the sixties and early seventies. MT&R covers them all. Through 1/22: *Barbra Streisand and other musical instruments* (1973). Streisand performs with musicians playing virtually every instrument imaginable; highlights include two duets with Ray Charles and the finale, "Concerto for Voice and Appliances," in which she's accompanied by the clanging of kitchen utensils and such. Paired with a 1976 Barbara Walters interview with Streisand and Jon Peters that coincided with the release of *A Star Is Born.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

theater

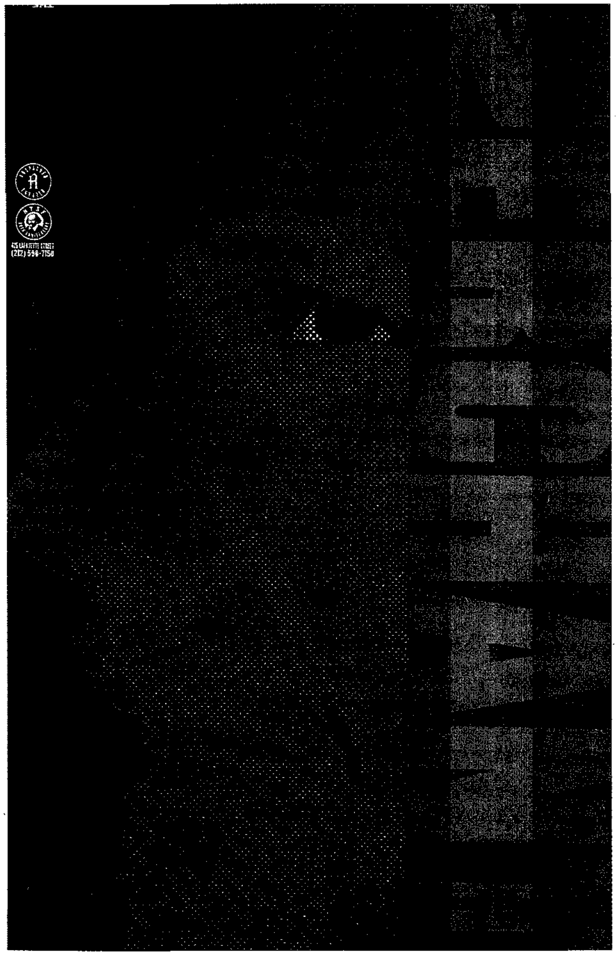
Brian Bedford...*Sugar Bean Sisters*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Love! Valour! Compassion!—A Broadway transfer for Terrence McNally's play about eight men who gather together at a country home over the course of three summer holiday weekends. Sadly, a bid for Broadway even by a commercially successful and critically acclaimed play such as this seems financially risky and foolhardy, since it would have played for months and months where it was. But McNally, undoubtedly, would like a shot at the Tony awards and Broadway would undoubtedly welcome an addition to its total of straight (ahem) plays. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews 1/20; opening 2/14 at 6:45. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 West 48th St. (239-6200).*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. $50. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 1/19, 1/24, 1/26, 2/2, 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. In previews; opening 2/2. Through 3/12. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*



Now Playing

Shylock in America

Tony-winner Ron Leibman follows his spittle-flying, star-making turn as Roy Cohn in 'Angels in America' with a kind of classical analogue: Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' At the Public Theater.

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 West 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thur. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thur. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 West 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. $45–$55. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 West 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 West 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,000th performance, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—An undeniable technical achievement, chock-full of gorgeous scenery and costumes. Davis Gaines plays the Phantom, who haunts the Paris Opera House as mercilessly as Puccini haunts Andrew Lloyd Webber. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetrantly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 West 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. The word about Glenn Close was that, though she couldn't quite sing the role, she certainly could act it, half of which proves true. If opulence is the opium of the masses, the show, should, however, do well, no matter what anyone may say. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19; Karen Mason will play Norma during that period. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 West 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. Winner of five 1993 Tony awards. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. She's also written award-winning material for television and commercial spots for TV and radio. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 1/31. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, West 55th St. between Sixth and Seventh Ave. (581-1212).*

I Sent a Letter to My Love—A musical set in a small town during the fifties, it follows the paths of a brother and sister who try to find romance in the personals column of their local paper. Marks the theatrical debut of singer-composer Melissa Manchester. Book by Jeffrey Sweet; music by Manchester; lyrics by Manchester and Sweet. Directed by Pat Birch. With Bethe Austin, John Hickock, Robert Westenberg, and the incomparable Lynne Wintersteller. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. In previews 1/18; opening 2/8. Through 2/19. *Primary Stages, 354 West 45th St. (333-4052).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—A staging of biblical proportions for the Andrew Lloyd Webber/Tim Rice blockbuster. Fortunately, its score can support a massive prodcution much better than the paper-thin songs of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,* which was souped up a little while ago. With Ted Neeley as Christ, Carl Anderson as Judas, Syureeta Wright as Mary Magdalene, and Dennis DeYoung of Styx as Pilate. Directed and choreographed by Tony Christopher. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. 1/17–1/29. *Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741).*

Talent

Oh, Lucky Guy

Brian Bedford has stumbled into the ideal life for an actor in the theater. Here in New York, he appears in high-profile limited runs (the current double bill of Molière comedies at the Roundabout; *Timon of Athens,* in which he is pictured below); he directs and acts the classics in Stratford, Ontario; he pops into the occasional TV mini-series (*Scarlett*). "You didn't see *Scarlett,* did you?" he laughs. "Nobody I know saw it, and nobody I know read the book. In it, Scarlett is accused of murdering somebody, and I just happen to be the lawyer who defends this woman. So for weeks and weeks I'm sitting there saying, 'Objection, my lord,' and all this sort of stuff and making a tidy sum and, I must say, having a very good time." Bedford's been having fun since arriving in the U.S. three decades ago with a role in *Five Finger Exercise,* Peter Shaffer's first play. Now he's featured in *The School for Husbands* and *The Imaginary Cuckold* at the Roundabout. In *Husbands,* Bedford plays an older man who keeps his female ward under lock and key in hopes of winning her over. "He hasn't a grain of humor, which of course is what makes him funny," says Bedford. And after the draining experience of his Tony-nominated role in *Timon,* doing these comedies "is dessert." When it's pointed out that he's also just referred to working in television as dessert, Bedford, a devoted restaurantgoer, quickly responds, "Well, then, this is dessert at Bouley." MICHAEL GILTZ

The Merchant of Venice—Whether one considers it patently anti-Semitic or simply too richly complex to be fodder for simple-minded debate, it's inarguable that Shakespeare's play provides one of his most challenging and intellectually interesting roles. Taking on Shylock is Ron Leibman, who reached a new career high playing another controversial Jewish figure—Roy Cohn—in *Angels in America.* Directed by Barry Edelstein. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews 1/17; opening 2/5. Through 2/26. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Three women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews; opening 1/19. *WPA Theatre, 519 West 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 West 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thur. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on…well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Through 1/29/95. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

A Doll's Life—A newly revised version of the musical sequel to Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House.* Basically, it imagines what happened after Nora (Jill Geddes) slammed the door on her old life. Music by Larry Grossman; book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed by Robert Brink. A York Theatre Company production. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/22/95. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/19. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 West 65th St. (239-6200).*

Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?—A new comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman imagines what a small resort community in the Northeast would be like ifthere were no Jews in America. Directed by Michael Rudman. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 1/22. Through 2/5. No performance 1/20, 1/26, and 1/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 West 26th St. (633-9797).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 West 47th St. (307-4100).*

Living Proof—A paroled junk-bond salesman has a passionate encounter in New Jersey with his ex-wife's stepdaughter. Written by Gordon Rayfield; directed by Allen Coulter. A Jewish Repertory Theatre production. $30. Tues.–Thur. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 East 91st St. (831-2000).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 West 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 West 51st St. (757-3318).*

Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—The latest work from encomium-heavy playwright Tony Kushner, his first since *Angels in America*. Drawing upon that piece's focus on a world in flux, *Slavs* focuses on the fall of the Soviet Union as symbolized by the death of the world's oldest living Bolshevik. Directed by Lisa Peterson. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/29. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 East 4th St. (302-NYTW).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. Far more engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th St. (307-4100).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 East 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

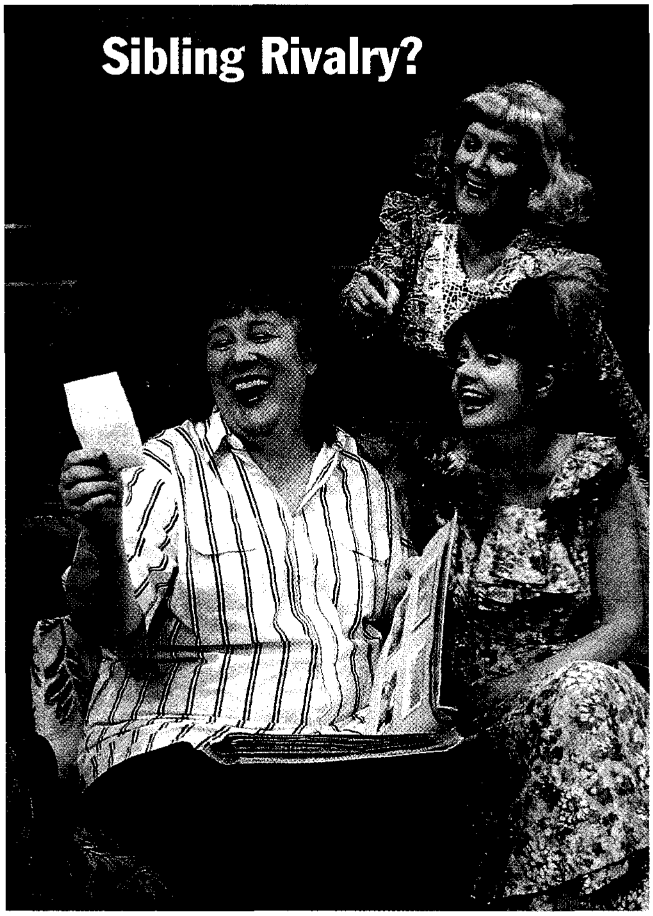
Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher St.;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

The Venetian Twins—The third production for the Pearl Theatre Company in its new home is the commedia dell'arte masterpiece by Carlo Goldoni, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. A tale of mistaken identity when two twins—one good, one naughty—arrive in Venice at the same time and cause havoc with the confusion that ensues. Directed by John Rando. $20–$25. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 5 and 9; Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/28. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre*, for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards' English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Opened: 11/21/94. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 East 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Mon., Tues. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 6. *Westside Theatre, 407 West 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Sibling Rivalry?



Even comedies have their share of backstage drama. 'The Sugar Bean Sisters,' about three batty Florida women, is in previews, but Dawn Didawick (blonde wig) has just been replaced by Beth Dixon. Call 206-0523.

Off-Off Broadway

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra—begins making a series of late night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 West 42nd St. (695-5429).*

Big Apple Betty—Betty Hazard, a young woman from Shaker Heights, Ohio, has quite an adventure during her vacation in New York City in this new comedy by Michael Latshaw. Directed by Ted Sluberski. With Caryn Rosenthal and Michael Latshaw. $12. 1/18 and 1/19 at 6:30 and 8:30. 1/20–1/22 at 8. A benefit for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS on 1/21 at 2. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 West 42nd St. (501-2388).*

The Black Doctor—A romantic melodram written by African-American Ira Aldridge, one of America's greatest nineteenth-century Shakespearean actors. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 2/12. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 West 81st St. (874-7290).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. In previews 1/18; opening 1/29 at at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Cake Fur—A one-woman/one-dog show by Claude Wampler and her barking dog. $10.50. Wed. at 7. 1/18 and 1/25. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Cascando/Eh Joe—An evening of two Beckett one-acts, the first written for radio, the second for television. With Mik-Michèle, Stuart Pyle, and Sarah Schilling in *Cascando* and the poet John Giorno making his theatrical debut in *Eh Joe*. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30; Sun. at 3. 1/19–1/29. *La MaMa, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

Coney Island Circus Sideshow—The human pincushion Kurt Steel, the snake charmer Delmonica, an erotic fire dancer, and a neon-sword swallower are just a few of the many amazements on display in this totally real, genuinely authentic oddities. $10.50. Fri. at 10:30; Sat. at 8 and 10:30; Sun. at 8. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thur. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. *Perry St. Theater, 31 Perry St. (307-4100).*

The Emperor of the Moon—Virginia Woolf once suggested that "all women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn...for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds." The first woman to make her living by writing plays, Behn in 1687 delivered this witty satire about a Neapolitan philosopher who is convinced that the moon is inhabited and is determined to wed his daughter and niece to lunar beings. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/29. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (969-0551).*

The Final Feast of Lucrezia Borgia—A Renaissance-bondage production of a play recounting the life

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

of Italy's most infamous homicidal queen and her rival Orsini as they battle over a young Italian boy. $10. Mon. at 8. Closing 1/30. *CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery St. (598-4307).*

Ghosts of Newstead Vault—The art and madness of Lord Byron is dissected by the spirits of his dead family and a team of medical examiners. Written by Vincent Lamberti; directed by Frank Licato. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. 1/18–2/5. *Alice's Fourth Floor, 432 West 42nd St. (459-4564).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members even before she's been laid to rest. $35, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thur. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hair—With *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* either here or on the way, this makes it a regular hippie revival. A return engagement for this production of the show that features "Aquarius," "Let the Sunshine In," and nudity. $25. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 1/28/95. *Theatre 1•2•5, 125 West 22nd St. (800-822-7846).*

Heart of the Earth: A Popol Vuh Story—Two young scamps play the Lords of Death in a deadly soccer game ultimately resulting in the birth of humans. Told with great charm by employing actors, giant puppets, masks, and other devices. Based on a Mayan creation myth, it was a great success at last year's International Puppetry Festival at the Joseph Papp Public Theater. Directed by Ralph Lee. $15–$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/29. *Intar, 420 West 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Honeymoon Is Over—The latest one-woman show from actress/comedienne/Charles Busch regular Julie Halston has been extended again. She vents humorously on various topics and pulls hilarious tidbits out of various newspapers and magazines. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Wed. at 8. Through 1/25. *Eighty Eights, 228 West 10th St. (924-0088).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. An Ontological-Hysteric production. $10–$15. Tues. and Thur.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*

Kidnapped—Tyrone and Marylee, direct descendants of Daniel Boone and Betsy Ross, are time travelers drawn together in this dark comedy by their mutual love and contempt for the moral wilderness that surrounds them. Written by Sean O'Connor; directed by Jude Schanzer. Music by George Bonds. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. In previews 1/18; opening 1/25 at 6:30. Also 1/24 at 8. *Miranda Theatre, 259 West 30th St. (268-9829).*

Living in Pieces—A darkly comic play written by and starring the "intensely charismatic, sexy, and smart Julie Flanders." Directed by Stephen Jobes. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 5. 1/19–2/12. *One Dream Theatre, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

Loon Soup—In this age of political correctness, perhaps the only group it is still socially accepted to malign are the defenseless mimes, a people who doubtless have never said a negative word about others. In their defense comes the Princeton Movement Theatre and this evening of vignettes ranging from solo pieces to group efforts from Per Kreipke, Scott Davis, and Vladimir Bulovic. They'll present characters who find themselves at the bottom of a lake, inside a Xerox machine, and in other places where those filled with hate would see mimes placed permanently. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. 1/17–1/29. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 West 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Mistakes—A thirtyish Manhattan couple, Joan and Marshall, spends the weekend grappling with the news that they are HIV-positive. Written and directed by Steven Schwab. An Over the Edge production. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. Through 1/22. *Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., between 22nd and 23rd St. (718-748-0739).*

Much Ado About Nothing—A new version of Shakespeare's tale; directed by Brenda Lynn Bynum. From the Oasis Theatre. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. In previews 1/19; opening 1/22. *Playground Theatre, 230 East 9th St. (637-3706).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Jovine returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. In previews 1/20; opening 1/22. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

NO (thing so powerful as) TRUTH—A new performance piece by Dan Hurlin. It uses the life of newspaper publisher William Loeb as a springboard for a meditation on the media. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. 1/18–1/29. *Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 West 19th St. (924-0077).*

One Hundred Gates—In the ultra-Orthodox community of Mea Shearim in Jerusalem, Moishe, the 18-year-old son of the late Grand Rabbi, feels himself torn between a life of contemplation and the enticing smile of the young Sabra girl he sees at the bus stop. Written by Tuvia Tenenbom; directed by Howard Rossen. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. Through 1/29. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (925-2349).*

One Woman Shoe—David Sedaris, the apartment-cleaning NPR commentator, has collaborated with his sister Amy on a new show. In it, no one is allowed to receive any government assistance (welfare, food stamps, and such) until she learns to put on a one-woman show. Directed by Mike Napier. $12. Mon. at 8; Thur.–Sun. at 10. 1/19–2/4. *La MaMa, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

Particular People—A cabaret-style tribute to composer Donald Ashwander, who led the Paper Bag Players for thirty years and helped repopularize ragtime music. Directed by Pablo Vela; choreography by Meredith Monk. With Thomas Bogdan, Brenda Cummings, and Lanny Harrison. $12–$15. 1/19–1/21 at 8 and 1/22 at 3:30 and 8. *La MaMa, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Players Club—A new evening of performance comedy—a combination of sketch comedy, physical gags, and witty wordplay—written by David Latham and performed by Latham and Paul Boocock, a.k.a. Premium Bob. The latest in a series of well-received shows by the duo. $8.50. Fri. at 8. Through 2/3. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Princess Ida—The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players begins its new season with this typically lighthearted battle of the sexes. With Lynn Vardaman as Princess Ida, Stephen Quint, and Delbouree Bach. $20–$40. 1/19–1/22 at 8 and 1/21 and 1/22 at 3. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400).*

The Shanghai Gambit—In a Shanghai brothel in the twenties, it is Chinese New Year and Mother God Damn demands payment of all debts. Written by George Klaus; directed by A. M. Raychel. The fourth extension for this production. $16. Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. Through 1/29. *Theatre-Studio, 750 Eighth Ave., second floor, at 46th St. (719-0500).*

Sordid Lives—A weekly soap opera melding pop-culture figures with a convoluted and indeed crass story line. Written and directed by Harold Slazer with Tony Koplin. $7. Fri. at 11 (new episode every week). *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2960).*

Too Jewish—A musical comedy revue created by and starring Avi Hoffman, including a Yiddish *Hamlet* and little-known comic and love songs from the golden years of Jewish theater. $20. Sat. at 5; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 1/15. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Twisted Tutu—Physical, spiritual, and sexual forces come in contact in this piece performed by Eve Beglarian, Kathleen Spore, and Robert Black. $8.50. 1/18 at 9. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

Two Johns Kissin Leslie—The latest comic improvisational show from Chicago City Limits and the first in its new home. It stars John Cameron Telfer, John Webber, Carl Kissin, and Leslie Upson, and they promise only a fleeting reference to O. J. Simpson. $17.50. Wed. and Thur. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. and 61st St. (888-5233).*

Now Playing

Citizen Loeb

In *NO (thing so powerful as) TRUTH,* Dan Hurlin uses the life of New Hampshire newspaper publisher William Loeb—a proto-Gingrichrite conservative—to examine the power of the media. Call 924-0077.

Photograph by Sharon Hayes.

Tom Jones...Stevie Wonder...Ween

Concerts

Stevie Wonder—What can you say? The man has the purest, warmest, most soul-lifting voice currently singing. Forgive the late-eighties forays into soporific pop and catch him while you can. He says he plans to move to Ghana soon. 1/24 at 8. *Radio City Music Hall. (307-7171). $25–$45.*

Jazz at Noon at Sardi's—A non-pro jam session in the theater district, featuring weekend jazz folk—doctors, lawyers, and the like—along with a new ringer every week. This Friday, it's vibraphonist Warren Chiasson. *230 W. 44th St. (221-8440). $6.*

Clubland

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

A.K.A.—A smallish, second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid-jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 1/20: Morning Star. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bitter End—A Russian cause célèbre, Yuri Naumov plays bass, rhythm, and lead on the same nine-string guitar—something that may be new in Russia but, thanks to folks like Stanley Jordan and Charlie Hunter, is kind of old news here. 1/22 at 8. *149 Bleecker. (673-7030).*

Bottom Line—The Uptown Horns play here on 1/19. 1/23: Roberta Flack; Jareese. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite cozy for all its low-rent rock bands and bare brick walls. Tasty microbrews and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 1/18: Babe the Blue Ox; Very Pleasant Neighbor. Shows at 9. *169 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 1/20: Splendora; Halcion. 1/21: Joan Osbourne. 1/24: New York buzz band Fossil. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and usually better spent elsewhere. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

CB's Gallery—CB's tonier performance annex, with good beers at the bar, punky art on the walls, and slightly quieter musicians on the stage. Mondays, it's the site of the house-music fest Sugar Babies. *313 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (677-0455).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/17: King Dice Rockin' Blues. 1/18–1/19: Shirley Johnson Blues Band. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. Monday nights are cover-free and booked by longtime punk label Homestead records, this week featuring downtown drummer William Hooker's trio on 1/23. 1/19: Beekeeper. 1/20: Mephiskapheles. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays. That's when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth. 1/25: Joan Osbourne. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—1/20: Tom Jones. Irving Plaza, *17 Irving Place. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Kamikaze Ground Crew—a seven-piece hybrid of the Dirty Dozen Brass band, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and some drunken circus act—features distinguished sidemen to Bill Frisell, Tom Waits, Henry Threadgill, and other avant-garde outfits. They're usually quite a hoot, in a highbrow kind of way, and play on 1/18 with accordionist Guy Klucevsek. The early show begins at 7:30; The Veldt plays upstairs at 10. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side, with blues and good-time rock and roll every evening. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells there for Ladies Night. 1/18: Local funksters Milo Z. 1/20: Blue in the Face. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB's West, this the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/20: Velvet Crush; Saturnine 60. 1/21: Boss Hog, a sort of sister band to the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, plays with Ex-Vegas. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—The Groove Academy, a New York–based coalition of funk- and hip-hop-minded musicians, presents Repercussions on 1/21. 1/24: Ween plays a special acoustic performance. 1/25: Missouri's Bottle Rockets (who share members with their late statesmen Uncle Tupelo) play music from their fine recent record *The Brooklyn Side,* a guitar-charged collection of rootsy rockers, trailer-park odes, and pissed-off notes from the heartland. It's kind of Z.Z. Top meets the Palace Brothers. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

New Music Cafe—Like Repercussions and Jazzhole, the multi-membered Groove Collective plays live, head-nodding jazz/funk of an early seventies vintage, filling the stage with talented musicians and the dance floor with shuffling hepsters. They play on 1/20. *380 Canal St. (941-1008).*

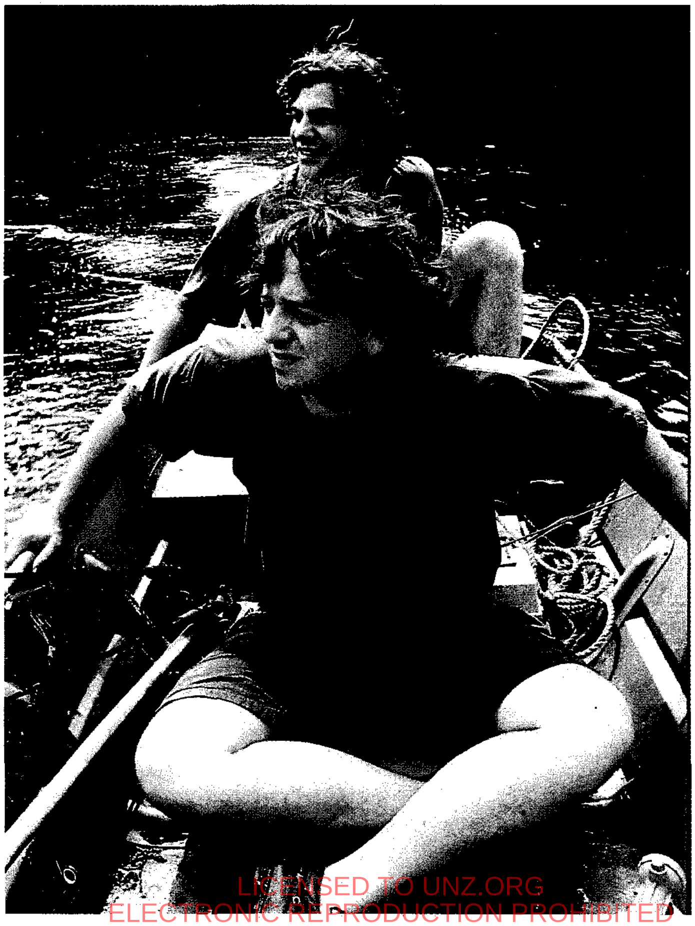
Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/23: the Antihootenany, with your elfin, animated host Lach. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sin-é—A cozy Hibernian folk lounge, with nightly sets by local, national, and international singer-songwriters. On 1/18, the female

Preview

Ween on the Town

Gene and Dean Ween—the George and Ira Gershwin of basement stoner bands—have little use for our city's varied charms. "I'm scared of New York," says guitarist Dean (stern), phoning from Ween's pastoral HQ in New Hope, Pennsylvania. Luckily, since they play here this week (see listings), the "brothers" have found a silver lining: "We're really into the meat thing. We like to hit a number of steakhouses, get expense-account meals. Then get out as quick as possible."



Photograph by Danny Clinch.

folk-duo Petronella makes its only New York appearance. *122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370).*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 1/18: Reggae star Papa Jube. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies vinylfest Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Though marred by ringing walls and a mid-stage column, this is still a dependable venue for the greats of soul and funk, as well as sundry flavors of indie and alternative rock. 1/21: Robert Gordon Band; Steve Ferguson and the Midwest Creole Ensemble. 1/25: Ween. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—A byzantine, multileveled pleasure palace that, this week, features pop's alpha male, Tom Jones, on 1/19. *125 E. 11th (777-6800).*

Wetlands—Downtown faves Soul Coughing and Cibo Matto play two very nineties strains of noise-happy rock. Combo-with-sampler Soul Coughing groove hard enough on their debut album, *Ruby Vroom,* that they could pass for an acid-jazz band with technical difficulties. The more obviously arty Cibo Matto tends to put the noise in the foreground. They both play on 1/21. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 1/17–1/22: The R&B-flavored, Quiet Storm–friendly saxophonist Najee. 1/24–1/29: Singer Helen Merrill, whose CD *Brownie* celebrates the music of Clifford Brown, offers her sets here as a tribute to the trumpet in general. Hornman Lew Soloff helps make it official. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. This month especially, with guest tenor-sax stars Javon Jackson and Joshua Redman. Through 1/21: The wonderful vibraphonist Steve Nelson, who also plays with Dave Holland this week at the Iridium, leads a trio. 1/22: Joshua Redman plays with pianist Johnny King and bassist Larry Grenadier. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 1/17–1/22: Allan Harris. 1/24–1/29: Laverne Butler. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Iridium—The artfully wacky restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center crosses Gaudi with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. 1/17–1/21: Saxophonist Chico Freeman leads a quartet. 1/22: Singer Vanessa Rubin. 1/24–1/28: Dave Holland—who possesses one of the most beautiful bass tones on record—leads a band with drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith and vibraphonist Steve Nelson. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. On Sundays, the Sterling Trio plays Baroque trio sonatas and chamber works by Haydn, Mozart, and other cats for brunch. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled, brass-railed room with Old New York ambience, frequently visited by excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Monday, it's "Women in Jazz & Blues." Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Swing Street Cafe—A compact and festive midtown restaurant that specializes in jazz guitarists and Italian food. Sets Wed. and Thurs., 6–10; Fri. and Sat., 7–11. *253 East 52nd St. (754-4862).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 1/17–1/29: Pianist Dorothy Donegan cracks wise and plays her congenial blend of stride and boogie-woogie. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—The wonderful tenor saxophonist Joe Lovano leads a quartet here 1/17–1/22, featuring Mulgrew Miller, Christian McBride, and Lewis Nash. The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra keeps the faith on Mondays. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/17: Ron McClure Quartet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St. (800-831-2326).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno, who we're told was once funny, and many other comedy greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's comedy series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 1/17–1/18: Bill Maher; Tom Hertz and Greg Giraldo. 1/19–1/22: John Mendoza. 1/25: Hot 97's "Phat Comedy Show." Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (260-5358).*

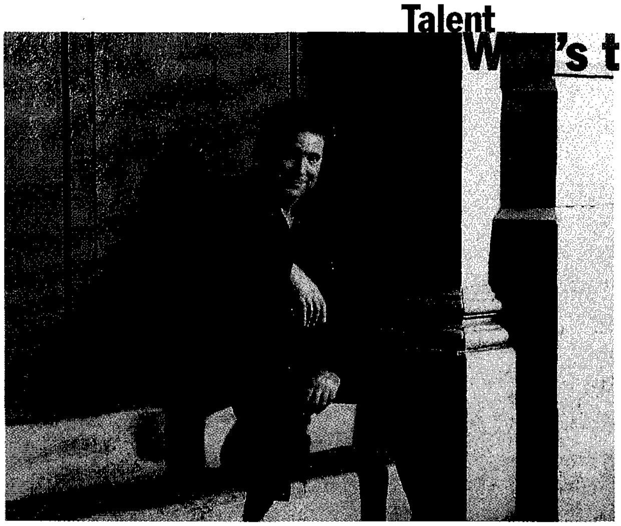
Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri., at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat., at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 1/22: Rich Ramirez, who majored in computer programming; Al Romero, who calls himself "America's Cuban Comic"; and Mike King, a practicing dentist, make a well-rounded line-up. 1/23–1/29: The Most Brothers (Chilly and Dark); Richie Gold; and John Rizzo. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative

Talent

Who's the Man?



Even in a year that welcomed well-worn icons like Johnny Cash and Tony Bennett into the warm embrace of MTV, the reemergence of Tom Jones (at Irving Plaza and Webster Hall this week) is something to behold. Cash, who has unassailable stature as an outlaw bard, and Bennett, who's got the congenial phrasing of a timeless jazz artist, are easier to account for. But the continued success of this gyrating, 54-year-old Lothario in an age of half-naked Chili Peppers and svelte Temple Pilots . . . well, it *is* unusual. There are some logical explanations. The camp angle, for one: a coy quasi appreciation for the cheesy crooner's "animal magnetism." Also, the fact that Jones has lately shown a gift for the spoken word that rivals that of fellow Welshman Dylan Thomas—rendering contempo slang like "chillin' in my crib" and "yo brother" sublimely hilarious. But in the end, it may be something much more basic: No one can make singing sound *harder* than Tom Jones. The strained, herculean wail that begins his new hit "If I Only Knew" says this guy is *working,* and, even as he scampers through frolicsome chestnuts like "What's New Pussycat" and "It's Not Unusual," Jones always seems to be hefting some serious vocal girth. Pundits call *The Lead and How to Swing It*—which repackages the retro heartthrob in nouveau nineties production—the height of postmodernist fluff, of style over substance. Actually, it may be just the opposite. If anyone sings like he's got some lead to swing—whatever *that* means—it's Tom.

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Timothy White.

Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 2/4: Nancy LaMott. Tues.–Sat. at 9; Fri. and Sat. at 11:30. $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. 840-6800).*

The Ballroom—Thur. at 6:30: Hellman's Angels. Fri. and Sat. at 6:30: Phillip Officer. $15. *253 West 28th Street (244-3005).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt is back in business through 2/18. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 East 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 West 44th Street (581-3080).*

Danny's Skylight Room—1/17: Barbara Meister. 1/18: Diane Wright. 1/19 and 1/21: Laurie Krauz. 1/20 and 1/22: Aaron Morishita. 1/22: Dana Cohenour; Glenn White. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 West 46th Street (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—1/17: *Boozed and Abused;* Elizabeth Hodes; *Alice Down Under;* Rick Berlin. 1/18: Quinn Lemley as Rita Hayworth; Carolyn Mapes with Jason Opsahl of *Grease; Color Blind.* 1/19: *Not Responsible; Puns of Steel.* 1/20: Wendy Scherl & Nancy Bach; Jon Andersson; The Comedy Company. 1/21: Susan Lambert and Roger Ames; Katie Labourdette as Marilyn Monroe; Neil Dibernardo; Leslie Crowe; Totie; *Bourbon Street Naughties;* Richard Skipper as Judy. 1/22: Susan Lambert and Roger Ames; *Paranoise.* $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Duplex—Thur.: Gotham City Improv. Fri. and Sat. at 10: *Dressing Room Divas.* Fri: *Nose Job* and Talent Search. Sat: *Nuns Against Filth.* Sun.: *Sam's Funky '50s Funhouse.* Covers range from $3–$15. *61 Christopher Street (255-5438).*

Eighty Eight's—1/17: Charlotte Patten; Brad Whitaker. 1/18: Rickey Ritzel as Jimmy Durante. 1/19: Angela LaGreca; Justin Bond. 1/20: Sons and Lovers; Adrienne Tolsch. 1/21: Tatianna Matejas; David Gurland; Marcus Lovett. 1/22: Bill Wright; Karen Saunders; Vanessa Campbell; Baronne and the Bon Bons. $10–$12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

First World Theater—Nora York sings. $10. 1/18 at 9. *88 Crosby St. (966-7745).*

Judy's—1/17: Arthur Kirson. 1/21: Andrew Gentile. $10; plus a $12 minimum. *49 West 44th Street (764-8930).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 East 55th St. (758-2272).*

92nd Street Y—1/21 at 7:30: Karen Akers. $20–$25. 1/22 at 2:30 and 8 and 1/23 at 2 and 8: A new season of *Lyrics and Lyricists,* honoring Alan and Marilyn Bergman. $32–$37. *1395 Lexington Ave., between 91st and 92nd St. (996-1100).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 2/4: Manhattan Rhythm Kings.$35 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Rose's Turn—Thur. and Fri. at 8 through 1/27: *The Musical Enquirer.* 1/17: *Comedy Works!* 1/18: Jane Condon. 1/20: *Comedy Palooza!* 1/21: Talking Themselves in From the Ledge; Tommy Femia as Judy. 1/22: Sunday Funnies. $6–$15; two-drink minimum. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Trocadero—Sat. at 10: *The Jay and Tammy Show.* $7, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 10: *Renegade Sluts on Bikes.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. *368 Bleecker Street (242-0636).*

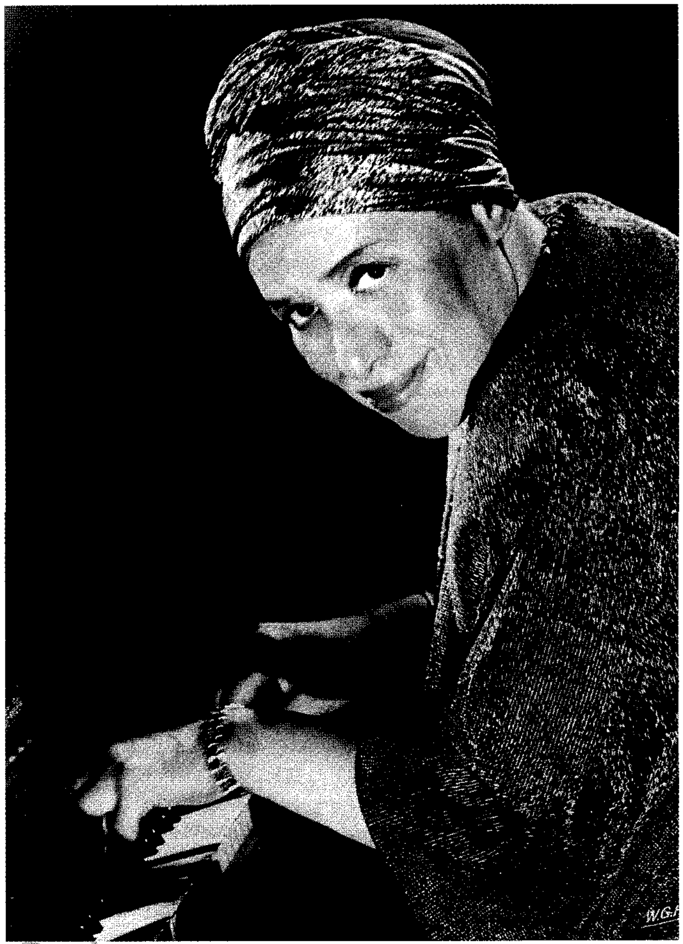
Bars

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the it bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cut-ups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn. No phone.*

C.J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pick-up bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

The Cub Room—An elegant and airy space; a crystal hangs in the west window. The sun setting through its prisms serves as a signal that you have one hour and 40 minutes before the arrival of a swarm of fastidious and phony right-place-at-the-right-timers. Even the staff considers 10:30 "show time," and the show runs until 4 A.M. *185 Prince St., at Sullivan St. (677-4100).*



Previews

It's All in the Timing

The venerable Dorothy Donegan works the keyboard the way she works the room—cracking wise between phrases and swinging hard between jokes. Her trio plays Tavern on the Green January 17–29.

Flamingo East—A far better bar than restaurant, which it also is. There's something for everyone: downstairs, a chic subterranean beauty contest; upstairs, a townhouse parlor that bears a striking resemblance to a high-school party. *219 Second Ave., nr. 13th St. (533-2860).*

Great Jones Cafe—Must have sold auto parts in a past life. Now it's an elbow-banging, "Sorry, pal," putatively southwestern watering hole. Stay long enough to recover from a Cajun martini. *53 Great Jones St., nr. Bowery (674-9304).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overly enthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look like they deserve a drink. On Wednesday night, this naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnestly low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave. at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican nightclub is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St., nr. Fifth Ave. (229-2000).*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the owner has been known to dance about in his underpants. The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345).*

Montero's—A longshoreman's bar sans stevadors, but their stuff is strewn all over the place. Tragically drunk old men kept honest by the toughest female bartenders you'll ever come across. On weekends there's a gate and you won't get buzzed in if you're too pretty. *73 Atlantic Ave., nr. Hicks St., Brooklyn (624-9799).*

ñ—The bar formerly known as Prince. Duel bars prompt double vision in this highly stylized haunt. A great sherry selection, responsibly limited tapas offering, and a bartender who will take a stab at recommending a glass of wine. Shouldn't that sink be in the bathroom? *33 Crosby St., nr. Spring St. (219-8856).*

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A pool table up front and a dartboard in the back and a gaggle of "Make yourself comfortable" regulars in-between. *119 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-6158).*

S.T.—To the interloper, this up-to-the-minute East Village storefront will be like landing in a bar in Berlin without a working knowledge of German. Huddling young giddies pack this booze-up beyond capacity, making it so crowded that not only can you taste the alienation in the air, you can smell it. Heads up for the dartboard as you come out of the bathroom. *634 11th St., nr. Avenue C. No phone.*

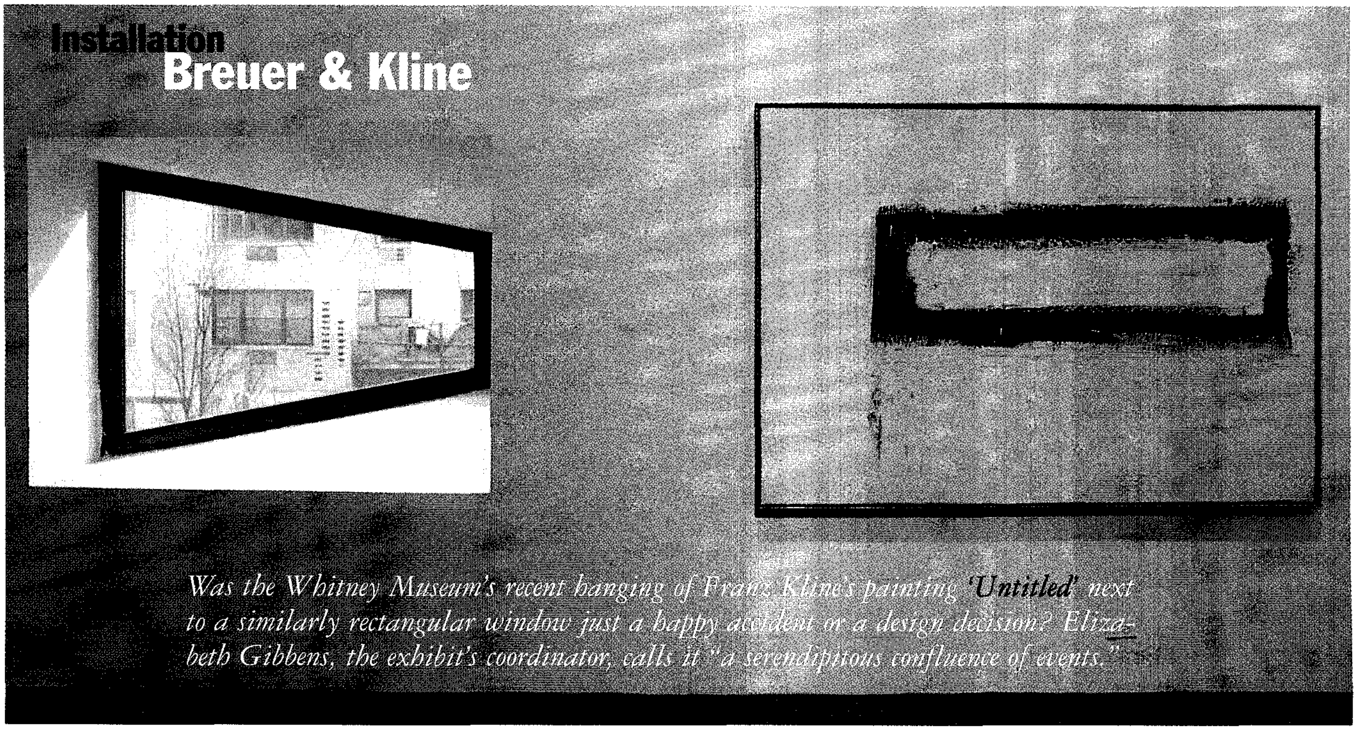
Stephen's Green—Irish "football" fans camped here during the World Cup this summer because it's just like home. *43-39 46th St., at Queens Blvd., Queens (718-786-5737).*

Teddy's—Soulful neighborhood haunt keeps the locals on the right side of the bridge even on the weekends. Live music occasionally, but the pressure to live up to the memory of pianoman Shorty Jackson keeps all but the ignorant or stouthearted away. *96 Berry St., at N. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-384-9787).*

art

Marilyn Minter...Material Dreams

Installation
Breuer & Kline



Was the Whitney Museum's recent hanging of Franz Kline's painting 'Untitled' next to a similarly rectangular window just a happy accident or a design decision? Elizabeth Gibbens, the exhibit's coordinator, calls it "a serendipitous confluence of events."

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Openings

The animals of the Chinese zodiac are the subject of China Institute's latest exhibit, featuring pigs, dragons, rabbits, tigers, and other heavenly creatures in carved jade, pottery, papier-mâché, and paintings, from the Tang Dynasty (618–906) to the present (opens January 20 at China Institute, 125 East 65th Street).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Carl Andre—The artist's own 1995 remake of the minimalist sculpture *Sand-Lime Instar,* an eight-element gridded field that was destroyed in 1966; through 2/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Peter Brandes—Gestural abstract paintings and works on paper by this Danish artist, through 2/12, at Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377), and ceramics, through 1/21, at Royal Copenhagen Porcelain/Georg Jensen Silversmiths, 683 Madison Ave. (759-6457). See "Solos, SoHo and TriBeCa."

Robert De Niro—A survey of expressionistic paintings of landscapes, still lifes, and nudes from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation New York School artist (1922–1993); through 3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

57th Street Area

John Bellany—This English painter's odd visions of animals with human features bring to mind works by Picasso and Guston; through 2/4. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

Waltercio Caldas/Cildo Meireles—Sculptures and installations by these two Brazilian artists whose works are primarily concerned with the perceptual and emotional experience of space. Through 2/11. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Jim Dine—Monochromatic etchings of ravens and owls that appeared to the artist in dreams; through 2/25. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3237).

Minnie Evans/David Zeldis—Paintings by the self-taught visionary artist, whose themes include scenes from the Bible, the sacredness of nature, and the exotic (see Museum of American Folk Art)/Small pencil drawings from the past fifteen years, ranging in subject from the familiar to the fantastic. Through 2/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Louise Fishman/José Resende—New small-scale abstract paintings on single panels and in diptych and triptych format/Sculpture by a Brazilian artist. Through 2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Alfred Jensen—This group of fifteen paintings based on the aerial configuration of stepped pyramids, or ziggurats, was probably influenced by the artist's travels in Mexico in the mid-sixties; through 2/11. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Jacob Lawrence—A survey of paintings from 1936 to the present by the preeminent storyteller and historian of African-American culture; through 2/25. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Warren Mackenzie—Recent ceramic works; through 2/11. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Hélio Oiticica/Giulio Paolini—A multimedia work that was conceived by the late Brazilian artist in 1973 but never exhibited during his lifetime, *CC5 Hendrix War* invites viewers to sit in hammocks hanging in the gallery while the Jimi Hendrix recording "War Heroes" plays over a sound system and slide projectors beam images of Hendrix's face onto the walls/Three large installation pieces, photo collages, and works on paper by the most conceptual of the group of artists associated with the Arte Povera movement of the sixties. Through 2/4. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Alfonso Ossorio—The artist, who referred to his colorful, dense wall-relief conglomerations of obsessively collected found objects, extruded plastics, and thick impasto as "Congregations," created this group of rare freestanding works between 1965 and 1969; through 2/11. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Sarah Rapson—The muted white tones of the British artist's recent paintings bring to mind paper, bed linens, yogurt, and porcelain; through 2/11. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Rolf Scarlett—Though the Canadian-born modernist had seen black-and-white reproductions of Kandinsky's paintings, it was not until 1936, when he visited Hilla Rebay, the director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, that he saw the actual works. He later recalled the paintings as having "a sort of cosmic order that made me feel at peace and at home for perhaps the first time in my life." This exhibit explores Kandinsky's influence on Scarlett and comprises works on paper from 1945 that have not been previously exhibited; 1/18–2/11. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Raphael Soyer—An exhibit spanning the artist's career, with an emphasis on his Social Realist paintings of the thirties and forties; 1/19–3/4. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Jack Tworkov/Sam Francis—A survey documenting the evolution of his paintings from Abstract

Expressionism to his later reductive works; through 2/11/An exhibit, marking the artist's death last November, of Abstract Expressionist paintings and drawings from the fifties to the early nineties; 1/19–2/18. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Neil Welliver—Realist paintings of Maine landscapes in different seasons and at different times of day by this artist who has lived in Maine since 1962; through 2/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Bettina Werner—Minimal paintings with textured surfaces; through 2/25. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Phoebe Adams—New sculpture; through 2/11. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Eleanor Antin—The artist's newest work is *Minetta Lane—A Ghost Story,* a surreal, film-set-like installation that reconstructs a section of old, decaying Greenwich Village; through 2/18. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Richard Artschwager—A monumental sculpture titled *Large Drop Drop,* made in 1991, that consists of a large spun-aluminum exclamation point suspended over a black granite pool; through 2/25.

Peter Brandes—Gestural abstract paintings by a Danish artist; through 2/4. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331). See "Solos, Madison Avenue and Vicinity."

Mary Ellen Carroll/Bill Scanga—An installation of eight white wool military blankets monogrammed with the phonetic version of the entire text of Jonathan Swift's satiric 1729 essay "A Modest Proposal"/Color photographs of his knitted clothes for trees. Through 2/11. TZ Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Brian Clarke—Examples of pieces in stained glass and mosaic by this British architect who has collaborated with Arata Isozaki, Zaha Hadid, and others; through 2/4. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Mark Depman—Three separate series of digital prints, including images of human backs, natural objects found in and around the artist's backyard, and a formal study of special effects with out-of-focus dots that resemble circular and elliptical eye charts; through 2/8. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

George Dudding/Martin Mull—New copper sculptures/Small paintings and works on paper. Through 2/4. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Beth Haggart/Polly Apfelbaum—A multimedia installation in which the artist will attempt to rid herself of almost all of her possessions accumulated over the years/Bannerlike "paintings" that are a recycling of ripped and shredded dyed fabric. Through 2/4. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Marianne Hopf—New abstract paintings and works on paper; through 1/31. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Yvonne Jacquette/Nuno Ramos—Recent aerial views of Maine, New York, and Hong Kong that combine various perspectives within a single image/A site-specific installation by a Brazilian artist. Through 2/11. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Laurie Kaplowitz—Paintings that use layers of images to suggest the universe as viewed from many different perspectives; through 2/4. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Yeong Gill Kim/David Brody—Monochromatic landscape paintings by two artists who use elements of traditional Asian ink painting with very different results. Through 2/8. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Eva Lundsager—Gestural abstract paintings; through 2/11. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Ann Messner—Sculptures in which ordinary objects such as binoculars, car parts, and household objects are embedded or encased in beeswax or metal; through through 2/4. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Marilyn Minter/Max Mohr—Recent paintings that draw on pop culture/A site-specific installation of strange anthropomorphic forms that question the virtual future of the human body. Through 2/4. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Tatsuo Miyajima—A kinetic installation titled *U-Car* that grew out of the artist's research into chaos theory and features battery-operated cars moving in circles on the gallery's floor; through 2/11. Luhring-Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Carl Ostendarp—Abstract paintings in casein and latex that depict question marks, exclamation points, and the letter *o* in landscapelike color fields; through 2/4. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Tim Rollins and K.O.S.—The group's latest paintings were inspired by Aristophanes' classical comedies and use actual pages from the books to create a gridded background for symbols that convey the spirit of the literature; through 2/25. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Bruno Rousselot—New abstract paintings from his "Delta" series, in which square canvases carry variations on a figure/ground structure of four angled bands wrapping themselves around a slightly off-center position and one another; through 2/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Mira Schendel—The artist, who was born in Zurich in 1919 and moved to Brazil in 1949, began making these calligraphic drawings on thin sheets of Japanese paper in 1964; through 2/4. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Robert Thiele—Painted on shaped canvases with rounded corners and irregularly contoured sides, these works bring to mind archaic stone tablets; through 2/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Other

Ellsworth Kelly—This show of recent minimal paintings inaugurates the gallery's Chelsea space; through 1/29. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). American paintings executed between 1807 and 1935 by Church, Cole, Glackens, Hassam, Moran, others; through 2/1.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). "Emerging Sculptors No. VIII," with works by Geiger, Kania, Neuhaus, Seagal; "AIDS Alcove" by Mindy Belloff; through 2/4.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Paintings by nineteenth-century folk artists; 1/19–3/4.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Aspects of Minimalism" features ceramic works by Geert Lap, Alexander Lichtveld, Gwyn Hanssen Pigott, and others; porcelain vessels by Babs Haenen; through 2/4.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). Sculpture, paintings, and drawings by Brancusi, Mondrian, Picasso, Schwitters, Wesselmann, others; through 2/11.

Snyderman—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). American paintings, from Modernism to Abstract Expressionism, by Avery, Crawford, Diller, Graham, Matulka, Weber, others; through 2/25.

Takashimaya—693 Fifth Ave. (799-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; through 3/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Möbius Strip," with works by Gillick, Minelli, Ritchie, Tiravanija, Wearing, others; through 2/11.

Grand Salon—83 Grand St. (941-1690). "Americana," with works that relate to American history, folklore, or geography by Bartlett, Bridgwood, Ford, Lemieux, Pettibone, Priest, others; through 1/28.

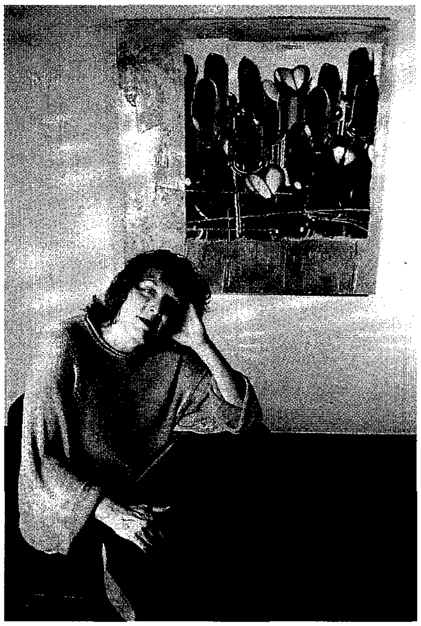
K & E—78 Grand St. (431-7783). "Reconstituted Paint," with abstract paintings by Ackles, Ainslie, Arm, Ferris, Green, Gross, Hankwitz, Jones, Starr; through 2/4.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). Sculpture by Burton, Ericson/Ziegler,

Talent

Not Pop With a Capital P, Please

According to Marilyn Minter, her emblematic, slyly pornographic enamel-on-aluminum paintings of gleaming lipsticks, a woman mooning, and pouting female lips are derived from popular culture itself rather than Pop Art. "Pop Art was very flat and male-oriented," says Minter. "I love that stuff, but I think my work is a lot juicier, wetter, and more complicated." By wetter and juicier, Minter is referring not only to her images, which are more provocative than most early-sixties Pop Art dared to be, but also to the way she applies enamel paint to steel, allowing it to drip downward like melted ice cream. And when she calls her art complicated, she is talking about how women have shied away from creating sexual images, particularly of themselves. "Historically, women have never developed a sexual language," she says. "It has always been a male preoccupation. I thought, *Hmmm, well . . . the time has come.*"



Though Minter has lived in SoHo since 1976, practically across the street from Max Protetch gallery, where her paintings are now on view—she was known as an "East Village" artist for much of the eighties, collaborating with the artist Christoff Kohlhofer and showing at Gracie Mansion's first East Village gallery. Later, in 1989, after going solo, she became the first artist to run a TV commercial promoting her own show—at Simon Watson's alternative space ("I called it my 30 seconds of subversion," Minter jokes). But the content of Minter's paintings was there all along. "The ingredients were always the same, like making a cake, but I kept changing the mix," she says of her earlier experiments. "Finally, the cake rose." EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

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Ferrara, Highstein, LeDray, McBride, Raglione, Stuart; through 2/11.

Nolan/Eckman—560 Broadway (925-6190). Drawings from a private collection, by Baselitz, Balthus, CPLY, Le Va, Matta, Kippenberger, Richter, others; through 2/18.

P.P.O.W.—532 Broadway (941-8642). A series books titled "Eye/Flower" depicting countless drawings of vulvas and eyes, by Steve Derrickson; paintings by Phyllis Bramson, Carole Caroompas, Margaret Curtis; a video installation by Maureen Connor; through 2/11.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Posters by the Guerrilla Girls; through 2/26.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). "Emblems and Contours," with paintings by Baechler, Basquiat, Dine, Lasker, Lichtenstein, Schnabel, Twombly, Warhol, Wegman; through 2/11.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Antique craftworks from the Straw Museum in Wohlen, Switzerland, and sculptures by Di Gallo, Heé, Keiser, Perrin, Rourich i Bordas, Weber; through 2/18.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Art Against AIDS" comprises two separate exhibits—"The Artist's Camera," a group show of photography curated by Richard Marshall and Junji Ito, and "Contemporary Artists Interpret the Garden," curated by Nam June Paik, Robert Rauschenberg, and Hiroshi Teshigahara; through 2/18.

Other

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). "10 + 10: Artists Select a Painter of Their Choice," with works by Barth, Cajori, Downes, Jacquette, Israel, Passlof, Wagner, Richie, others; through 2/18.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Verisimilitude and the Utility of Doubt," with works by Beck, Bush, Dodge, Hilliard, Letinsky, Silverthorne, others; through 2/5.

Photography

Diane Arbus—Among the pictures that the photographer shot between 1956 and 1958 was a series made in movie theaters in and around Times Square, including the exteriors and lobbies of theaters, actual onscreen images, and people in the audience; through 2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Lorna Bieber—Using paint, crayon, pencil, and collage, and traditional and nontraditional darkroom techniques, the photographer appropriates and reinterprets images of rooms and houses made by anonymous photographers in the forties and fifties; through 2/18. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Benedict J. Fernandez—Photographs of Martin Luther King Jr. taken during his last campaign; through 2/15. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Andreas Gursky—Photographs that form an impersonal travelogue of industrial and postindustrial spaces and sites, among them a panoramic view of a factory in Rotterdam and a diptych of the Hong Kong Bourse; through 2/18. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Beatrice Helg—Cibachromes of constructions made from found objects, building materials, and appropriated drawings and sketches; through 2/11. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

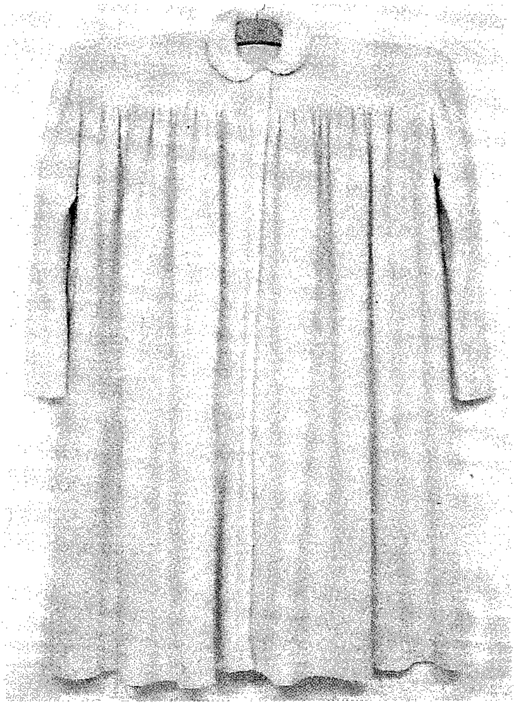
I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

Danny Lyon—The civil-rights movement, motorcycle gangs, the destruction of nineteenth-century buildings in Lower Manhattan, and the Texas prison system have been some of this photographer's subjects over the past four decades; through 2/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Reginald Marsh—The painter, known for his rambunctious images of New York's working class from the early twentieth century, took photographs as "visual notes" for his paintings; this exhibit includes photographs of Coney Island after its glory days, the waterfront, and New York City and its people; through 4/15. Queens Museum of Art at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights (718-592-9700); Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "White," an exhibit exploring the nature of perception, features works by Eggleston, Frank, Friedlander, Levinthal, Metzker, Serrano, Sugimoto, and others; photographs by Arno Fisher that were taken in Berlin in the fifties before the construction of the Wall; 1/19–2/25.

Richard Pare—The English photographer takes his pictures of ancient and contemporary sculpture and architecture with a small-format camera, then has them digitally printed and enlarged; 1/19–3/4. Sander, 19 E. 76th St. (794-4500).



On View Takashimaya's "Material Dreams" looks at six artists who work with fabric—Beverly Semmes, for instance, whose neo-surreal sensibility is captured in *Yellow Gown,* a giant mohair housecoat topped by a dainty Peter Pan collar.

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). "Masterpieces of Soviet Photography: 1917–1935," with works by Debabov, El Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Zelma, others; through 2/25.

Cindy Sherman—The artist's ongoing interest in Surrealist photography is reflected in these distorted, dramatically lighted views of fake body parts, mannequins, and masks; through 2/11. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by photographers chosen from Graphistock, a stock photo agency specializing in fine art; through 2/26.

Paul Strand—An exhibition of photographs taken in Europe and Africa after Strand moved to France in 1950; through 2/4. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Hiroshi Sugimoto—Images of prehistoric life and of wax figures of politicians, celebrities, the British royal family, and English murderers; through 2/4. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Interventions," with works by Brotmeyer, Goldhagen, Laster, Mosconi; through 2/4.

Minor White—A group of early prints made by the photographer for his 1964 exhibit at the Underground Gallery in New York; 1/20–2/25. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Photograph courtesy of the Michael Klein Gallery.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Discreet Objects: Maureen Connor: Selected Works, 1978–1994." Through 2/11. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The World Explored: 125 Years of Collecting Photographs." Through 1/30. CPW at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10/95. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 2/19. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"When Art Was Popular: The Salon and the Royal Academy in the 19th- and Early 20th Centuries." The museum's inaugural exhibition features paintings and sculpture by Auguste Bonheur, George Clairin, Luc-Olivier Merson, Constant Troyon, James Ward, and other artists who exhibited regularly at the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy; 1/20–5/20. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings*." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned*." Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors. "The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943–1968." The development of Italian abstraction, from Alberto Burri's *informale* paintings through the early works of Arte Povera artists in the sixties. Through 1/29.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912–1922." Through 1/29. . . . "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. . . . "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." Through 1/22. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans"; 1/21–4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." "Thresh-holds/O.M.A. at MOMA: Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." Through 1/31. . . . "A Century of Artists Books." Through 1/24. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images and Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales; 1/17–9/3. . . . "Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Clothing, accessories, photographs, and ephemera associated with the department stores, restaurants, and theaters of this area, which was once New York's center of fashion, business, and recreation. Through 10/22. . . . "The Making of a Mural: Reginald Marsh at the U.S. Custom House. Through 1/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." Through 1/22. . . . "An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

New York Public Library—"Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem— "Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8). **Whitney Museum at Philip Morris**—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 1/20 at 10 and 2: "Fine English Furniture, Objects of Art, and Chinese Export Porcelain." On view from 1/14.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 1/24 at 10: "Property From the Hatfield Collection." On view from 1/20. 1/24 at 2: "Americana." On view from 1/20.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/18 at 10:15 and 2: "New-York Historical Society Paperweights." On view from 1/12. 1/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade 19th- and 20th-Century and Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/15. 1/20 at 10:15: "Pratt Collection." 1/21 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/14. 1/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 1/19.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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in concert

Kissin...Schreier...*Simon Boccanegra*

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 17

Parnassus—Tenor Mark Bleeke joins the ensemble for a concert of works by Gandolfi, Gideon, and Kurtag. Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (864-4197), at 8; $12.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Led by Christian Thielman, the orchestra performs works by Pfitzner, Mozart, and Beethoven. Carnegie Hall (247-7800), at 8; $16–$70.

New York Philharmonic—Conductor Mariss Jansons and pianist Christian Zacharias are the guests tonight for a program of works by Mozart, Rossini, and Richard Strauss. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $20–$40.

Wednesday, January 18

Maria Andriasova—The American Landmark Festivals bring the pianist to Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing an all-Beethoven program (Quartet in E-flat, Quartet in E minor) at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.

Thursday, January 19

New York Philharmonic—William Bolcom gives the preconcert lecture at 7, and the Philharmonic performs his Fifth Symphony and *Commedia* (as well as works by Toch and Stravinsky). Leonard Slatkin conducts. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

Friday, January 20

New York Philharmonic—See 1/19. Today at 11 A.M. (the preconcert lecture is at 10 A.M.).

Peter Schreier—The tenor performs his first New York recital in seven years, at Carnegie Hall (247-7800) tonight, singing Schubert's *Die Winterreise.* At 8; $12–$45.

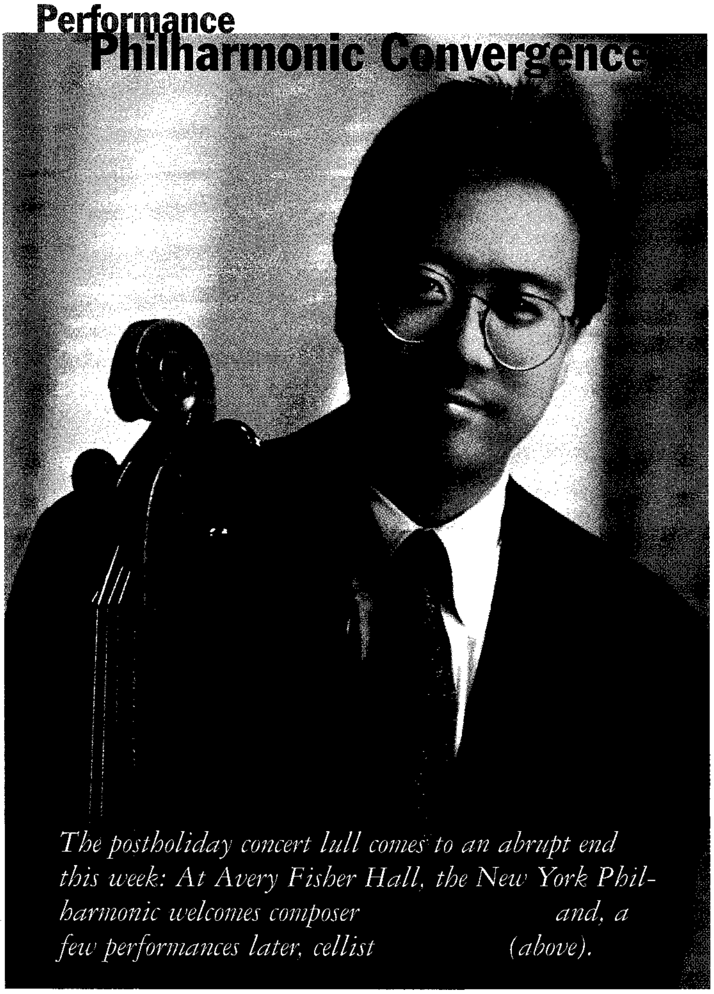
Saturday, January 21

New York Philharmonic—See 1/19.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance Philharmonic Convergence



The postholiday concert lull comes to an abrupt end this week: At Avery Fisher Hall, the New York Philharmonic welcomes composer and, a few performances later, cellist (above).

Sunday, January 22

Met Orchestra—James Levine leads this first performance of the orchestra's inaugural three-concert series with an all–Richard Strauss program. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$70.

Russian National Orchestra—Founder Mikhail Pletnev leads the orchestra in a program of works by Prokofiev and Shostakovich. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 3; $20–$40.

New York Flute Club—"Barrère: Premieres and Dedications." CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (757-8339), at 5:30; $10.

Monday, January 23

Borromeo String Quartet—Making its Lincoln Center debut, the quartet performs works by Bartók, Janácek, and Schumann. Walter Reade Theater (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.

Russian National Orchestra—Mikhail Pletnev is the conductor and featured pianist of today's concert, in which the orchestra performs works by Grieg, Haydn, and Rimsky-Korsakov. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $2–$40.

Evgeny Kissin—The pianist's only New York recital of the season consists of works by Haydn, Beethoven, Franck, and Brahms, and takes place at Carnegie Hall (247-7800), at 8; $15–$70.

Tuesday, January 24

Concert Royal—The period-instrument ensemble continues its "Baroque Favorites and Rarities" series with works by Henry Purcell and incidental music by Lully, Muffat, and Biber. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $12.

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra—Led by Yoel Levi, the orchestra performs the New York premiere of Michael Torke's *Javelin* and the first local performance by Frederica von Stade of Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer.* Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$55.

Wednesday, January 25

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi leads the orchestra in works by Brahms and Schoenberg. Pianist Emanuel Ax is the guest soloist. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$85.

Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski—The piano duo debut with works by Schoenberg, Vierk, Wolff, and others. Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts, Yo-Yo Ma is guest cellist, and the works are by Dvorak and Schumann. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—1/17 and 1/24 at 8 and 1/21 at 1:30: Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore.* 1/18 at 8 and 1/21 at 1:30 (last performance): Strauss's *Die Fledermaus.* 1/19 (premiere; new production) and 1/23 at 8: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra.* 1/20 and 1/25 at 8: Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro.* Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center Plaza (362-6000); $22–$110.

Dance

"Altogether Different"—In honor of Altogether Different's tenth anniversary, the Joyce is showcasing seven premieres by seven choreographers. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (call 242-0800 for schedule); $17. Through 1/22.

New York City Ballet—The repertory season continues. Performances are every day except Monday. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (call 870-5570 for further information); $12–$60.

Twyla Tharp—The choreographer and her recently assembled company of seven dancers come to BAM with the spare *RED, WHITE & BLUES New Works,* set to the music of Ellington, Marsalis, fifties doo-wop, and Burns's *The Civil War.* Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (call 718-636-4100 for schedule); $15–$25.

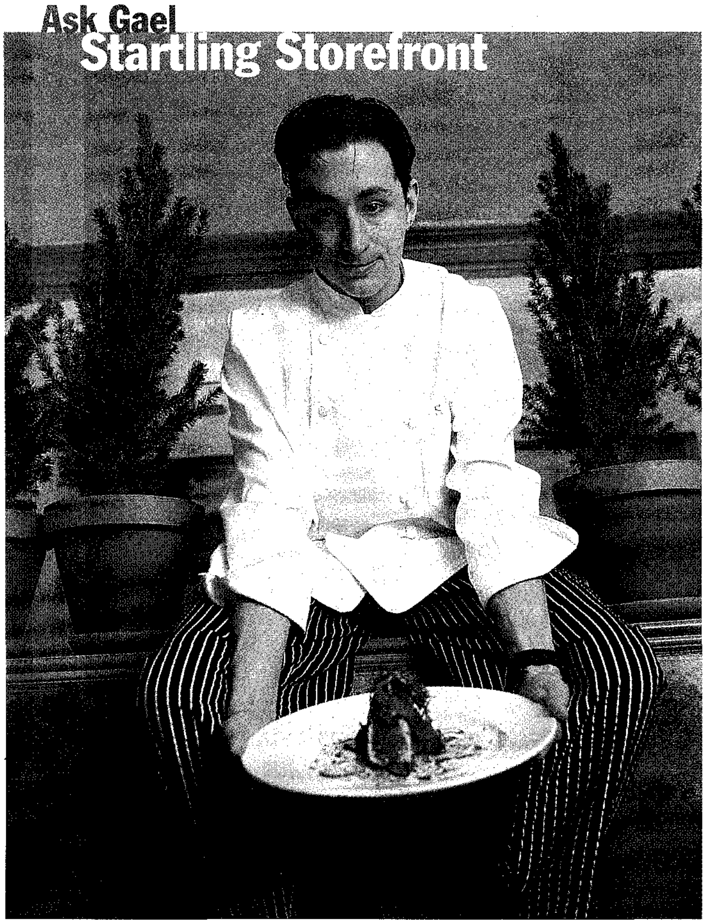
Photograph by J. Henry Fair.

restaurants

Mystery Box...Wine Cake...Mango Purée

Ask Gael

Startling Storefront



I want a nutritionally correct retreat.

Then forget about Luma (200 Ninth Avenue), at least if you're off red meat and dairy. There's a new look and a new philosophy in this storefront with Scott Bryan (Soleil and Alison on Dominick) at the range: Butter is good, crème fraîche, better. Seared peppered tuna and spot-prawn dumplings are sophisticated starters. Salmon and wild mushrooms in white-truffle-oil vinaigrette and low-fat filet mignon all please.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. 281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rainforest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. 482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasti offering. Ironing-board tables in the booths that line the east wall and tile floors. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. 54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sun. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M–E) AE, MC.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken, ribs, and a fried-onion loaf that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. 33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($).

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes, crispy noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. 90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722).(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Liberty Cafe—Hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the har-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

bor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverley* moored along the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood panel and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

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Preview
The East Is East

Riding the wave of genuinely sophisticated and highly affordable East Village restaurants, Chris Genoversa and some Lucky Cheng's vets have recast Asian standards with clever sauces like mango purée and apple salsa at OG (507 East 6th Street).

Below 14th Street, East

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. 100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. 226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. 110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Caribe—117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. (M) MC, V.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that is Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence served to you in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. 38–40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE, TM.

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steak house from blocks away. Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the facade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich Street (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. 262 Bleecker St. (645-2993) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. 126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd. St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. 156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369) (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52st St.(366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. (I) 462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect recreation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. 250 Park Avenue So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. 111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop here for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. 303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. 9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. 346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333).(E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lola's—A lively entrance in the front room that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquets. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that *was* Luther Vandross. 30 W 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-theme café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art customers have drawn at the tables. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.

37th Street Hideaway—Don't dress down for this restaurant. Jacket required. A charming space with a 100-year-old fireplace caters to a "mature" audience. Italian Continental cuisine. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940).(M) AE,CB,DC,V.

T-Rex Restaurant and Bar—Modern "cave cuisine" blends old traditions with new flavors. The prehistoric cavelike setting features paintings on the walls reminiscent of Lascaux's; candles and unique pottery abound. Midnight supper club beginning mid-October Thursdays through Saturdays 12–6 A.M. with live entertainment. 358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. 3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St., at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. 160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. 160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—Yes, that's a sky at your feet and fine Italian fare on the table. Attracts mostly a business crowd. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary decor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 East 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC ,DS, MC, TM, V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and good food—Creole southern with New England twitches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Monday-night talent showcase. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok is a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. 200 E.

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54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting room–like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Barbetta—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has space, with a regal dining room and a romantic garden. Serving Northern Italian food. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your Ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel like they're walking into a castle when they walk into this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cafe Un, Deux, Trois—This casual French bistro has all the hustle and bustle of its Parisian cousins. Good, hearty regional food at moderate prices. 123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Dish of Salt—Opinions vary but are always strong. Gentrified, dependable Cantonese. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. 119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally *très* international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. 151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rainbow Room—Where troubles melt like raindrops, boasts this perch in the sky. Sixty-five stories up and over 60 years old, its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming. The food won't surprise you, but that is indeed the point; reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergou-gnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. 263 W. 45 St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC, V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and an eye on the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The

Happenings

Mystery Box

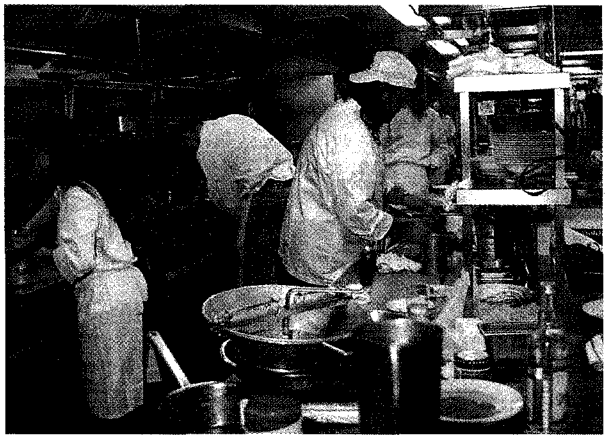
"You gotta understand, we're used to having any ingredients we want," explains Cascabel's chef, Tom Valenti, one of five celebrated alumni of Gotham Bar & Grill called back one recent morning to Alfred Portale's restaurant kitchen to cook with a restricted list of ingredients called a mystery box. "We're being asked to use a muscle in our brain we never have to use."

The mystery box is a traditional cooking-school exercise, but this one contains none of the esoterica found in a culinary academy. Instead, each box is identical and contains fifteen items found in an average New Yorker's refrigerator; at least ten of the items must be used to make one dish (participants also pick two herbs each). When the chefs realize that they're being asked to paint a masterpiece with the same fifteen crayons, the mood turns dark. "Let's just drink the vodka and go home," grouses Tom Colicchio of Gramercy Tavern. "I could have looked in the box a week ago and I still wouldn't know what to make," adds Portale, peering forlornly into his box.

After a twenty-minute gripe-fest, they get to work. Verbena's Diane Forley busies herself grinding rice for pease porridge. Portale rinses the salsa to see whether the tomatoes can be salvaged (they can't). Arizona 206's David Walzog finds a lime and an Ancho pepper in the box, and one of his herbs is cilantro—out of the blender comes a pair of southwestern-style vinaigrettes. John Schenk of the Monkey Bar prepares parchmentlike sheets of baked risotto, while Valenti grinds a chicken breast for a strudel.

The mood lightens considerably around noon as the dishes begin to take shape. All but Portale, who is notoriously organized, admit to having made it up as they went along. "I didn't know I was making a soup until two minutes before the deadline," says Colicchio, "and that was because I made a mistake with the sauce."

MANNY HOWARD



Photograph by Paul Manangan.

serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures's offices. American-Continental food. 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. 224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Le Bar Bat—They crowd five deep at the bar, stalking one another; young melting-pot faces with briefcases and the curious come to eat. 311 W. 57th St. (307-7228).(M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Taxi—Veteran restaurateur Pedro Iso has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. 37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Data

What's in the Box?

What the chefs used:

Vodka, a chicken breast, red wine, white wine, potatoes, Arborio rice, coconut milk, limes and lemons, a can of Kodak film, dried Ancho peppers, frozen chicken stock, a salmon fillet, phyllo dough, garlic, a jar of salsa.

RISO
SUPERFINO

What they made:

Diane Forley, Verbena
Pease porridge and half-roast salmon carpaccio.

Alfred Portale, Gotham Bar & Grill
Short-smoked salmon, garlic mashed potatoes, grilled fennel, and peas with a citrus vinaigrette.

David Walzog, Arizona 206
Tied salmon with doctored salsa, fried potatoes, and an Ancho vinaigrette.

Tom Valenti, Cascabel
Roast salmon, chicken strudel on braised spinach and risotto, and peas with a citrus vinaigrette.

Tom Colicchio, Gramercy Tavern
Roast-garlic-and-potato soup with oven-steamed salmon and a citrus vinaigrette.

John Schenk, Monkey Bar
Roast salmon with garlic, potato, and peas, and coconut stew on a salsa sailboat.

Photograph by Paul Manangan.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. 158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M). AE, MC, V.

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features original Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. 150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Indeed someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959) (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. 339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. Don't settle for less than the front row. 768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the *whole* neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475) (M) AE, MC, V.

Ferrier—Neighborhood hot spot. People-watching, but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. 29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM,V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . Close enough. This festive spot serves caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. 803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC,V

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute* boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC,V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. 853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant was sometimes overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out an eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave at 81st St. (288-5800) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686) (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

West 63rd Street Steak house—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363) (M) AE, DC, MC,V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Arizona 206—Innovative Southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC,V.

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267) (M) AE only.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the yuppie handbook, and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (769-1144). (M) AE only.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dali meets Disney" and is based.on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM,V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those infamous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. 50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC,V.

Sidewalkers'—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. 12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711) ($)

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM,V.

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 P.M. 44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink-plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367) (M) AE, MC,V.

Schlitz—Cop lunch spot: cold beer and great roast pork. Remember Newman's local in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*? 1209 138th St., at Bruckner Blvd. (no phone). ($)

VENETIAN
WINE CAKE

Takeout It's an unusual dessert that can survive a dusting of rosemary, but Rozanne Gold's new Venetian wine cake manages. Inspired by a throwback recipe from the days of the Venetian doges, Gold—who, as first chef at Gracie Mansion for Ed Koch, gained practice cooking for princes—took ten years to reinvent a recipe she first tasted in Venice. Available at Dean & Deluca, Balducci's, and Canard & Company, among others.

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

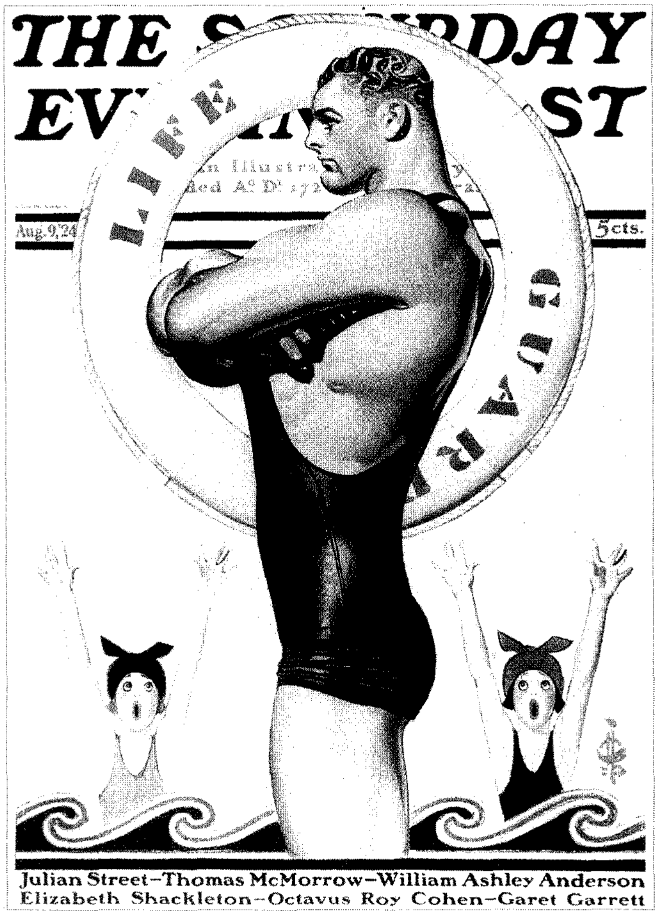
Mencken Memoirs...The Chieftains

John Leonard's Television Notes

Of the two syndicated "Action Pack" TV movies that spin off into weekly series, **Hercules** (Saturday, 1/21; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 11) need not detain us long. Kevin Sorbo as the Big Herc would really rather be a farmer, but since his resentful stepmother, Hera, fireballed his wife and children, and his neglectful father, Zeus, has done a guilty bunk, he will rampage about instead, smashing temples and subduing she-demons. All this, filmed in New Zealand with nifty special effects, is tongue-in-Greek, if not Geek. . . . But **Vanishing Son** (Saturday, 1/21; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 11) is of considerable interest, as the first weekly action-adventure series with an Asian-American (Russell Wong) as the heroic lead, and as a marvelous amalgam of pulp-paranoid components. From the four *Vanishing Son* movies, we know that Wong and his brother escaped to America from a Tiananmen Square–type situation in Red China; that, while his brother joined the underworld, all Wong wanted to do was play the violin; and that Wong was framed for the murder of a couple of federal agents by the defrocked Vietnamese general (and Criminal Overlord) Haing S. Ngor, who has CIA connections because of opium traffic in the Golden Triangle. As we pick up the story this week, Wong finds himself in Los Angeles, pursued by a vengeful FBI agent (Jason Adams) and a sympathetic INS agent (Stephanie Niznik) while simultaneously bedding down a Latin stormbird on the lam from Guatemalan death squads (Jacqueline Obradors) and organizing the garment workers in a sweatshop owned by none other than . . . Haing S. Ngor. It's as if *The Fugitive* had joined *The Joy Luck Club* to practice his kung fu, and it's a lot of fun.

Trapped in Space (Saturday, 1/21, and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; Sci-Fi) uses an Arthur C. Clarke short story as the basis for a futuristic remake of Hitchcock's *Lifeboat,* with Jack Wagner, Jack Coleman, Kay Lenz, and a dog all running out of oxygen on a meteor-damaged space freighter between Earth and Venus. Until the ingenious ending, the whole movie is a dog.

Seven Wonders of the World (Sunday, 1/22; 7 to 11 P.M.; the Learning Channel) spends its first hour on the vanished statue of Zeus at Olympia and the equally vanished Colossus of Rhodes. I haven't seen the next three. But one's enough to get comfortable with archaeologist-historian John Romer, an avuncular host with an inclination toward pop analogies—e.g., "the face of God and the body of Jane Fonda." Or, in a discussion of the image of Alexander the Great as it's transformed into the face of Helios, Christ and the Modern Hero "from Byron to Brando to the dying James Dean." Don't miss the Turkish massage.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly Founded A° D¹ 1728
Aug. 9,'24
5cts.
LIFE GUARD
Julian Street—Thomas McMorrow—William Ashley Anderson
Elizabeth Shackleton—Octavus Roy Cohen—Garet Garrett

Installation

Intense preoccupation with clothes—in museums, in magazines, in the bedroom mirror—extends mainly to questions of aesthetics and design, novelty and froth. Issues of power and gender all too often go unspoken. But "Try This On," an exhibition organized by the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History, is devoted to artifacts and garments from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; the emphasis is exclusively on how they affected the roles of the people who used and wore them. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum (54 Pearl Street) through February 18.

Radio Highlights

"Three Mile Island and Today's Environmental Challenges"—WBAI reprises some of its award-winning coverage of the reactor failure and brings you interviews with Helen Caldicott and Charles Koumanoff (the economist/ecologist whose analysis of the cost of nuclear power plants and testimony at license hearings throughout the country helped block the construction of many facilities). 1/21 at 8:30 A.M.; 99.5 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—1/22 at 8: Weber's *Der Freischutz,* with Sharon Sweet, Peter Seiffert, Andreas Schmidt, Ruth Ziesack, Kurt Rydl, and Peter Matic. Conducted by Marek Janowski. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Honoring Martin Luther King Jr."—WBAI presents a 24-hour tribute to Dr. King on 1/16, which would have been his 66th birthday. The special includes live and taped interviews with members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Deacons for Justice, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, as well as live and recorded music and never-before-aired speeches. 99.5 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast this week on 1/21 at 10 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, with a program featuring William Carlos Williams. The program is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—1/18: Chabrier's *Suite Pastorale* and *Espana;* Cui's Suite Concertante for Violin and Orchestra. 1/19: Mozart's *Divertimento* and Herrmann's Sinfonietta for String Orchestra. 1/20: Chausson's Symphony in B-flat and Piston's Suite for Orchestra. 1/23: Celementi's Symphony in D and Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C. 1/24: Vivaldi's Symphony in G and Walton's Symphony No. 1 in b-flat. Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"For Whom the Bell Curves"—Subtitled "Exposing 'New' Theories on Race, Gender, Ethnicity, and the Self-Perpetuating Fantasy of White Male 'Intellectual' Superiority," this WBAI public-affairs special features highlights of a recent conference on the subject. The subtitle should not leave you at all unsure of the content of the conference or the predisposition of its participants, but just in case, the discussion will range over eugenics, political economy, prevailing notions of intelligence, and, presumably, the conviction that Charles Murray is not at all a nice man. 1/17 at 7; 99.5 FM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore,* with Ruth Ann Swenson, Jerry Hadley, Lucio Gallo, and Paul Plishka. 1/21 at 1:30; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

***My So Called Life: Music From the Television Series* (Atlantic)**—How sad is it that *My So Called Life,* which so painstakingly, hilariously, and delicately maneuvers around the various perils and pitfalls of adolescence, is about to broadcast what is probably its last episode? Almost as sad as the fact that long after the show disappears, this truly average soundtrack, which is redolent of very little of what is good about the show, will remain.

Photograph courtesy of the Fraunces Tavern Museum.

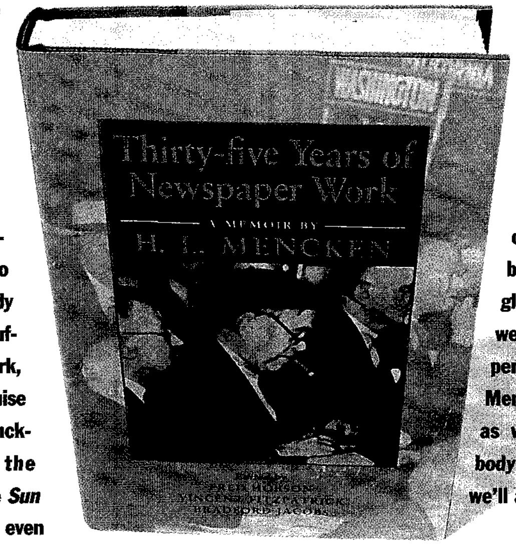
Books

Mencken Unearthed

Several years after it came to public attention that H. L. Mencken liked mocking Jews as much as he liked mocking Scots, F.D.R., Greeks, native-born rubes, and William Jennings Bryan, the worrying classes have moved on, and the author's last books—culled from long-sealed manuscripts—are in print.

On the final page of the memoir that became *Thirty-five Years of Newspaper Work* (Johns Hopkins), Mencken expresses doubt that anyone would be interested enough, decades after his death, to read it. He is certain only "that if I am remembered that long it will be for other and quite different enterprises, and not for my long and vain effort to change the apparently inevitable destiny of the Baltimore *Sunpapers*." Less swashbuckling than his journalism, the memoir nonetheless displays all the qualities that made Mencken one of America's best essayists: the unmistakable voice, the vast learning, the impatience with cant and hypocrisy and pretension. There is also evidence of a fairly generous spirit; it suffused most of his work, but usually in the guise of gruff realism. Mencken notes that the attempt to make the *Sun* exceptional turned even him a little romantic, and when, in his eyes, it failed, he was surprisingly gentle on his publishing peers. "They did their level damndest," he writes, "and angels could have done no more." Mencken thought his memoir could be a contribution toward the history of the country as well as that of journalism, and, reading sections on Harding's inaugural, the Scopes trial, and Prohibition, one agrees.

Reading *My Life As Author and Editor* (new in paperback from Vintage), one realizes that he was right, too, about how history would remember him. The *Sun* is famous because of Mencken, but Mencken is famous because he put much of his considerable energy into writing and promoting literature. The book's back cover promises morsels so tantalizing they might have provoked "a storm of libel suits" when he was alive. But the most interesting material, such as his championing of Theodore Dreiser, is far from extraliterary. Although both memoirs are splendid, only this one can be finished without a terrific sense of gloom. Harding is gone, and we wish we had Mencken on Clinton; newspapers are going, and we wish we had Mencken to sustain them. *Sister Carrie*, as well as Mencken's own prodigious body of work, will always be with us, and we'll always have Mencken on all of it.



LINDA HALL

It's not that there aren't decent songs here—"Soda Jerk" by Buffalo Tom and "Dawn Can't Decide" by the Lemonheads are both cute pop tunes, but they had their day in the sun over a year ago—it's just that they're too old to be considered cutting edge, too recent to be hip rediscoveries (à la Peter Frampton on the *Reality Bites* soundtrack). Daniel Johnston, Sonic Youth, Madder Rose, and Afghan Whigs are on board, as far as we can tell, only for hipster credibility. Adolescence is all about music, and nothing here comes close to getting at the ache of adolescence nearly as succinctly as the episode where Angela and Jordan Catalano made out in the boiler room.

The Chieftains: *The Long Black Veil* (RCA Victor)—As befits a band widely considered to be the Rolling Stones of Irish folk music, the Chieftains have got some pretty famous friends. Elvis Costello, Marianne Faithfull, Roger Daltrey, and Willie Nelson have all sung with them. And on this, their thirty-first record, the guest list is even more impressive: String, Sinead O'Connor, Van Morrison, Tom Jones, Faithfull, Ry Cooder, and, yes, the Stones all lend their talents to this amazingly unphotogenic group of fiddle- and flute-playing yokels. And rarer yet, each sounds the better for it. Ever the polyglot, Sting sings the choruses of the opening "Mo Ghile Mear–'Our Hero'" in Gaelic, complete with Celtic flips and glottal pirouettes—presumably child's play after his duet with Pavarotti—and the band saves him from himself. Mick Jagger gives a surprisingly straight reading of the country-western title tune; Sinead does a quite haunting version of the bloody historical ballad "The Foggy Dew"; and Morrison manages to make his oppressively overplayed hit "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You" worth hearing again. Trendy pairings are blissfully absent here (no U2, no House of Pain), leaving *The Long Black Veil* full of a warmth and freshness that could only come from genuine musical rapport, and deeply felt, if occasionally surprising, friendships.

The Written Word

January at the Poetry Project—1/16 at 8: "A Celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr." Readings on racism by Steve Cannon, Regie Camico, Debby Branch, Esther Iveram, and Ron Kolm. The Jemeel Moondoc Quintet, a jazz ensemble, will perform. 1/18 at 8: Actor, journalist, and poet David Mills and performance poet Julie Patton present their work. St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

"A Martin Luther King Day Gathering of Poets"—Some leading poets gather with editor E. Ethelbert Miller on 1/16 at 8 to read from his anthology *In Search of Color Everywhere: A Collection of African-American Poetry*. Among the readers: Thulani Davis, Toi Derricotte, Cornelius Eady, Eugene B. Redmond, Primus St. John, Sonia Sanchez, and Al Young. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $8.

Mark Doty and Elizabeth Macklin—Richard Howard introduces the two poets, who will read from their work. Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. (431-9232), 1/17 at 7:30; $5.

Lectures

Colin Thubron on *The Lost Heart of Asia*—A travelogue through the former Soviet Republics of Central Asia and the Silk Road—Termini, Bokhara, Samarkand, and the Pamir and Tien Shan mountains. A book-signing and reception follow. The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. (517-NEWS), 1/18 at 6:30; $10.

"Reel Pieces: Kevin Kline"—Dr. Annette Insdorf, professor and chair of Columbia University's film department, introduces a screening of *Dave* and discusses the movie with Kline, its star. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 1/17 at 7:15; $16.

"The State of the World Jewry: 1995"—This fifteenth annual address will be delivered on 1/18 at 8 by Malcolm Hoenlein, executive vice-chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations. Hoenlein has written and lectured extensively on international relations, Israel, and Middle East affairs. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

Fairs and Festivals

Wendy Antiques: The Sacred Heart of New York City Show—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Oriental, and Continental furniture and decorative accessories will be featured at this two-day show. It takes place at 1 E. 91st St. from 11 A.M. to 7 on 1/21 and from 11 A.M. to 6 on 1/22; $10. (There's a benefit preview cocktail reception at 6 on 1/20; call 722-4745 for information.)

Winter Antiques Show—Nine exhibitors, selected from a field of hundreds, bring their art and knowledge to this forty-first annual show. They specialize in (among other things) seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Dutch delftware, Chinese porcelain, Continental furniture, Dutch silver, Empire furniture, Southeast Asian decorative arts, North American Indian Art, Russian Suprematism, and American furniture and accessories from 1660 to 1820. The show opens 1/20 at the Seventh Regiment Armory on Park Ave. at 67th St. and runs through 1/29. Hours are noon to 9 (noon to 6 on Sun.). General admission includes a catalogue and is $15 per person or $25 per couple. Call 718-292-7392 for more information.

"Elvis, Beatles, Psychedelia, and Guitars": The Four-Day Rock Auction—Guernsey's Auction House presents this auction from 1/19–1/22 at the Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. at Houston St. Among the collectibles: earliest-

cue

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Nightlife
Popular Music

Photograph: center, Monica Buck.

known footage of Elvis Presley performing, a 1957 Chevy Bel Air Coupe owned by Ringo Starr, guitars owned by too many people to mention, artwork by Kurt Cobain, and, of course, more than 50,000 records. Hours are 11 A.M. to 9 (until 8 on Sun.). Call 794-2280 for more information.

Tours

Celebrating Martin Luther King Jr. Day: Historic Harlem—This January 16 Big Onion walk emphasizes the history, architecture, and people of the center of black American culture. Among the stops: Strivers' Row, the original Big Apple Cafe, the Abyssinian Baptist Church, and Hamilton Heights. The tour starts at 1; the cost is $9 for adults and $7 for students and seniors. Call 439-1090 for further information and meeting place.

TriBeCa/African Burial Ground—On 1/16 at 12:30, architectural historian Matt Postal will first take you on a visit to the site of the African Burial Ground and then to the landmark neighborhood of TriBeCa, where you'll examine cast-iron, neo-Gothic, and Romanesque architecture. Meet at the Horace Greeley statue, east of City Hall on the Centre Street side (facing the Brooklyn Bridge). Call 439-1049 for more information; $10.

"Chinatown: A Snacks-and-Sights Safari"—Adventure on a Shoestring's next tour covers Chinese New Year food traditions, as well as the history of the neighborhood. You'll pass a splendid Chinese bakery, the former site of the Chatham Club (where Irving Berlin was once a singing waiter), a Buddhist temple, and a Chinese food emporium. The walk ends with an optional $8 luncheon at a three-star Chinese restaurant. For meeting place and reservations, call 265-2663. The tour meets at 11 A.M. on 1/29 and costs $5.

"Immigrant New York"—The neighborhoods currently known as Little Italy, Chinatown, and the Jewish East Side are the subject of this guided walk, along with visits to what used to be Little Africa and Little Ireland. Historian Seth Kamil leads this 1/18 exploration of the city's complex immigrant past; meet at 12:30 at the Horace Greeley statue, east of City Hall on the Centre St. side (facing the Brooklyn Bridge). Call 439-1049 for more information. The tour costs $10.

Sidewalks of New York—Call 662-5300 for information on this outfit's broad range of walks getting under way this week, including the Mafia tour, the murder-sites tour, the ghosts-at-twilight tour, the Greenwich Village architectural tour, and Ye Olde Tavern tour. This month also marks the return of Sidewalks' perennial favorite, "A Tribute to Jackie." All tours are $10. Reservations *are* required during the winter. Please call 517-0201 and leave your name, phone number, and the number of people in your party. Reservations are accepted no later than two hours before the scheduled tour time.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on 1/18 and 1/25 at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations to the Municipal Art Society are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements. Call 935-3960 for more information.

Exhibitions

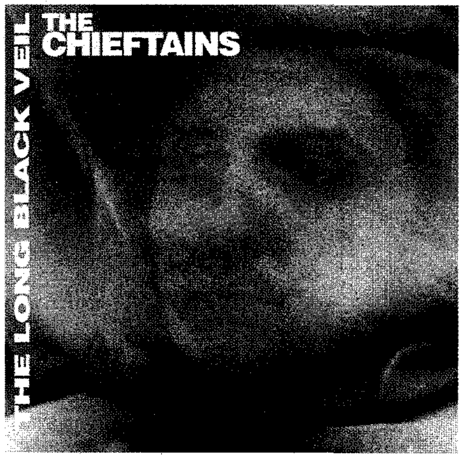
"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located on Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5; Tuesday, 10 A.M. to 2 for preregistered groups only; Sunday, 1 to 5; $5 suggested donation.

"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag"—Soon after the outbreak of World War II, Ms. Leiber decided to immigrate to the U.S. from her native Hungary (where she had met her husband, an American GI). Before she left, she was determined to acquire a skill. She learned how to make handbags at a Budapest factory; there, she says, she picked up her high standards of workmanship and her scrupulous attention to detail. In 1963, Ms. Leiber and her husband started their own business out of a small Manhattan loft. Since then, she has designed more than 3,000 exquisite bags, and today she presides over 200 employees and four floors of an office building. Pat Buckley, Anne Bass, Nancy Reagan, and Barbara Bush are among the women who have carried her creations. At the Fashion Institute of Technology's Leiber retrospective, some 300 of her handbags for day and evening are on display. Hours are Tuesday through Friday, noon to 8; Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5. Admission is free. Call 760-7642 for further information. Through 2/4. The museum at F.I.T. is located in the Shirley Goodman Resource Center on 27th Street at Seventh Ave.

Sports

Basketball

After a road trip south and west, the Knicks bring their three-guard rotation back to the Garden against Portland at 7:30 on Tuesday, January 24. Also a homecoming of sorts for former Seton Hall coach P. J. Carlesimo, still trying to keep the aging Clyde "Please Trade Me" Drexler on his game. The last time the lovable John Starks graced the Garden, he shot for the team record of eight treys, but that won't amount to much if Portland's Rod Strickland shows up for work as well.



Recordings
Chieftains and Friends

Sting, Sinéad, Van, and Mick all lend their talents to the traditional Irish band's excellent new album, *The Long Black Veil* (RCA Victor). Songs run from country-western laments to eighteenth-century ballads, and settings from a hushed instrumental with Ry Cooder to a rousing jam with the Rolling Stones.

JESUS CHRIST

continued from page 47

gift from the Jeez man," he sings, resting his cue horizontally across his shoulders. Eventually, of course, the trouncing begins: God has decreed that his only begotten son must win at billiards. Neeley plays as assuredly as if it were part of his show; the tequila and the late hour have put a glow on him. He finishes me off with a shot that sends the eight ball careening impossibly through the thicket of my many remaining balls and into the side pocket.

After the game, I sit on the edge of the pool table as Neeley contentedly paces back and forth. "This tour started out as a three-month thing," he says. "Bringing it to New York was never part of the plan. But this city has always been a wonder to me." Since trying to picture Christ in a place like this is suddenly not so difficult, I ask Neeley how Jesus of Nazareth would react to New York if he walked its streets today. Neeley draws close and shows how he personally treats homeless people. He asks me to hold out my hand as if I were a supplicant, then takes it solemnly in both of his and stares with dramatic empathy into my bloodshot eyes. There is a moment of puzzled silence at the table behind us, and I try to drag the subject back to Jesus, if we have ever strayed from it. How, I ask, would Christ react to violence? I lean back, fully expecting to hear a few words about forgiveness. "He would react with rage," Neeley says quietly. "I mean, I'm the most nonviolent person I know. But if you move against my wife or children, I will kill you. There is no quarter. It doesn't matter what your background is, what made you violent, why you attack. You fuck up, you die. I am a capital-punishment man. Jesus, I think, would be no different. He knocked over a few tables. He let 'em know he was there. I've read so much in the press we've gotten about Judas's strength and Jesus's frailty—but I can kick Judas's ass anytime. That's not the point. Betrayal is a metaphor for love. Jesus, as I understand him, is not weak. The essence of Christ is to say, 'What's mine is yours.' But where I come from is primal—an animal world. You can be Christlike and also be tough."

Neeley has his hands on my shoulders, and he is aiming The Look straight into my face. But not even the subject of vengeance has spoiled his merry mood. I take the opportunity to ask him about one especially odd rumor. I've heard it said that when the *Superstar* cast travels by bus, Neeley sometimes hops off at the city limits so as to arrive on foot, in the style of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. It's just the sort of behavior that sets folks to talking. "If they think I'm in character when I do that," he says, "that's their perception. . . . Their words, not mine." This last phrase rings a bell, until I realize it's a line from the play. ■

Kids

Hispanic Culture

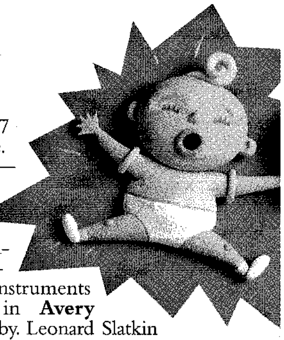
Children's Events

Mayan Creation Myth—Larger-than-life creatures reenact an ancient Mayan epic, *Heart of the Earth: A Popol Vuh Story,* directed here by Ralph Lee. Performance is in Spanish and English. For ages 7 and up. Through 1/29. Wed. through Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Tickets for afternoon performances are $15; for evening performances, $20. **Intar Hispanic American Arts Center,** 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200). ●

Odyssey on Ice—Disney's *Beauty and the Beast,* transferred from celluloid to stage, is now on ice. The international cast of 44 skaters slides through a battery of scenery and costume changes to the familiar movie score. Performances will be given at three locations: 1/24 through 1/29 at **Byrne Meadowlands Arena,** East Rutherford, N.J. (201-935-3900); tickets $12.50 to $32.50. 1/31 through 2/5 at **Nassau Coliseum,** 1255 Hempstead Tpke., Uniondale, N.Y. (516-794-9300); tickets $12.50 to $32.50. 2/17 through 2/26 at **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave. (632-4000); tickets $17.50 to $35.

Camping Trip—Computer day camp for Sebastian? Sleep-away riding camp for Samantha? Come and discuss the suitability of summer-camp programs for your child at a camp fair where about 30 directors of camps throughout the Northeast will discuss their wares. 1/19 from 4 to 8. **Little Red Schoolhouse,** 196 Bleecker St. (477-5316). ●

Live Entertainment—Plays for families around town this week include *Rubbish! She Cried,* **The Paper Bag Players'** musical about recycling and respect for the earth, performed with costumes you can copy at home using boxes and bags. Weekends at 2 through 2/26. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are $15. **Theatreworks'** inspirational musical *Freedom Train* is about Harriet Tubman's role in the Underground Railroad, which carried slaves to freedom. Performances are 1/21 at 12:30 and 1/22 at 10:30 and 12:30. 890 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are $17 (children under 5 are not admitted). **Tada's** "Prop Shop" is a chance for the theater group to go through its old prop shop, try on costumes, and recall favorite songs from the group's ten-year history of musical performances for families. Through 1/29. Fri. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3. $5 for children, $7 for adults. **Professor Putter** mixes science with magic, music, and song at the West End Gate Cafe. 1/21 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830). Tickets are $7. **The Puppet Company** presents its marionette show *Harmony Castle,* a story that picks up where the Cinderella fairy tale leaves off. Sun. at 1 and 3 through 1/29. Metropolis Cafe, 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St. (741-1646). Tickets are $7.50. Reserve. *Humpty Dumpty* and *The Three Little Pigs* are presented by **The Little People's Theatre Company.** Weekends through 4/2. *Humpty Dumpty* is at 1:30, *Three Little Pigs* at 3. The Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (769-9540). **Puppetworks'** *The Tortoise and the Hare,* along with other sobering Aesop's fables, is presented with rod and hand puppets through 4/15. Sat. and Sun. at 12:30 and 2:30; additional performances twice daily during Presidents' Week, 2/18 through 2/26. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn (718-965-6058). $5 for children, $7 for adults. Reserve.



Musical Commedia—At the season's third Young People's Concert, a "Promenade" of musicians on brass instruments greets children in **Avery Fisher Hall**'s lobby. Leonard Slatkin conducts Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and Bolcom's *Commedia* during the concert itself. For children ages 6 to 12. 1/21: Promenade at 1, concert at 2. 10 Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5700). Tickets are $6 to $20. ●

'The Magic Flute'—**The Sylvan Winds Chamber Music** ensemble joins **Puppetworks'** marionettes in a performance of the Mozart opera condensed for family audiences to about an hour. Prince Tamino tests his valor to rescue Princess Pamina, and encounters truth and a dollop of wisdom along the way. 1/22 at 1. Trinity School, 101 W. 91st St. (249-8835). Tickets are $7.50 for children, $15 for adults. ●

Making and Shaking—Make masks and reenact the Greek myth of Pan; later, stage a musical theater production (on Saturday) or listen to jazz and blues and make music on a giant sculptural "soundscape" with xylophones of wood and steel and a giant log drum (on Sunday). Workshops for children ages 7 to 12 are sponsored by the Children's Museum of Manhattan every weekend from noon to 3 through March at **Citicorp Center's Atrium,** Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. (721-1223). ●

Mama to MOMA—"One-at-a-time," the guided family gallery program at the **Museum of Modern Art,** looks at the architecture of Rem Koolhaas in a program called "Kool Sites." For ages 5 to 10 with adult companions. 1/21 at 10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400). $5 per family. ●

'Little Women'—Louisa May Alcott's beloved Civil War–era story is reenacted on the big screen for a new generation of would-be Jo Marches. Tragedies, Beth's death among them, may be too disturbing for children under 5. With Winona Ryder, Chris-tian Bale, Susan Sarandon, and Gabriel Byrne. Rated PG. See "Movies: New Films" for cinema locations.

Latin Rhythms—"A Musical Tour Around the World" features Los Pleneros de la 21, belting out Puerto Rican *bomba* and *plena* music, and Inkhay, performing music and dance of the Andes mountains. 1/22 at 3. Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510). $3 for children, $10 for adults. ●

Bag It—Impress friends at school by bringing lunch in an elegant paper bag designed at the **Children's Museum of the Arts'** Paper Bag Workshop. 1/21 and 1/22 at noon, 1, 2, and 3. 72 Spring St. (274-0986). $5 admission plus $1 materials fee. ●

In a Pickle—Tickets are on sale for next week's **Pickle Family Circus,** an offspring of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, which performs an intimate one-ring circus with wire walkers, jugglers, clowns, music, and no animal acts. 1/28 at 2. Tilles Center for the Performing Arts, C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, Rte. 25A in Brookville (516-299-3100). Tickets are $15.

'The Temperature in Central Park Is . . .'—Belvedere Castle, tucked away in Central Park, has been a weather station since 1919. Join park rangers for a tour of the meteorological equipment that has monitored local tornadoes, thunderstorms, hurricanes, and heat waves. 1/21 at 2. Meet at Belvedere Castle, 81st St., mid-park (800-201-7275). ●

Danza Y Musica—Dance *la marcha,* the flamenco, and the *sevillinas* in a Hispanic-dance celebration, accompanied by Indulto, a traditional Spanish guitar duo. Brazilian, Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, and Spanish heritages are represented. 1/22 at 2. For ages 4 and up. **Henry Street Settlement,** Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400). $3.50 for children, $5 for adults. ●

Activity

Handmade In Manhattan

Not many kids have the patience for, say, a six-week course in bead stringing: Just because they're dying to make cool pendants today does not mean they'll care about the art of jewelry design tomorrow. The following drop-in crafts studios serve up instant gratification.

Location	Hours	Activities	Price
Pull Cart **31 West 21st Street** **727-7089**	**Mon.–Fri. 12–9, Sat. and Sun. 10–6**	**Painting on ceramic bisqueware with underglazes. Pick up fired pieces a week later.**	**$6 an hour and price of bisqueware—mugs are $10, small vases are $7.**
Bead-Dazzled **422 Columbus Avenue, at 80th Street** **362-5533**	**Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 11–6:30**	**Making anything with beads, including necklaces, brooches, and bracelets.**	**Price of materials only. Beads range from 10 cents to several dollars.**
Little Shop of Plaster **431 East 73rd Street** **717-6636** **106 West 90th Street** **877-9771**	**Mon.–Fri. noon to 6:30, Sat. and Sun. 10–6:30**	**Painting premolded plaster shapes (dinosaurs and double ballet slippers are popular) with paint, glitter, and varnish. Also sand art and temporary tattoos.**	**Price of plaster pieces only. A plaster Superman is $11.95; a candy jar is $13.95.**
The Bead Store **1065 Lexington Avenue, near 75th Street** **628-4383**	**Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Sat. and Sun. 10–6**	**Making anything with beads, including cufflinks, barrettes, earrings, and anklets.**	**Price of materials only. Beads range from 5 cents to several dollars.**
132 Spring Street **941-6450**	**Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 11–6**		
Crafts on Broadway **215 West 76th Street, second floor** **501-7320**	**Mon.–Fri. noon to 7, Sat. and Sun. 11–7**	**Decorating T-shirts; painting precast plaster shapes; sand art.**	**Charge is per project—averaging $9.95 per child.**
It's Just a Hobby **204 West 96th Street, downstairs** **666-4567**	**Wed.–Mon. 10–7**	**Leather kits to make wallets; wood kits to make toy sailboats; model airplanes; beads; lanyard kits.**	**Price of materials only. Plastic model of a car is $11; a two-story-doll-house kit is $33.95.**

Ground Rules:

- **● = free**
- **● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)**

Photograph by Todd France; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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A Real Nice Guy!—An easygoing president of major well-known corporation with morals, manners, muscles too! Fun, humorous heart and good looks, tall, fit, 38, classy. Seeks loving lady under 37 for great future. Photo a must. 4929 ✉

Secure, Kind Man—6', 59, Jewish, low-key, seeks lady, 40s, professional, brainy, very robust/strong - works out? 4902 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome J. Crew Type—34, 6' and 185 lbs, athletic, successful market manager. Lover of life, music, skiing, laughter. Searching for beautiful, passionate soul mate with exercised mind. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 4847 ✉

Extremely Cute Cardiologist—Jewish male of 30, who is searching for a petite, cute Jewish female, 20-29. Must like to giggle. Photo a must. 4961 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Exceptional Lady—Christian, 38, 5'5", with class, traditional values and positiveness. Likes: theater, fitness, golf, fun, etc. Seeks successful, attractive man, 38-47, with similar interests and character. Photo. 4832 ✉

Manhattan's Sexiest Woman—And smart, too! Great-looking, green-eyed blond executive with sophisticated tastes, seeks professional or businessman, 48 plus. 4853 ✉

Attractive Asian Woman—38, 5'3", 110 lbs, who enjoys refinement and elegance, seeks Caucasian male - must be over 5'10", 35-45, handsome, live in Manhattan, well-educated, kind, classy and successful. Also interested in settling down. Photo/note/phone, please. 4849 ✉

Woman Of Valor—5' 5 1/2", attractive, intelligent, eclectic tastes, seeks tall, adventurous gent, 48-62 - maybe burned, but not scorched; maybe naive, but not stupid; maybe businessman, but not ruthless; maybe realistic, but not too cynical. Must have sense of humor, be physically fit and have hope for tomorrow. 4803 ✉ ☎

Successful, Smart, Sensitive NY Man—Youthful 50s, 5'10", really nice-looking, passion for life, caring, truly likes women, loves the wonders of NY, country drives and romantic settings. Desires a very feminine, bright, sensual, slim, savvy, interesting, beautiful woman of substance, to share it all. Photo please. 4884 ✉

Robert DeNiro Seeks Joan Chen—Dynamic, handsome Manhattan CEO, 35, seeks intelligent, attractive Asian woman, 24-28, for friendship/relationship. I enjoy theater, movies, Soho/Village, horseback riding in Central Park, golf, Le Cirque, Bergdorf's, Cannes, champagne, St. Moritz, Bermuda, sailing, tennis, scuba diving, Renoir, U-2 and Mozart. 4825 ✉ ☎

My New Year's Resolution—Is to be "proactive" in '95 and to find you in time for Valentine's Day. Your fertile mind, keen sense of humor and solid principles earn for you the admiration of others. Those who are close to you respect you for honesty and like you for kindness and warmth. If you are 32-44, pretty, ladylike, well-dressed and ready for a serious, permanent partnership, consider this handsome, successful professional man, 42, who is ready to spoil you with all forms of kindness. Let's share family, friends and all the goodies life offers. Nonsmokers, please. Handwritten note/photo/phone. 4958 ✉ ☎

I Am An Extremely Wealthy Tycoon—With a powerful appearance and muscular physique. I have a net worth of 500 million dollars (verifiable). I am Jewish and regarded by some as eccentric. I am not looking for marriage (right now) - but what I am seeking, to fulfill my wild and fun interests, is a voluptuous, nonconformist woman who appreciates generosity in a person. I have no problem dating someone who has children. 4918 ✉ ☎

Where's My Angel?—My resolute patience abounds - but you're nowhere to be found! I seek your heavenly beauty and intellect as well as your earthly warmth and humor. This mere mortal is tall and truly very handsome, with strong integrity and a kind heart. I'm a devout athlete, in virtuous shape at 36, and I've parlayed two Ivy laurels into a wholly successful career! Let me polish your halo with my passionate soul and my jovial wit. Please wing a Valentine to this slightly devilish bachelor - and your celestial response will make my eager heart soar! 4865 ✉

Rip-Roaring Fun—Unshakable intimacy. Talking till 3 am and not wanting to go to bed. 33, Jewish, warm, successful, playful, adventurous, driven, master of his universe, is looking for his one and only to share the sunlight with. If you are personable and glamorous, I'd love to meet you for a drink...or more. Here is my hand. Put a pen in yours and take it. Photo/phone. 4905 ✉

Close Your Eyes And Imagine—This tall, willowy, redheaded beauty with mile-high legs, in her late 40s, who seeks to meet a very tall, accomplished and educated gentleman. 4907 ✉

Honest Woman—Warm, loving, seeks nonsmoking Jewish man, 50 plus. 4915 ✉

Warm, Handsome Jewish Lawyer—44, 5'9", Manhattanite, seeks attractive, vibrant, professional Jewish woman, 28-38, for serious relationship. Nonsmoker. Note/photo a must. 4920 ✉ ☎

Ready To Connect Again—I'm handsome, successful, 56 years young, tall, slim and Jewish. Seeking a pretty, unencumbered woman with a casual style - slim body and sense of humor a must. Note, photo and nonsmoker please. 4792 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Very Successful—And looking for you. Bright, lovely, warm, accomplished Jewish woman, 40, with generous curves and a heart to match, seeks soul mate - Jewish physician, attorney or CEO - with intelligence, warmth, integrity and humor. 4877 ✉ ☎

Voted 2nd Sexiest—At high school reunion. Athletic, accomplished 43-year-old professional, seeking a regular guy - funny, adventurous, successful and a little irreverent. Photo a plus. 4855 ✉ ☎

You Are A Gentleman—Socially and financially secure, over the "younger woman" phase of life. I am a European-American woman writer, equally secure, well-traveled, educated, intelligent, a knowledgeable hostess, eclectic, sense of humor, calm-natured and fun. I am 5'7", slim, young fiftysomething, attractive, red-haired, curious. Please be 6' plus, 60 plus, well-placed in your life...and interesting. 4913 ✉

Handsome Attorney—32, slim, varied interests, seeks fun-filled and passionate relationship with an attractive, slim Catholic female, under 30, who is bright, honest and funny. Note/photo. 4759 ✉

Italian-Irish Professional Male—43, athletic, funny, varied interests, seeks a warm, slim, classy professional lady for love/family. Photo/note. 4813 ✉

Great Guy Seeks Miss Right—Bright, warm, hardworking, self-made entrepreneur, 30, seeks attractive, fun, active, smart, together, down-to-earth, easygoing, affectionate, marriage-minded, slender Jewish female, 20-28. Photo. 4844 ✉ ☎

Cute Jewish Male—32, 5'2", 125 lbs, blond hair, hazel eyes. Loves golf, fly-fishing and skiing. My real estate portfolio is complete - I'm only missing you. Please be slim, petite, Jewish, 25-35. Note/photo/phone. 4747 ✉

Gay Woman—Very attractive, 5'8", slim, 39, highly accomplished, intellectual, artistic, kind, seeks very pretty, feminine woman who is gentle, ethical, emotionally open, values intimacy and depth, cares deeply about contributing positively to humanity in some way, and is keenly intelligent. 4866 ✉

Classy And Petite—Huggable, loveable Eastside princess, 41, seeks a handsome prince to marry. 4942 ✉ ☎

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Isn't It Amazing—That this clever, spirited, caring, courageous, stylish, very attractive woman, would come to this to find you - a gent over 49. 4922 ✉

Marriage-Minded Male—Successful doctor - seeks pretty, petite Christian female with traditional values, in her late 20s, for fun and romance. Photo. 4713 ✉

Classy As Veuve Clicquot—But earthy as a country pate. Stunning, joie de vivre, sportive, playful, energetic, well-traveled, city lover. Looking for a warm gentleman, 45-55, with a kind sense of humor, who practices his religion. No couch potatoes need apply. 4852 ✉ ☎

Friend Needs Real Man—Long-legged, naturally beautiful head-turner (reluctant to advertise, eager to date), is warm, sparkling, and cooks too! Lissome brunette, former dancer, now personal trainer and grad student, 34, 5'10", looking for a grown-up man: fit, healthy, smart, affectionate, 34-42, 6' plus, interested in exercise, career, movies and enjoying Manhattan. Might you be the perfect Valentine for her? Note/photo please. 4899 ✉

Divorced Jewish Male—51, secure, physician, CT resident - wishes to meet younger, attractive Jewish female for all the right reasons. Photo please. 4845 ✉

Beautiful, Classy, Successful Italian—5'6", mid 30s, Ivy trained, playful, enjoys working out, sports, family, the beach. Seeks handsome, secure, caring man with similar interests, 32-45, over 5'10", for friendship, romance and possible lasting relationship. Photo, please. 4881 ✉ ☎

Down-To-Earth—Funny, good-looking professional guy, Jewish, 37, 5'9", never married, nonsmoker, lives NJ, is searching for an intelligent, slim, attractive and down-to-earth woman for companionship and a future. Photo preferred. 4809 ✉

Handsome, Green-Eyed Woman—Slim, 5'5", seeks professional, intelligent man, 45-55, for talk and fun. 4784 ✉

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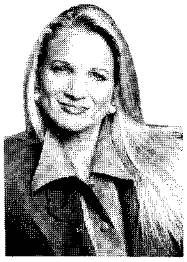

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Desperately Seeking Substance—Sharp, adorable LI mom, 37, seeks passionate best friendship with sharp, adorable Jewish man, 35-50. Note/photo please. 4814 ✉

Black Male—30, 6'1", professional, seeks lady, 22-30, who is serious and marriage oriented, for relationship. Race is unimportant. 4840 ✉

Affluent, Artistic, Loving—LI exec, 40, never married, fit, athletic and cultured, seeks great lady to spoil each other rotten. Must be marriage-minded, 20s-30s, petite, fit, intellectually curious and physically active, with love of kids, zest for life and an eye on forever. Photo preferred. 4874 ✉

Handsome MD—Young, successful, cultured, well-traveled. Seek attractive, sincere, easygoing (but not necessarily easy) Jewish female, 24-34, comfortable with Jewish life style, eager to share each other's interests. 4712 ✉

Successful MD/Inventor—37, dedicated to tennis, travel and the Economist, seeks beautiful and caring woman, 27-32, for fun/companionship. Photo please. 4835 ✉

Diamond In The Rough—38, 6'1", outgoing, athletic, active, adventurous and open-minded, with great sense of humor, Christian, childless professional male with above-average looks. Seeks similar (201)/(212) woman, 30-45, of similar interests. All answered. Photo with note, please? 4901 ✉

Lady Veterinarian—Enjoys the arts, x-country skiing, sophisticated country living, horses and tennis. Seeks educated, successful, single white male, 47-55, nonsmoker. Let's meet at the Penn Club. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 4910 ✉

Adorable, Petite Blond—Jewish, 5'1", 105 lbs, 32, athletic, professional, funny, outgoing, loves the Knicks! Seeks successful, handsome, athletic, easygoing Jewish male for fun/romance/commitment. Note/phone/photo. 4871 ✉☎

Marriage-Minded—Successful Wall Street type (50) seeks a fit, Waspy woman, 35-45, for long-term commitment. I enjoy dining out, some sports, travel, movies and some of the arts. If you desire to someday live in CT and possibly have children, I may be the one for you. Nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo. 4878 ✉☎

Outdoor Beauty—36, 5'8", who loves horseback riding, skiing, backpacking and flyfishing. I'll even leave my beautiful springer spaniel home for the right man! Seeks sensitive, handsome professional, 37-47, to explore with. 4914 ✉☎

Dark-Haired Beauty—With brains, humor and talent, seeks handsome, smart, funny professional male for warm, long-term relationship. Please be 30-40 and nonsmoker. Note and photo. 4797 ✉☎

Unorthodox Pleasures—Red meat, Scotch, furs and real diamonds. 35-year-old, vivacious, visceral and voluptuous woman, seeking one successful, sophisticated man with street savvy, who is generous and motivated by power, happiness and Manhattan. 4891 ✉☎

Your Friends Will Say He's A Keeper—I'm a very good-looking male, 37 years old, 160 lbs, 5'10", sometimes shy, sometimes self-possessed, always honest and exude integrity. I'm very successful, way fun, spontaneous, kind, gentle, stable and sometimes even a little protective, you are especially loving, supportive, extremely pretty with a great complexion, super smile, terrific abs and a great sense of style. Hopefully you ski, golf, blade, bike, love all water sports. If you're adventurous, mischievous, well-read, travelled and never switch hands with your knife and fork, please send a note and photo, and maybe we'll both have some new magic in our lives. 4950 ✉

An Attractive Japanese Lady—46, 5'5", sincere, marriage-minded, sensitive, cultured, well mannered, seeks Manhattanite - kind, trustworthy, financially secure, serious about marriage (40s-50s). Bio/photo/phone. 4889 ✉

Slim, Pretty Professional—With eclectic interests, funny, seeks successful, grounded, spontaneous, romantic, sensitive man (40s-50s) who enjoys jazz, hiking, the Knicks, and is ready for a relationship. Photo/note. 4782 ✉

Lovely Professional Woman—42, slender, runner, kind, intelligent, loves to laugh. Enjoys reading, museums, film, theater. Seeks honest, caring, intelligent man with generous spirit, for committed relationship and marriage. Note/phone. 4836 ✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—48, 6'1", 180 lbs and fit. Interested in music, running, movies and travel. Seeking very pretty, slender, bright female, 35-45, who is also happy and secure. Phone/note/photo. 4903 ✉

Really Nice Guy—Single, white, male Jewish professional (not religious), very marriage-minded, loves animals, traveling domestic and international, athletic nonsmoker seeks tall, slender, educated woman with pretty face and nice hair, who will appreciate me. Age unimportant. Asians and Europeans are encouraged. Photo and phone. 4931 ✉

Beautiful, Slim, Petite—NYC blond psychologist and Freud fan of 38, who loves nature, fitness and art, seeks a cute, fit, highly intelligent NYC man in medicine or mental health, who is psychologically-minded and who still has a sense of humor. 4938 ✉☎

Be My New Year's Resolution—You: intelligent, funny, successful Jewish male, ready to commit. Me: attractive, funny, bright professional, 34 years old. Interest in tennis, movies, travel, the arts and weekend getaways a plus. Letter and photo appreciated. 4829 ✉

Be My Valentine—Kind, caring, single Jewish male, MD, 40, from the Jersey Shore, nonreligious, successful, romantic and handsome, enjoys great conversations, dining, sports and other entertainment. Seeks intelligent, warm-hearted, very attractive female for a serious relationship leading to marriage and family together. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 4841 ✉

Pretty, Passionate, Professional—40ish female - loves travel, music, arts, animals. Seeks cosmopolitan professional man with warmth and sense of humor. 4787 ✉

The Best Of The New Year Is Here—Start it with me - beautiful white female, 32, slender, intelligent, loyal and secure professional. Would like to meet attractive white male, 28-38, successful professional/entrepreneur, caring, fit, nonsmoker and nonreligious. Must like to travel and be open to possibilities. Photo/phone/note. 4788 ✉

31, Very Attractive—Hazel eyes, 5'8", Jewish professional/musician, bright, traditional and a bit wild. You: sexy, works out, traditional but "funky", 5'3"-5'8". Photo exchange okay. 4794 ✉

Gay Professional Female—40, established psychotherapist, 5'1", 105 lbs, feminine and attractive. Good person with warmth and humor. I offer friendship and love, tenderness and excitement, to a professional attractive woman who is emotionally and intellectually secure, able to both give and receive, willing to be vulnerable along with me and interested in savoring the beautiful and exciting journey of getting to know one another deeply. I love my family and my work, and I will be interested in sharing what is important to you. Your tears will be just as dear to me as your laughter and hoping for the same. Your flaws will be appreciated as equally as your strengths. I welcome your sincere, open response. Nonsmoker. 4921 ✉☎

Special Man Wanted:—Jewish, successful, sincere, cultured professional, 40s-early 50s. Reward: pretty, petite, bright, vivacious blond with wit, warmth and class. Enjoys movies, theater, travel and sports. Photo please. 4919 ✉☎

Peaceful In The Country—Appreciative of the city. Pretty, petite, funny, bright, creative, spiritual, never married, 41 (looks lots younger) Jewish, single mom. Dreaming of a wonderfully warm, centered and settled man with whom to sing, cook, snuggle, share thoughts, travel, *politics, friends, the arts and A.A. Milne.* Dreams can come true - my baby girl is proof. Note and phone. Photo exchanged. 4887 ✉☎

Mahler, Balanchine Are Waiting—Jewish man, 52, psychotherapist, desires female partner, nonsmoker, 36-48, to meet with them. 4856 ✉

This Is A One Shot Deal—Mid 30s, handsome actor/model, successful, down-to-earth, fun-loving, built and bright, finally ready to spoil you rotten in every way. You: 26 or under and baggage-free. Gorgeous, fit, intelligent, with a lust for life and continual learning. Photo/note a must. 4944 ✉

Pretty, Successful, Jewish Architect—38, warm, bright, easygoing mother of two adorable girls (4 and 7). Seeks Jewish, intelligent, successful, professional, caring, family-oriented man, 34-45. 4839 ✉☎

Tall, Slim Woman Of 36—Attractive, smart and witty, seeks successful, sincere yet fun-loving professional man, 35-50, over 6', who likes films, books, romantic *dinners and wants to meet the love of his* life in 1995! Note/phone. 4785 ✉

Wanted: Intelligent Romantic—Pretty, athletic, career-minded Jewish woman, 24-35, who acts like a combination of Jamie Buckman and Dr. Susan Lewis to become my "Mad About You" soul mate. Warning, I am a proud father of a 4-year-old boy. Note and photo please. 4932 ✉

Incredibly Cute Jewish Male—32, 5'11", 190, baby blues, funny, sensitive, fit, outgoing, doctor - enjoys NY, music, travel, animals, sports. Seeking marriage-minded Jewish female, to age 31, nonsmoker, who is sweet, fun and lovable. Note/phone. Photo is essential for reply. NY/NJ/CT. Hey, you never know. 4916 ✉

Adventurous Male Seeks Special Lady—Single white male, 38, 6'2", 190 lbs, self-employed, athletic, intelligent, romantic. I seek an attractive, physically fit, special lady, who is a nonsmoker - for close friendship, serious romance, and to share our lives. 4586 ✉☎

Professional Jewish Male, 32—6', good-looking, sense of humor, introspective, communicative, emotionally strong, unpretentious, diverse and giving, nonreligious, into exercise, quiet evenings, skiing, movies, looking for female counterpart, 25-30, not afraid of commitment. Photo/note. 4876 ✉

Pianist/Writer—30s, into karate, fitness, the outdoors, travel and laughing, seeks female. Note/photo/phone. 4688 ✉☎

Let's Spend The New Year Together!—Beautiful brunette, Jewish female, 38, 5'4", size 4 - sweet, intelligent, vivacious, successful, savvy and sincere, seeks a highly ambitious, honest and affectionate Jewish man, 35-45, with class, character and personality, for loving relationship, marriage and children. You won't be disappointed! Note/photo a must. 4684 ✉

North Shore Lady—Very pretty, independent, seeks highly intelligent, happy and successful gent, 50-60, to share tennis games and romantic nights by the fireplace. Note/photo please. 4802 ✉☎

Pretty 60ish Kid—Seeking male counterpart - tall, good dancer. 4681 ✉

Extremely Beautiful Brunette Model—28, who also happens to be sweet and down-to-earth, seeks tall, dark and handsome model type (6' and over), 25-35. Only sincere individuals please. Photo a must. 3277 ✉

Greek Beauty, Professional—Seeks Jewish soul mate over 40. 4860 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive—NJ, single white female, 42, smart, sexy, slim, educated professional, warm, secure, seeks male counterpart - bright, mature man with whom I can communicate on many levels, to share interests, have fun and enjoy a wonderful life together. 4888 ✉

Sheldn Seeking Myrna—Handsome, successful, athletic, non-straying, creative type seeks Myrna charm with Pfeiffer looks. Leave Mr. Madison at home. Photo and phone please. 4923 ✉

Professional Man—49, 6', seeks professional woman, 40-50, who enjoys music, museums, golf, etc. 4949 ✉ ☎

Sincere Guy In Slick Single World—Handsome, 5'8", 160, 51 (looks 45), man, college teacher/successful CEO, seeks attractive, slim, sensitive, under 45, educated female, whose interests range from museums to moonlight dinners, leading to serious relationship. Send recent photo/note and phone number. 4926 ✉

Falling For Each Other—35, Jewish, single male MD, surgeon specialist, 5'11", handsome, athletic, warm heart, warm smile. Looking for upbeat, slender, wonderful woman in 20s-early 30s, to share life. Phone/photo. 4795 ✉

Attractive, Successful—41-year-old Jewish man seeks his soul mate. Be attractive, with a heart of gold. If nose points up, do not apply. 4898 ✉ ☎

5'10" Tall, Pretty Lady—Trim, athletic, loves tennis, skiing, dancing. Seeks tall, handsome CEO/entrepreneurial type with traditional values, 55-65, to share loving relationship. 4873 ✉ ☎

Romantic, Funny—Jewish professional, 33, 5'6", looking for that special lady. Is it you? 4833 ✉

Fiery And Snuggly—Sexy, athletic Jewish female, NY native, early 30s, with Ivy JD. Personals first timer, ready to share my very cool life with handsome, confident mensch. Note/photo. 4925 ✉

New Year's Resolution—Nice guy, handsome Jewish businessman, romantic, young 38, seeks pretty, 22-28, Jewish female with a heart of gold. You won't be sorry. Note and photo please. 4858 ✉

Pretty Professional—Fun Catholic woman, 38, seeks tall, sincere, successful man for romance, marriage and family. Photo please. 4811 ✉ ☎

Striking Redhead—40s, 5'7", slim and fit. I've been called a real head-turner, too smart for my own good, sassy, saucy, spirited, feisty and a beautiful female animal. I'd love to meet an intelligent, aware, communicative, mentally and physically fit, kind, loving, supportive, grown-up man. Note/photo. 4886 ✉

Celebrity Millionaire—Eligible, very handsome, sexy, 36. My line of work and net worth afford me the luxuries of free time, travel and entertainment. Although I am often in the company of beautiful women, I am still seeking that special pretty, sexy model/actress/dancer to enjoy lifestyles of the rich and famous. Photo appreciated. 4810 ✉

Eric Roberts Meets Father Knows Best—Successful ad exec, 42, seeks Sharon Stone/Donna Reed, 35, for committed relationship. Photo a must. 4804 ✉

Who Am I?—Slim, pretty, 39, compassionate, accomplished woman, enjoys theater, museums, travel, music, exercise, dancing, karate, books. If you are intelligent, communicative, successful and have a sense of humor, let's meet. Note/photo. 4819 ✉

Alfalfa Looking For Darla—Handsome, athletic, sincere, 37, nonsmoking Jewish professional. Loves to be spontaneous and outdoors. Seeking very attractive, caring, passionate female, 27-34, who enjoys watching "The Little Rascals" by candlelight. Note/photo, please. 4800 ✉

Biker Looks/Wall Street Lifestyle—Tall, dark, handsome, bright Jewish male, 31, with extensive interests in sports, travel and cultural activities...needs a good woman by his side for smiles, laughter and hopefully love. Must be 25-33, nonsmoker, tall, well-bodied, Jewish, naturally beautiful and down-to-earth, intellectually stimulating, athletically active and incredibly honest. Please send photo and anything else that can tell me more about you. 4848 ✉

Not In Kansas Anymore—Handsome male - 31, blond/blue, 6', fit, smart, warm, creative - seeks bright, attractive, thin female, 24-34. Photo. 4940 ✉

Eurasian Beauty—39, look 20s, cerebral, artistic, cultured, world traveler, unencumbered, divorced/no kids, nonsmoker, nondrinker. Enjoys creative writing, contemporary jazz, FL life style, playing classical piano, walks on beach, gourmet cooking, NYC, Europe the best life has to offer. Seeking MD, DDS, JD, CEO who seeks marriage with an equal. Photo/letter/phone. 4930 ✉

Loving, Warm And Affectionate—Good-looking (no joke) Jewish female, financially and emotionally secure, seeks male counterpart (40-55) to bring home to mom. 4783 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—But humble and affectionate Greek-American professional/entrepreneur. Hoping that you or a friend will be the elusive, accomplished but humble, beautiful woman, 25-35, I seek to love and cherish. 4933 ✉

Male Jewish Professional—In his early 40s, slim, 5'11", seeking female in her early to late 30s, who has good family values and is serious in establishing a traditional relationship. Her interests may include spectator sports, movies, walking. Photo required for reply. 4880 ✉

Pssst, Over Here—Yes, I'm the adorable, 33, tall, slim, hazel-eyed blond holding the bag containing rollerblades, skis, bike, and warm, loving heart. Well, you very handsome, hardbodied guy if your bag contains similar and you're a Jewish professional, 30-38, and ready to combine bags - let's talk. Photo/must. 4936 ✉ ☎

Funny, Spirited, Interesting—NYC widow (69) wants caring, able-to-connect man (65 plus) to share music, travel, walk/talk, theater and the flicks. Successful woman (shrink person) who is attractive, slim, alive, healthy and funny. 4623 ✉

Woman Seeking Woman—Accomplished, intelligent attorney, early 40s, new to dating, values warmth, brains, sensitivity, patience, success and sense of humor. 4946 ✉

Jewish Female—28, petite, sincere, from Brooklyn, enjoys sports and movies, seeks male, 27-35. Note/photo. 4896 ✉

Male Body Builder—29, single Jewish male, seeks successful, fit, beautiful female, age unimportant, for romance/commitment. 4683 ✉

Athletic, Attractive Professional—Woman seeks athletic, attractive professional man, 40-48. Note and photo please. 4834 ✉

A Gentle Mensch—With looks, and brains, seeks woman, age 50-60, for permanent relationship. 4945 ✉

Beautiful, Athletic, Ivy MBA Student—27, 5'9", 125, looking for sweet, handsome and dedicated (212) MD, JD, MBA - must be very athletic, cultured, marriage-minded and funny. Busy schedule okay - mine is too. Note/photo. 4882 ✉

Sincere And Reasonably Happy—35-year-old woman, thin, intelligent, amorous and attractive, seeks good-looking and warmhearted professional for relationship leading to marriage. Note/phone. 4762 ✉

Searching For A Special Friend—To start the New Year. Warm, sincere, attractive, mid-30s, Ivy-educated male marketing professional (with MBA), seeks caring, outgoing woman who's beautiful inside and out, fun to be with and easy to talk to. I enjoy music, travel, museums, tennis, movies and dining out, and seek someone to share activities, conversation and special times. Note/photo/phone please. 4789 ✉ ☎

Head-Turning Blond—5'5", 125 lbs, slim and sensual, 40s, Jewish, enjoys dancing, tennis, movies, theater, travel. Seeks honest and sincere, professional Jewish man (over 40) who is looking for a monogamous relationship. 4831 ✉

A Classic Beauty—41, long curly auburn hair, green eyes, hourglass figure, 5'6", dancer and visual artist, seeks a powerful, brilliant man, 30-50, 6' plus, slender, with subtlety and wit - someone she can respect and admire as well as love and cherish. For friendship, romance and... 4808 ✉ ☎

Brownie-Baking, Slender—Witty Jewish female psychologist, 5'8", 34, seeks Jewish male for passions like jazz and dining. Poor impulse control? Call now. 4781 ✉ ☎

"The Cosby Show" Continues—But the kids are gone. North Jersey lawyer, African-American, successful, 50, trim, 5'9", kids grown, seeks Claire Huxtable, 40ish, for romance, laughter and real-life sitcom. 4822 ✉ ☎

Happy Strawberry Blond—Slim, 5'8", Wasp, rather fetching, seeking businessman, ironist, who enjoys city and outdoor life, tennis, golf, sailing and books, 48-58, Manhattan only. 4927 ✉

Attractive, Thin African-American—Woman sought by intelligent, attractive (former model), single white male, 38, 6'1", good build, successful career. Enjoys the arts, running, traveling. Please include note/photo - will reciprocate. 4827 ✉ ☎

Gay Woman Coming Out—For theater, travel and tete-a-tetes with you. I'm 5'7", late 50s, attractive, youthful, professional, outgoing, compassionate. Seeking counterpart to share life's banquet. 4868 ✉

You Choose—Your favorite gourmet restaurant on our first date. Good-looking, highly successful, 54, 5'9", slim, worldly, interesting, sharing, sensitive, intelligent, romantic, separated (still smoking), looking for pretty, sensual, South American, Caribbean, European lady, 35-45. Photo helpful. 4892 ✉

Is There An—Articulate, educated, intelligent, interesting man for this soft, sultry, artistic Jewish woman, 38? 4928 ✉

Wild Mustang—Me: saucy, sensuous Irish-Italian actress, native Manhattanite, 33, smoker, good cook, has impeccable taste. Needs: intelligent, eligible gentleman caller, 30s plus, sense of humor, has a bit of cowboy in him. Can you lasso me in? I'm in need of coming down from the wild ride of being single. 4897 ✉ ☎

Welcome A Challenge—Long divorced, attractive 47 year old seeks intellectually stimulating man with great sense of humor, who enjoys the arts, good food. Note/photo. 4939 ✉

Devil Dog Seeks Twinkie—Tall, dark and tasty Wall Street VP, 33, sharp, fit, unconventional, seeks sugar jolt from slim, sexy Jewish girl, 22-30, with mind for mischief but heart of sweet cream. Send me your photo and phone to see if we are each other's just desserts. 4850 ✉

Menschette Seeks Mensch—For romance/love/family. I am warm, pretty, professional (30s), voluptuous/full-figured, witty, educated. You are educated, romantic, caring, cuddly. Note/photo. 4830 ✉ ☎

Blue-Eyed Brunette—Attractive, single, Jewish professional female, 29, 5'7", thin, with sweet, caring qualities, seeks marriage-minded, good-looking, single Jewish male, 30-40, 5'10" plus. 4906 ✉

Best Friend Wanted—Cute, single Jewish female, down-to-earth, beautiful eyes, seeks single Jewish male, 29-35, with a sense of humor, for fun and romance. Note/photo. 4801 ✉

Professional Gentleman—39, intelligent, good-looking, athletic, kindhearted, with a great sense of humor, seeks true romance with a lovely lady of color, 24-38, with same qualities. 4799 ✉

When Was The Last Time—You met a woman who really cared about what you said and made you smile inside? Sophisticated, affectionate, very attractive widow wishes to share world wanderings, fabulous river views, woodland jaunts with an accomplished, classy man, 50-60, who has a joyous spirit and who's ready to be liked and listened to. 4900 ✉ ☎

So Here You Are Reading This Ad—Instead of frequenting bars. I'm right here waiting for you - so reach out and contact this successful, 39 years, Jewish professional woman of uncommon good looks and sophistication, who seeks a mate to enjoy finer things in life. 4798 ✉ ☎

Real Ladies Are Still Alive—MBA, slim, pretty, voluptuous white female, vivacious, sincere, athletic, romantic, loves to laugh and enjoys life. Young 40. Interests include sports, film, the arts, cycling. Seeks professional, sincere, single white male, nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 4568 ✉ ☎

Handsome, 29, 6', Tall, Dark Blond—Blue-eyed, laid-back executive - likes East Side life style, Hamptons in summer, winter ski weekends, playing guitar, sports, family and oldies. Seeks Jewish soul mate (nonreligious), 23-28, slim, pretty (long hair a plus), easy to talk to, good sense of humor. Note/photo. 4588 ✉

Book/Creative VP—Victor Mature doppelganger, quite literate. Cooks, gardens, enjoys Poulenc, the Lindy, the offbeat and women, 40 plus. Photo please. 4879 ✉

Boston Area—Urbane, attractive, single Jewish man, 56, in NY frequently. Seeks urbane Manhattan female. 4807 ✉ ☎

Strictly Personals

Wanted:—Successful, healthy, gay East Indian male, 27-32, 5'8" or taller, for platonic relationship with an East Indian lady. 4695 ✉

Cinderella Looking For Her Knight—Smart, sexy, 37, tired of kissing frogs. Seeking genuine man - bright, sensitive, funny. Warts okay, but no toads. Note/photo. 4786 ✉

I Love Life—Jewish male, 36, attractive, bright, with a variety of interests including the Knicks, Islanders, Mets (will have to wait), theater, travel, good food...seeks educated man with similar interests and qualities - most important, a sense of humor. Large, large egos, forget it. No smokers/drinks/drugs. Photo. 4826 ✉

Handsome And Bright—Man, 42, 5'8", Jewish (not religious), hopes to meet an attractive professional woman to share fun and romance. I enjoy hiking, sports, music (from classical to jazz), art, reading, movies, science and more. If you are sweet yet sexy, sophisticated yet down-to-earth, sensitive, resilient, enjoy both adventure and quiet times, value open communication and humor, love to cuddle, are in your 30s and a nonsmoker, I'd really like to hear from you. Note and photo. 4828 ✉

Resident Alien—Successful Australian woman. Travel and global interests. Cosmopolitan and aesthetic tastes. Desires meeting very intelligent, lovable, attractive man, around 50. Ethnicity and race unimportant. Manhattan. Write. 4838 ✉

Handsome Italian Restaurateur—In mid 40s, seeks model type, 30-40, likes fun, fine dining, movies, friends and family. If you know what a provolone is, send photo. 4875 ✉

Striking New York Journalist—33, moved to NYC via Boston, Paris and London. Am funny, fit and adventuresome. Seeking the same in a man. 4867 ✉

Winter Warmth On LI—Pretty woman, slender, shapely, wise, accomplished, 40s, seeks forever-after with bright, fit, self-aware, focused, loving man. 4846 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Gay Woman—35, fun-loving and very successful, 5'8" and slim, knows what she wants and is ready to find the right person. Looking for attractive, financially stable and emotionally available woman to share my dreams with. Note and photo. 4934 ✉

Sweet Brown Eyes—White, sexy professional seeks Jewish MD/DDS, over 40, who wouldn't mind a shiksa. 4859 ✉ ☎

Looking For A Guy—34-40 something, who thinks he's sexy, finished with therapy, sophisticated yet guileless and fun-loving, who can appreciate my business and artistic life. Note/photo. 4943 ✉

Beam Me Up Scotty!—Lady Scotophile, professional, 36, seeks single gentleman, 35-45, with traditional values, for friendship. Note/phone. Photo optional. 4842 ✉

Wanted: Freelance Romeo—Elegant, financially secure widow, ex-model (40 plus), seeks handsome, passionate companion (25-35) who knows how to treat a lady. You are charming, attentive and aspire to the finer things in life - romantic dinners, good theater, traveling in style. If you can make my heart sing and my pulse pound, this fairy-tale romance could be the golden ring you've been waiting to grab. Photo/note a must. 4904 ✉

Skis The Bowls At Vale—6', brown-haired, blue-eyed, 180 lbs, handsome, extremely athletic Jewish male, 31, all-Ivy-educated professional, warm, generous, romantic, energetic, cool and spontaneous - seeking lively, bright, athletic, down-to-earth Jewish woman with joie de vivre and no New York accent - for keeps. Letter, photo and a good story as to how we really met. 4894 ✉

Warm, Attractive, Accomplished—Energetic, fun-loving woman seeks male, 62 plus, to share pleasures of tennis, outdoors, music, arts, romance. 4806 ✉

Beautiful, Brainy Brunette—Lean, leggy, athletic attorney who is warm, sensitive and fun, seeks handsome, successful, intelligent, tall, athletic Jewish man, 35-45, for romance and more. Note/photo, please. 4872 ✉

Enjoy Jazz, Kitsch And Cajun?—Pretty photographer, 37, Jewish, kind, fit and sophisticated - seeks active, open-hearted and accomplished man. 4861 ✉ ☎

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
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If—Single white male, 52, says: If you like opera and classical music, if you like good conversation and good company, if you like sophistication, sensuality and seduction, if you like...me - then, respond...if you want to. Unconditionally yours. 4793 ✉

Handsome, Romantic, Fun—37, Jewish, surgeon. Slim, gentle, travel, many interests, new to NYC. Seeks that one special, tender, sweet, attractive woman for love and family. Note/photo? POB 20015, NYC 10021

Gay Woman—Very attractive, a bit shy, totally down-to-earth, 46, professional, seeks partner for caring, communication and fun. 4824 ✉

Professional/World Traveler—35, extremely interested in all types of music, film and sports, looking to meet single Jewish female, 25-33, for friendship and possibly more. 4908 ✉ ☎

Assortments

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MYSTERY MAN Are you the tall, dark-haired man I met at the New York Hilton, 2nd fl lobby, at appx 7:30 pm on Tues. 12/13/94, by the coat checkroom? We exchanged greetings. If so, please contact me! 4917 ✉ ☎

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MARY ANN MADDEN #812

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Jewel Airbags—the auto-supply princess of Flint, Michigan.
Chowpur Dal "Seedy" Rham—intemperate heir to India's multimedia empire.
Alva Hydroxy—son-in-law to the inventor of do-it-yourself dermabrasion.
Bobo Lee Pizza—good ol' boy of Italian bread shells.
Delia Meale—Richard Simmons's commonlaw cousin, a geriatric dietician.

Above, sciontology. Competitors are invited to invent and describe a person whose name is derived from (inheriting) a product or service.

Results of Competition 809, in which you were asked to provide a Carnac-style **A.** followed by **Q.**

Report: Eye of Newt. The single most popular answer. We leave it to you and the Stygian recesses of your RAM to imagine the questions. Another biggie: **A.** Proposition 187. **Q.** Of the 188 applicants for a job in Senator Packwood's office. . . . Need more be said? You are too fine for this. So tell us, how was the New Year's Eve party? Were they surprised when you recited that thing about cow maintenance? We went to Club Fun. We saw Dave Bing with his Marionettes and the artist formerly known as Jerry Vale. Fred is so funny—the waiter asked if he wanted more coffee and he said, "No more for me, thanks, I'm the designated drinker." Honestly, we all had to laugh. Hoping you the same.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

A. The Hair Club for Men.
Q. What's a popular antitheft device for toupées?
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

A. Under the shedding chestnut tree.
Q. Where does the village idiot stand?
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

A. "You're getting on that plane with Victor where you belong . . . both of us know you belong with Victor. If that plane leaves and you're not with him, you'll regret it. Maybe not today. Maybe not tomorrow—but soon, and for the rest of your life. Where I'm going you can't follow; what I've got to do you can't be part of. . . ."
Q. Have you got my hatbox?
David English, W. Somerville, Mass.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

A. Roman Polanski.
Q. Who loves ya, baby?
Robert Patton, N.Y.C.

A. The White House and the new Denver airport.
Q. Name a place where you can land a plane and a place where you cannot.
Steve Hageman, Brooklyn

A. Inauguration Day, January 20, 1997—a turning point in American history.
Q. When does my First Prize subscription expire?
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

A. O.J., Gem, and May.
Q. Name three characters in "Little Dyslexic Women."
Ann Woodyard, Westminster, Col.

A. No, just Giuliani again.
Q. Any calls?
Terri Finnerty, N.Y.C.

A. Scarlett.
Q. Who was the Al Capone of Latvia?
Lois LaGreca, Garfield, N.J.;
Garabed Hoedemaker, Nutley, N.J.

A. Sixth floor rear.
Q. Miss, where would I find wooden stakes to put through vampires' hearts?
O. M. Neshamkin, M.D., N.Y.C.

A. Pataki.
Q. What is the sound your cat makes when coughing up a hairball?
Karen Frigenti, Melville, N.Y.

A. Plentium.
Q. Has Intel made any bad chips?
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

A. Love Me Do.
Q. What do you think of your new haircut, Ringo?
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

A. The leader of the Little Green Mountain Boys.
Q. Who is Ethan Alien?
David Chasman, Bevery Hills, Calif.

A. That's right.
Q. What is an anagram for that?
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

A. That's right.
Q. Who's on first?
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

A. Bob.
Q. Who's on first?
Joyce Kircher, Merritt Island, Fla.

A. Unfortunately, it's not Bob.
Q. Who's buried in Grant's Tomb?
Brian Bracey, Denver, Col.

A. Mood swings.
Q. Name a popular ride at Prozac Playland.
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

A. Baby Boomer.
Q. What do the Esiasons call their kid?
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

A. Fig Newton.
Q. What kind of leaf did Adam use, Strom?
Jane Meredith Ash, N.Y.C.

A. Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure.
Q. What's ahead for the Democrats?
Lawrence Herman, Brooklyn

A. The English Channel.
Q. What is PBS?
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

A. The Pleasuredome.
Q. Where do Moguls play home games?
Robert K. Christenberry, Red Bank, N.J.

A. Gdansk.
Q. Where do I find a Polish dish?
Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

A. Gesundheit.
Q. Kirsten Flagstadt.
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

A. A pair of felt dice dangling from the rearview mirror.
Q. What is Carnac?
Don Sandstrom, Indianapolis, Ind.

A. Whatever.
Q. Who said, "The children will not leave unless I do. I shall not leave unless their father does, and the king will not leave the country in any circumstances whatever?"
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wis.

A. 9½ Weeks.
Q. How much longer will "The Cosby Mysteries" be on the air?
similarly: Bill Robinson, Green Brook, N.J.;
Sara Russell, N. Hollywood, Calif.

A. Ivana, Marla, and Donald.
Q. Name two trophy wives and a duck.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

A. Abner Doubleday.
Q. Who's responsible for the baseball strike?
Molly Graizzaro, Spring Valley, N.Y.

A. Blackjack, poker, and Red Dog.
Q. What are two weapons and an Irish setter?
Kenneth E. Woodyard, Westminster, Col.

A. Rolling Rock.
Q. What did Sisyphus ask the bartender for?
Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

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COMPETITION

A. Funny you should ask.
Q. Whatever happened to Baby Jane?
Austin Cooley, Houston, Tex.

A. Déjà boo.
Q. What's that feeling you get when you reread "To Kill a Mockingbird?"
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

A. If you have to ask, you can't afford it.
Q. How much is that doggie in the window?
John Rohannon, Wantagh, N.Y.

A. Hermès.
Q. Who was the Greek god of scarves?
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

A. Dumas fils.
Q. Massage?
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

A. Cooking, cleaning, household chores. Endorsements, television, a good thing.
Q. What's Martha Stewart Living?
John J. Conti, Dorchester, Mass.

A. Lady Madonna.
Q. Supply an oxymoron.
Marlene Anderka, Cambridge, Mass.

A. A date that will live in infamy.
Q. Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

A. Frank Lovejoy.
Q. Can you describe the Kama Sutra in three words?
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

A. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.
Q. What are the Secret Service code names for Senators Packwood, Dole, and Thurmond?
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

A. Guns N' Moses.
Q. What is the title of Charles Heston's biography?
Eileen Lieberman, Lauderhill, Fla.

A. Fee Fi Fo Fum.
Q. What is Mike Tyson's phone number?
Francis R. Coyne, Narbeth, Pa.

A. Cellular phone.
Q. What does Mike Tyson use to make a call?
Harry Plewa, Attica, N.Y.

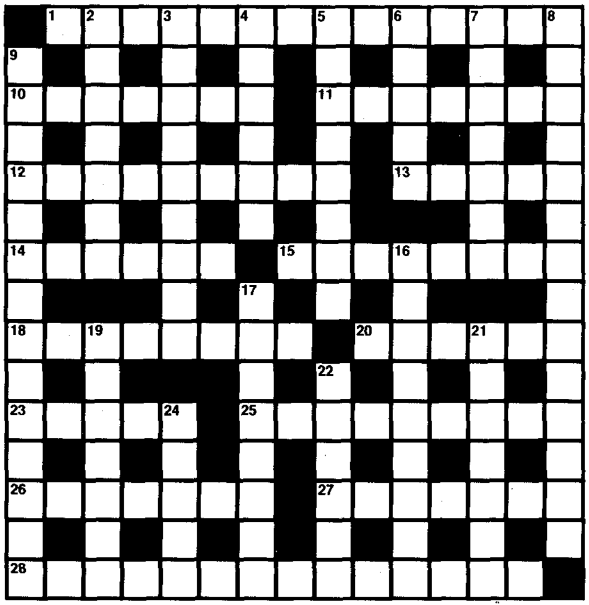
A. Baba ghannouj.
Q. What is sheep dip?
Jeff Greenberg, Flushing, N.Y.

Competition Rules: TYPEWRITTEN POSTCARDS IF POSSIBLE, PLEASE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 812, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. It must be received by January 27. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the February 27 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Attitude of one who is emotional and despatched one with broken metal tins. (14)
10 Queen holds a view, being one who favours freedom. (7)
11 Devices for shutting off copper with upper-class persons. (3-4)
12 Pardon for putting animal into a river. (9)
13 A second less and there would be remedy for evil. (5)
14 Warnings which turn staler. (6)
15 Tie the senior member up, going back in place of spa. (4-4)
18 I am a favourite and I disappear—it is the disease. (8)
20 A politician on the French right is not so slim. (6)
23 Concerned with an objection about nothing. (5)
25 Ban merits change for one of the people. (9)
26 Room 101 has the opposite of these cold things. (7)
27 More tasteful place in Africa. (7)
28 Privilege entails responsibility when abroad. (8, 6)



DOWN

2 Surround and bring the last of the men near. (7)
3 Striking bird as apprentice? (9)
4 Kind of grass to ruin sheep. (6)
5 Pearly common sense about land. (8)
6 Such hay is novel. (5)
7 Conclude there is no very hot place. (7)
8 Captains reorganise smarter remains. (6, 8)
9 Proposition that the senior officer is a container carrying nothing. (14)
16 Annual for one who panders to the rising man. (9)
17 The tests go badly when I enter, but these are selfish people. (8)
19 Saying of a demonstrator with a little book. (7)
21 Not walking properly, like a mischievous child in the heather. (7)
22 Bloody riots break out in a tavern. (6)
24 Place which sounds civilised. (5)

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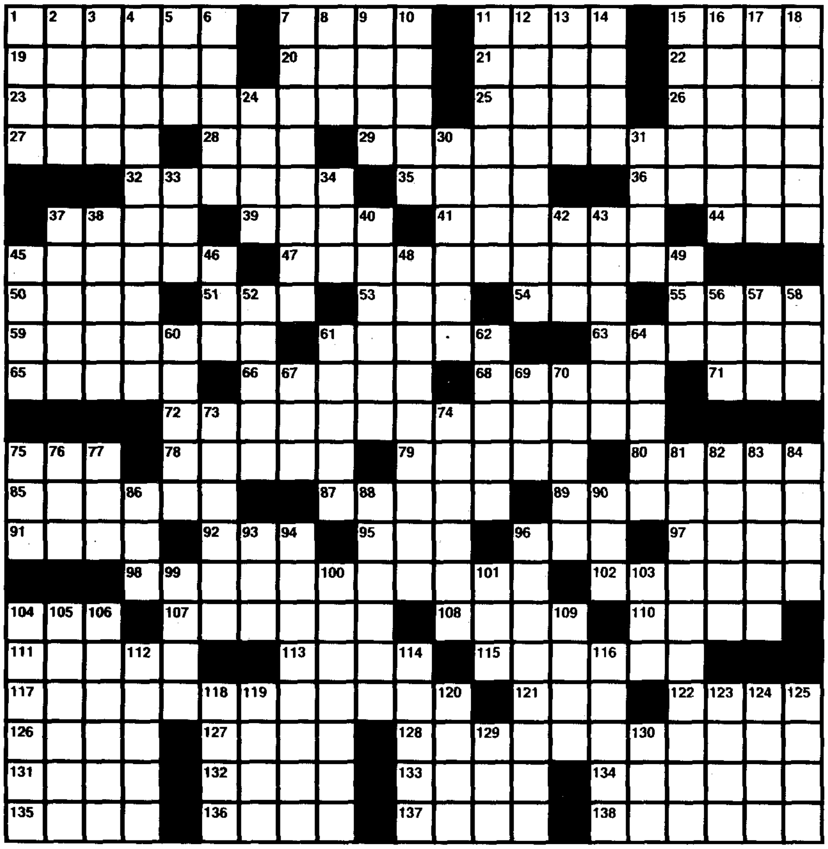
'Vegetarians' 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Heavenly
7 Cook's opus
11 Discourteous
15 Dovetail
19 "—— Sang for My Father"
20 Phil of hockey, familiarly
21 Chemical ending
22 Wimbledon great
23 Vegetarian TV hostess
25 Ballet bend
26 Pockmark
27 Meg or Nolan
28 Canvas bed
29 Vegetarian lawyer
32 Absorbs lessons
35 Charles Lamb's alias
36 Neighbor of Vail
37 Gunned down
39 Vegetarian's no-no
41 East and West Islands
44 Begley, Sr. and Jr.
45 Frankfurter
47 Vegetarian writer
50 Very much
51 C.I.A.'s forerunner
53 Shortened life
54 Third consonant
55 "What a rare mood ——"
59 Hunter's edible
61 Signified
63 From do to do
65 Glorify
66 Future oak
68 Happen again
71 Diplomatic "affair" of 1797
72 Vegetarian senator
75 Kin of a bottle
78 Sound reveille
79 Break off
80 Sauna feature
85 Enticingly strange
87 Oar fulcrum
89 Promise oneself
91 D.J.'s disk
92 Lake isle
95 Olive of the comics
96 Cobb and Hardin
97 "Downstairs" personage
98 Vegetarian baseballer
.02 Pussyfoot
.04 American revision of the Bible: abbr.
107 Stephen King's Ms. St. George
108 Portable shelter
110 City near Deauville
111 Pedro's pal
113 Hammarskjold, et al.
115 Wheeler's go-with
117 Vegetarian designer
121 One of the Stooges
122 Parched
126 Of good height
127 Pitcher Hershiser
128 Vegetarian critic
131 Diva's big moment
132 Run out of energy
133 North Carolina college
134 First name in aviation
135 "Peer ——"
136 Pianist Myra
137 Use a letter opener
138 Kansas City nine

DOWN

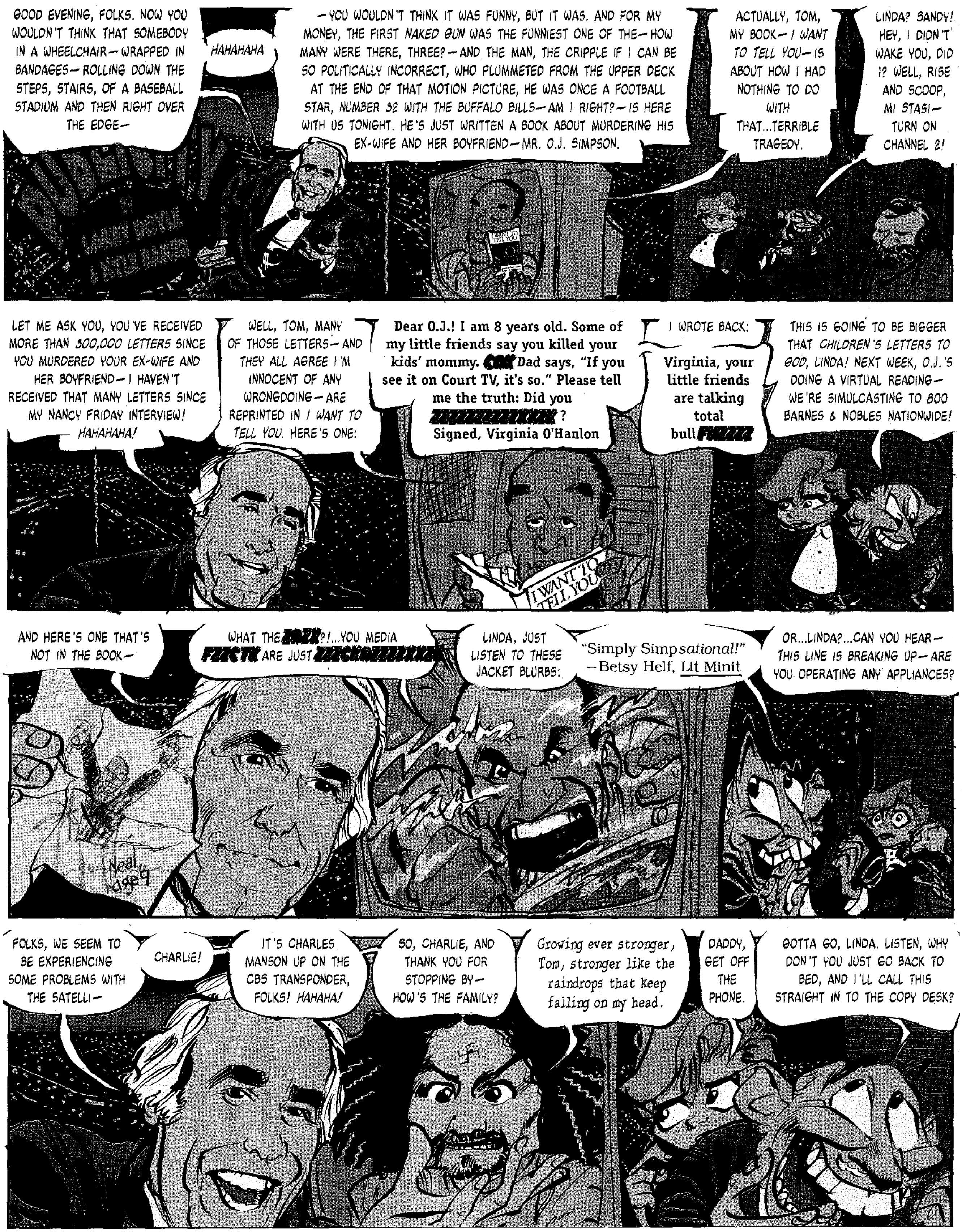
1 Saint Laurent's mentor
2 Resembling writing fluid
3 Word with aloe
4 Vegetarian netman
5 Not secondhand
6 Author Jong
7 Skill
8 Sabra's land: abbr.
9 Wall St. risk-trading
10 Card-game authority
11 Second edition
12 Like modern gasoline
13 "—— What Comes Natur'lly"
14 Power-sta. product
15 Schooner poles
16 Fly the coop
17 Went halfies
18 Stork's relatives
24 Par
30 Novelist Lurie
31 Relieve tension
33 Palindromic sheep
34 Fall guy
37 Coffeemaker trademark
38 Mrs. Helmsley
40 Potatoes, e.g.
42 Wrath
43 Barely make (a living)
45 Surfer's challenge
46 Kanga's baby
48 Vegetarian newscaster
49 In the spotlight
52 GI foul-up
56 Mel Gibson's "mad" role
57 Clinging vine
58 —— Percé Indians
60 "First —— see tonight. . ."
61 Colleague of Degas
62 Treasure find
64 Intersect
67 Lettuce variety
69 Scottish uncle
70 Keep in stock
73 Site
74 "—— to the Marines"
75 Pa Clampett
76 Bunyan's implement
77 Computer internal coding, for short
81 Vegetarian actor
82 Happify
83 French airmail word
84 Ancient Irani
86 Tugboats do it
88 Tribute to heroes
90 Part of i.e.
93 Laid up
94 Certain fabric colorists
96 Slum residence
99 Time —— the essence
100 Provides with opportunity
101 Alphabet ender, at Eton
103 Polar abundance
104 Motley crowd
105 Poorly painted
106 Perlman's instrument
109 New Mexico resort
112 Same as F-sharp
114 Elder statesmen
116 "Merry Widow" composer
118 Portnoy's creator
119 The fourth of HOMES
120 Jodie Foster portrayal, 1994
123 Singing Fitzgerald
124 Stir the dregs
125 Greek vowels
129 Public Enemy ——
130 I love, the Latin way



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 81.

Tom 'n' O.J.

Spin control proves elusive as the Flaccos take their star client on a hot new talk show.


by LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
GOOD EVENING, FOLKS. NOW YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT SOMEBODY IN A WHEELCHAIR—WRAPPED IN BANDAGES—ROLLING DOWN THE STEPS, STAIRS, OF A BASEBALL STADIUM AND THEN RIGHT OVER THE EDGE—
HAHAHAHA
—YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY, BUT IT WAS. AND FOR MY MONEY, THE FIRST *NAKED GUN* WAS THE FUNNIEST ONE OF THE—HOW MANY WERE THERE, THREE?—AND THE MAN, THE CRIPPLE IF I CAN BE SO POLITICALLY INCORRECT, WHO PLUMMETED FROM THE UPPER DECK AT THE END OF THAT MOTION PICTURE, HE WAS ONCE A FOOTBALL STAR, NUMBER 32 WITH THE BUFFALO BILLS—AM I RIGHT?—IS HERE WITH US TONIGHT. HE'S JUST WRITTEN A BOOK ABOUT MURDERING HIS EX-WIFE AND HER BOYFRIEND—MR. O.J. SIMPSON.
ACTUALLY, TOM, MY BOOK—*I WANT TO TELL YOU*—IS ABOUT HOW I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT...TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.
LINDA? SANDY! HEY, I DIDN'T WAKE YOU, DID I? WELL, RISE AND SCOOP, MI STASI—TURN ON CHANNEL 2!
I WANT TO TELL YOU
LET ME ASK YOU, YOU'VE RECEIVED MORE THAN *300,000 LETTERS* SINCE YOU MURDERED YOUR EX-WIFE AND HER BOYFRIEND—I HAVEN'T RECEIVED THAT MANY LETTERS SINCE MY NANCY FRIDAY INTERVIEW! *HAHAHAHA!*
WELL, TOM, MANY OF THOSE LETTERS—AND THEY ALL AGREE I'M INNOCENT OF ANY WRONGDOING—ARE REPRINTED IN *I WANT TO TELL YOU.* HERE'S ONE:
Dear O.J.! I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say you killed your kids' mommy. CKK Dad says, "If you see it on Court TV, it's so." Please tell me the truth: Did you ZZZZZZZZZZZZXK? Signed, Virginia O'Hanlon
I WROTE BACK: **Virginia, your little friends are talking total bullFZZZZZ**
THIS IS GOING TO BE BIGGER THAT *CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO GOD, LINDA!* NEXT WEEK, O.J.'S DOING A VIRTUAL READING—WE'RE SIMULCASTING TO 800 BARNES & NOBLES NATIONWIDE!
I WANT TO TELL YOU
AND HERE'S ONE THAT'S NOT IN THE BOOK—
Neal age 9
WHAT THE ZRZK?!...YOU MEDIA FZZCTK ARE JUST ZZZCKRZZZZZZXXX
LINDA, JUST LISTEN TO THESE JACKET BLURBS:
"Simply Simp*sational!*" —Betsy Helf, Lit Minit
OR...LINDA?...CAN YOU HEAR—THIS LINE IS BREAKING UP—ARE YOU OPERATING ANY APPLIANCES?
FOLKS, WE SEEM TO BE EXPERIENCING SOME PROBLEMS WITH THE SATELLI—
CHARLIE!
IT'S CHARLES MANSON UP ON THE CBS TRANSPONDER, FOLKS! *HAHAHA!*
SO, CHARLIE, AND THANK YOU FOR STOPPING BY—HOW'S THE FAMILY?
Growing ever stronger, Tom, stronger like the raindrops that keep falling on my head.
DADDY, GET OFF THE PHONE.
GOTTA GO, LINDA. LISTEN, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO BACK TO BED, AND I'LL CALL THIS STRAIGHT IN TO THE COPY DESK?

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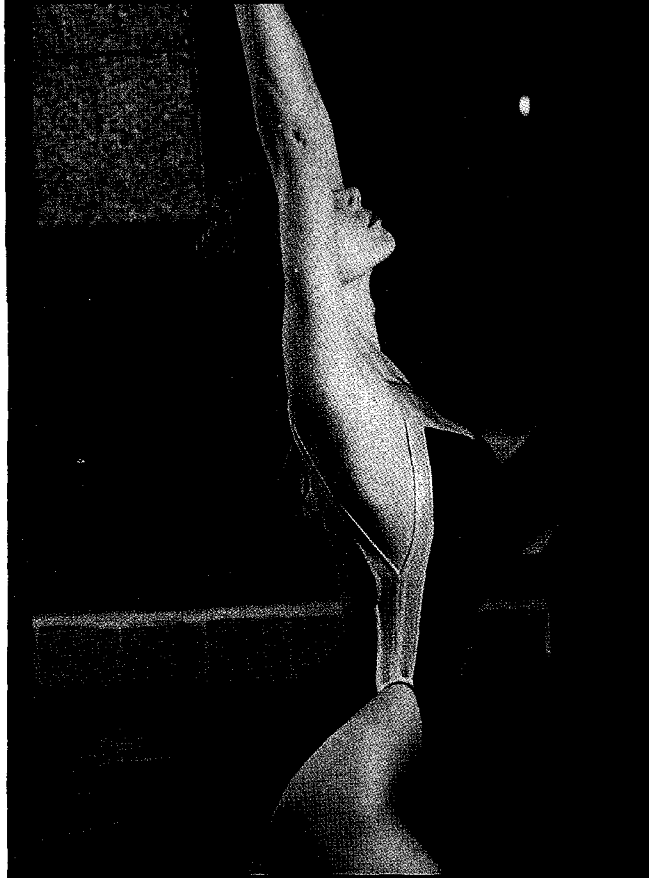

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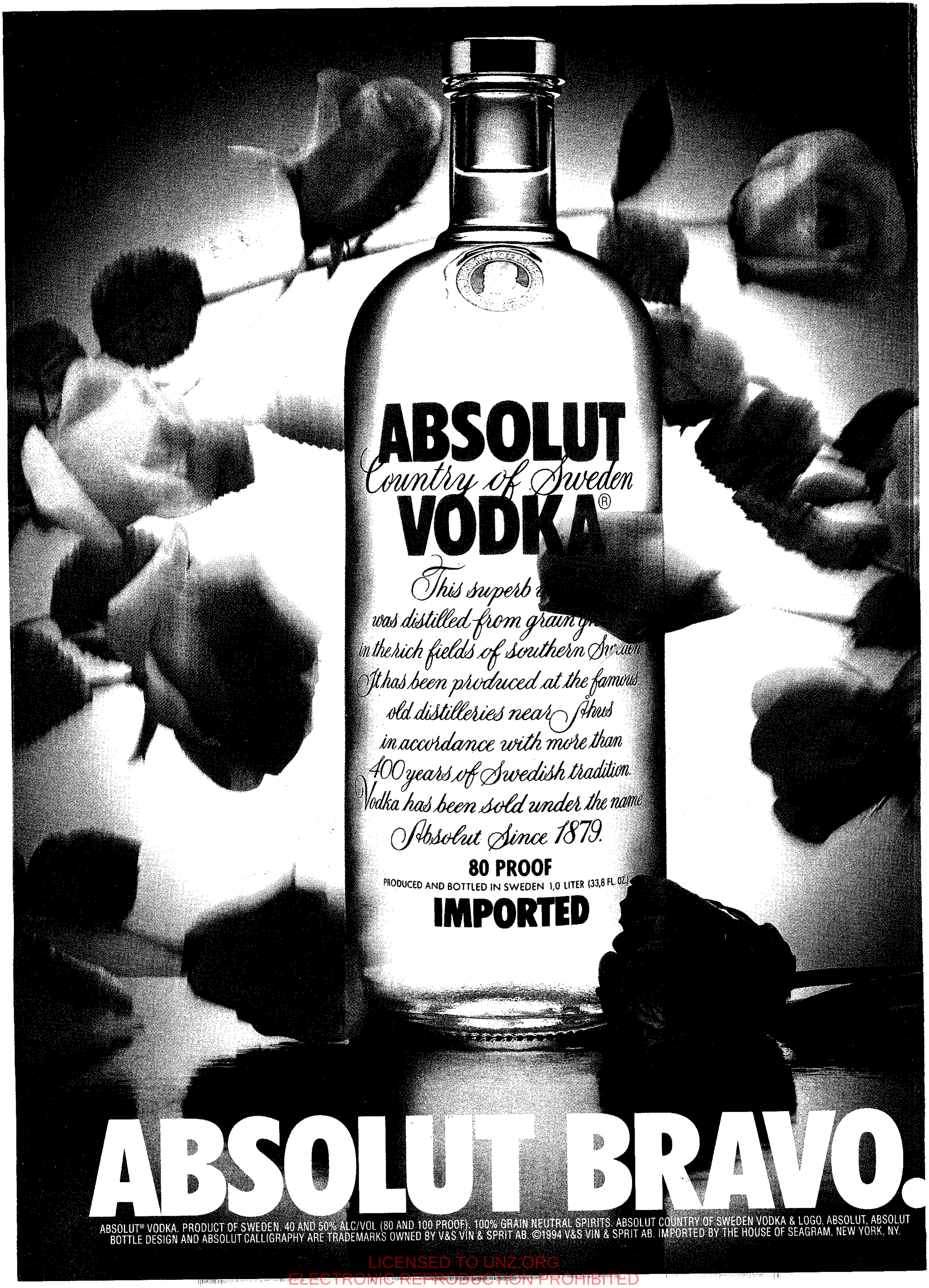
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